



PEACE YEAR IN THE CITY

1918 - 1919

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PEACE YEAR IN THE CITY
1918-1919





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The National Peace Thanksgiving Service on the Steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Sunday, July 6th 1919.

Presented to the Royal Exchange by the R. Hon. Sir Horace Brooks Marshall K.C.V.O.
S. A. Warner 1918-19.

PEACE YEAR IN THE CITY 1918-1919

An Account of the Outstanding Events
in the City of London during Peace
Year, in the Mayoralty of the Rt. Hon.
SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL,
K.C.V.O., LL.D., following the Great War
of 1914-1918

BY

E. C. BENTLEY

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PREFACE

THE civic year that opened on November 9th, 1918, was marked by a number of memorable events which give it a unique place in the annals of the City of London. The abdication of William of Hohenzollern was announced on Lord Mayor's Day, and there followed the Armistice and all the crowded activity of the period in which the Great War was brought to an end. During the years of that mortal conflict the City of London, as was said by a distinguished Freeman, added cubits to its stature. In Peace Year its increased eminence among our national institutions was again and again recognised in the sight of all the world.

It was thought that some record of the events of those twelve months would be welcomed by those who witnessed or played a part in them, and be not without value for future generations of London citizens. My only excuse for attempting the task of the chronicler is the keen interest that I have taken for many years in the history and traditions of the City. To describe the events which have added so much to its national and international standing has been the most grateful of labours.

E. C. BENTLEY

LONDON, 1920

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PEACE YEAR IN THE CITY

1918-1919

CHAPTER I

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

“THE potent Empire which threatened civilisation is now to-night headless and helpless. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have abdicated. . . . Was there ever a more dramatic judgment—judgment, and I say again, judgment—in the history of the world ?”

Never within living memory has the Guildhall witnessed such a scene as followed upon the Prime Minister's utterance of these words at the Lord Mayor's Banquet of November 9th, 1918. All the pent-up emotion of that time of strained expectancy and sense of imminent triumph broke forth in a demonstration of wild enthusiasm in which the stately traditions of the place and the occasion were as if they had never been. All London was already throbbing with the news of the fall of the Hohenzollerns, but very few had positive knowledge of its truth. The Ministers who had spoken to the earlier toasts had left it to Mr Lloyd George, in replying to the new Lord Mayor's proposal of his health, to make the authoritative announcement. It was a moment for which the world was waiting, and the nine hundred

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and fifty guests of the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were the first to receive from the Head of the Government the assurance that it had come.

For some of those who heard the Prime Minister's words—the Lord Mayor among the number—the utterance of them in that place called up a vivid memory. Almost exactly eleven years before, at the very outset of the Mayoralty of Sir John Bell, William of Hohenzollern had stood where the Prime Minister was standing that night. The central and dominant figure of one of the most brilliant gatherings ever assembled under that roof, the German Emperor had seemed to all what he obviously felt himself to be: the very embodiment of an invincible military power. Courtesy and compliment had been heaped upon him; the public welcome in the City and elsewhere had been a splendid one. It had been the universal instinct that in this man's hand lay the power to maintain the peace of Europe unbroken through the coming years, or to cast its civilisation into ruins; and if British friendship could decide his policy for the stedfast avoidance of war, Britain had been very willing that it should be his. "My aim," he had said on that day in 1907, "is, above all, the maintenance of peace," and he had recalled to his audience that in that same hall, sixteen years earlier, he had uttered the same declaration, when he was welcomed to the City by Sir Joseph Savory. A few who listened to Mr Lloyd George in 1918 remembered the pledge of 1891, as well as that of 1907, and felt the fulness of the overwhelming drama of retribution, as the words were spoken

which announced the downfall of the breaker of faith and all his dynasty.

The preliminaries to the opening of the new Lord Mayor's term had been in accordance with the stately but cordial traditions of the office. On Saturday, September 28th, at a Common Hall of the Livery held in Guildhall, Alderman Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, LL.D., was elected Lord Mayor for the ensuing civic year. The election was preceded by the formal admission to office of the new Sheriffs, Mr Banister F. Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., and Colonel William R. Smith, M.D. A service at the Church of St Lawrence Jewry was attended by the whole body of the civic dignitaries in full state; and on the return to Guildhall, Sir Horace Marshall was elected with the customary ceremonies. On the announcement of the unanimous choice of the Court of Aldermen, the Town Clerk called upon Sir Horace to "come forth and declare your consent to take upon you the said office on the pain and peril that shall fall thereon." The Lord Mayor elect then returned thanks for the high honour conferred upon him, and declared that he "would endeavour to uphold the great traditions of the office, and give his sympathy and support to those objects which had for their aim the benefit of suffering humanity." The vote of the Liverymen's thanks to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Hanson, the retiring Lord Mayor, was moved by Lord Burnham (Spectacle Maker), who spoke eloquently of the sorrows and the glories of the unforgettable year during which Sir Charles had held

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the Chief Magistracy. "During his period of office," said Lord Burnham, "he has represented the embodied majesty of this ancient City with strength, with tact, and with distinction." He congratulated Sir Charles Hanson on the shining success of his year of office. The motion was seconded by the Hon. Gilbert Johnstone (Spectacle Maker), and Sir Charles Hanson replied in a graceful and dignified speech. After the rendering of a similar tribute of thanks to the retiring Sheriffs, the Common Hall was dissolved. A luncheon-party was afterwards given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in honour of the Lord Mayor elect and Lady Marshall.

On Saturday, October 12th, the Lord Mayor elect, accompanied by the Sheriffs and other high officers of the Corporation, and by Lady Marshall and Miss Marshall, went in state to the House of Lords, to receive from the Lord Chancellor the intimation of His Majesty's approval of the choice made by the citizens of London. Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder, introduced Sir Horace Marshall, with an account of his long civic career and public activities.

Lord Finlay then announced to the Lord Mayor elect His Majesty's gracious approval of his appointment, and wished him all prosperity in his year of office. He referred to the happy change which had come over the military situation, and the universal feeling that peace was not far distant. "I rejoice," he said, "that you are here under auspices so happy." He referred to the Recorder's account of Sir Horace Marshall's public services. "They are well known,"

said the Lord Chancellor, "but it was most fitting that on this occasion mention should be made of them somewhat in detail, for it is only right that when your position and your work have been recognised by those fellow-citizens who know you best, the country, too, should know what manner of man it is who has been selected to fill the important position to which you will shortly be called."

The proceedings ended with the time-honoured ceremony of the loving-cup, from which, after the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Mayor elect had pledged each other, the rest of the party drank in turn.

On the afternoon of November 8th, Alderman Sir Horace Brooks Marshall was admitted as Lord Mayor at the Guildhall, with the ancient ceremonial belonging to the occasion. Before the admission, the retiring and the incoming Lord Mayors were the hosts at a Mansion House luncheon to the Aldermen, the Courts of their respective Companies, and a number of personal friends. The hosts proposed one another's health in very cordial terms, and Sir Charles Hanson, in his last speech as Lord Mayor, expressed his gratitude to his Aldermanic colleagues and the high officers of the Corporation for the unfailing support they had given him during his term of office.

Immediately after the swearing-in at Guildhall, the new Lord Mayor's first official act was to proceed, with the members of his family, to Vintners' Hall, to receive the congratulations of the Ward of Vintry, which he had represented as Alderman since the

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year 1909. Colonel Vickers Dunfee, the Deputy, presided, and made presentations to Sir Horace and Lady Marshall, and an address was read by Sir Francis Green, Bart., C.C.

Lord Mayor's Day in 1918 was alive with the spirit of victory and the assurance of approaching peace. The sunshine of a perfect winter's day answered to the mood of the people. The end, it was clear, could not be long delayed, even if the terms of the Armistice, handed by Marshal Foch to the German envoys on the preceding day, should meet with rejection. But as the event fell out, Lord Mayor's Day so nearly coincided with the actual ending of hostilities, that its public ceremonies were in the nature of a prelude to the celebration of the coming of peace.

The Lord Mayor's Pageant itself had been planned to give expression to the feeling that the long ordeum was nearly over, and to stir to fresh enthusiasm the pride of the people in the armed strength that had preserved their liberty and multiplied their country's glory by sea and land. There was nothing of the element of allegory or masquerade about the Pageant; but it was such a one as London never saw before, and is likely never to see again—an epitome of what our Navy, Army, and Air Force had done, and could do. Airships and aeroplanes, sailing and manœuvring in the sky above, filled the air with their sonorous hum, while along the route there passed before the enormous and deeply-interested crowds an admirably organised representation of the

country's war-effort, at home as well as in the face of the enemy ; of the Empire forces from over-sea ; and of the armed strength of the Alliance.

The Lord Mayor's and Sheriffs' Committee which, under the presidency of Colonel Vickers Dunfee, V.D., made the arrangements for the Pageant, had carried out their task with the cordial co-operation of the Admiralty and the War Office, and especially with the personal assistance of the General Officer Commanding the London district, Sir Geoffrey Feilding. In days before the war the " Show " was not regarded with much favour by these high authorities, and a military escort for the Lord Mayor was as much as they were willing to contribute. But the war brought about an awakening to the educative value of the Pageant from the Whitehall point of view, and each war-time Lord Mayor's procession had benefited by the change. It had been determined that the last pageant of the war—for such it was evidently destined to be—should be the most imposing of all in this respect, and very thoroughly was that decision carried out.

The two-mile procession was headed, according to custom, by a body of mounted City Police and the mounted military escort, provided by the 3rd Hussars. After these came the Pageant proper, in which the leading place was given to the sea-service. Headed by the band of the Royal Naval Division, there marched past detachments of the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry, and of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, with a gun and its crew ; a body of sturdy seamen representing the auxiliary trawler

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patrol, who were greeted with particular warmth ; with representatives of the R.N.V.R. mechanics' ratings and of the Mercantile Marine. Bands and detachments from the Boys' Naval Brigade, and from the training ships *Warspite* and *Exmouth*, followed.

Next came the band of the Royal Air Force, with detachments of men and boys from that Service ; and after them a number of lorries carrying a Sopwith fighting aeroplane, a flying boat, two captured German scouting planes, specimens of R.A.F. guns and bombs, a model kite balloon and models of airships. A lorry with a trailer conveyed a party of the Women's Royal Air Force, at work on sail-making, carpentry, and other tasks ; and last came a mobile workshop for R.A.F. engine repairs. Then the Grenadier Guards' Band, and a detachment of Imperial London Cadet Yeomanry. Bands and detachments from half a dozen battalions of the City of London Volunteer Regiment followed, and after them, parties from the City of London Officers' Training Corps, and from the Cadet Battalions of several famous regiments.

The drums of the Grenadier Guards went before one of the most striking features of the procession—a representation of the many activities of the Women's Auxiliary Corps. Bodies of Q.M.A.A.C., W.R.N.S., and W.R.A.F. came first, marching with a precision and "snap" that might have gladdened the heart of the most exacting sergeant-major. Following them were lorries in which women of the several services manipulated a field-kitchen, made mines, and worked on aeroplane construction.

The band of the Commissionaires' Corps introduced detachments of the Women's Land Army, carrying farming tools and escorting a loaded hay wagon, and of the Women's Army Service Corps, with a transport wagon. Two W.D. wagons driven by Quarter-Mistresses rumbled by, and then a party of Women's Land Army timber-cutters, with axes and saws, headed by a mounted officer. Next came the lorries of the "Munitionettes" who were seen busily working upon fuses, shells, aerial bombs, and other lethal matters; before them went the drums of the Welsh Guards, and after them the Scots Guards'.

For many of the spectators, what followed was the sight of the day—three tanks, "male," "female" and "whippet," rolling past with their queer suggestion of inhuman intelligence and ponderous power. A British Red Cross (City of London Branch) detachment passed by with an ambulance; also an S.P.C.A. ambulance, presented by the Army Veterinary Corps.

And then the guns! A dozen pieces of all sizes and degrees of deadliness, from the 13-pounder Q.F. gun to the huge 9·2-inch howitzer; with an observation-post rigged up on a lorry, and other lorries carrying specimens of artillery ammunition, trench mortars and machine-guns.

Immediately following, more guns—the spoil of war! Upon each piece was a placard showing the name of the unit that took it; and by a happy inspiration, the guns had been selected to represent the captures of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish

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troops, with those of Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders and South Africans—an “anti-tank” gun taken by London troops leading the way. An enthusiastic reception was given all along the route to “Jackie,” the South Africans’ baboon. This unique veteran, who appeared in uniform, perched on a gun-carriage, was known to bear the scars of two wounds received in action, and as he went by, pawing his cap in a succession of military salutes, he was incontestably the most popular monkey of the entire genus *Cynocephalus*. A travelling pigeon-loft, with its winged war-messengers, came next, and a car with a group designed to illustrate the training of disabled soldiers under the Ministry of Pensions’ scheme.

A splendid welcome was given to the troops of the several Dominions, whose bands and detachments gave to Londoners their first collective impression of the magnificent qualities of the Empire armies from oversea. The deeds of the Dominion troops were at that time in every mouth, for the honours of the last great British effort that shattered Germany’s hopes were largely theirs, and the crowds did not forget it. Not the least hearty greeting to the overseas men came from a large number of their comrades of the Australian and Canadian forces who saw the Pageant from the Mansion House, as guests of the new Lord Mayor and his predecessor.

Boys from the Duke of York’s Training School, with a band and a Q.F. mountain gun, came next, followed by parties of Boy Scouts, including the “Lord Mayor’s Own,” with a band of pipers. There

was a warm welcome for a little party of Chelsea pensioners in their carriage.

The greatest demonstration of the day took place, as was fitting, when the detachments from the Allied armies marched past, accompanied by the bands of the Irish and Welsh Guards. Serbians and Italians, Portuguese and Americans were wildly cheered, and the whole bearing of the men was expressive of their delight at the popular greeting, and their pride in their representative function. What would have been the loudest cheer of all was not to be uttered, for the French troops were prevented from joining in the Pageant by an outbreak of influenza, and the Greeks were absent for the same reason.

The remainder of the procession was the customary array of civic state, familiar to every Londoner, with the gilded coach of the new Lord Mayor, and his escort of Hussars, coming last. The Companies represented were the Feltmakers, the Loriners, the Carpenters and the Stationers. One notable change from the war-time conditions of the past four years was seen when, following the carriage of the late Lord Mayor, the mounted band of the 1st Life Guards appeared in their full panoply of purple and gold—a presage of peace which was not lost upon the spectators.

“By universal consent, the procession was the most interesting, dignified and appropriate that has ever been held.” In these words, with many other expressions of warm appreciation, Sir Horace Marshall afterwards thanked Colonel Vickers Dunfee and his colleagues of the Committee, in a letter conveying

the gratitude of himself and the Sheriffs for their admirable work in the arrangements for the Pageant and the Banquet.

At the reception in the Royal Courts of Justice, the reply to the Recorder's introduction of Sir Horace Marshall was made by Mr Justice Darling, acting for the Lord Chief Justice. "From what we see, and what we know of the condition of Germany," his Lordship said, "the success of our arms and the failure of theirs, the support of our Allies and the desertion of their Allies, I think we cannot doubt that this war is nearly over." It was said, he remarked, by a native of a great country allied with us, France—by La Rochefoucauld—that it was more difficult worthily to support good fortune than evil; and he hoped that this country, which had borne itself so well during the dark days of the last four years, would bear itself as well and as nobly in the happier times to come. At the conclusion of the address from the Bench, the Lord Mayor made the customary declaration, and the presiding Judge, on behalf of a number of his brethren, accepted an invitation to the Banquet.

The crowds which witnessed the Pageant were adjudged to be the greatest ever brought together on a Lord Mayor's Day. The unique character of it, well announced beforehand, had aroused a universal interest, which was shown in the demeanour of the people—intent, curious, determined to miss nothing of a spectacle that would never be offered

to Londoners again. Each one of the great multitude of children who saw the Pageant pass had been brought, it could be guessed, by parents who felt it a duty to plant an enduring recollection in the little one's mind, a lasting vision of the means by which the Great War was won.

An incident personal to the new Lord Mayor may here be noted in connection with the Pageant. Outside the business premises of Messrs Horace Marshall & Son—the customary route having been modified so as to bring Temple Avenue into the line of march—the procession was halted to allow of the members of the staff presenting an address of congratulation, and asking his acceptance of the gift of his portrait, to be painted by Mr Frank Salisbury. The address was presented by the manager, Mr J. Morgan, who had been associated with the firm for sixty-one years.

The joyous spirit that was abroad gave its own character to the last of the war-time receptions in the Guildhall Library, preceding the Banquet. Among the distinguished guests who went through the ceremony of introduction, the Prime Minister, Mr Balfour, the French and Italian Ambassadors, Admiral Sims, commanding the American war fleet, and M. Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece, were singled out by the company for specially enthusiastic greetings.

An interesting and well-thought-of innovation had been made in connection with the choice of Cavaliers to accompany, in accordance with old

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custom, the Maids of Honour in attendance on the Lady Mayoress at the Reception and Banquet. Sir Horace Marshall invited the Commanders-in-Chief of the United States Army and Navy in Great Britain to nominate each an officer to act in this capacity. They expressed their pleasure at the compliment paid to their respective services, and a member of the personal staff of each was appointed for the not too burdensome duty, the principal obligation of which—as it was explained to the rather bewildered Cavaliers—was to attend on Lord Mayor's Day at Guildhall to join a dinner-party of nine Maids of Honour and seven other Cavaliers, personal friends of the Lord Mayor. The officers selected were Captain J. H. Potter, of the American Army, and Commander T. A. Thomson, of the American Navy; the other Cavaliers being Captain Maufe, M.C.; Captain A. T. Davis, R.F.C.; Lieutenant Charles Snatt, R.F.A.; Lieutenant J. G. Allan, R.F.A.; Lieutenant J. L. Langton, R.A.F.; Lieutenant W. H. Bremner, D.S.O., R.M.; Lieutenant S. Norman Davies, and Cadet V. C. Dunfee.

The Maids of Honour in attendance on Lady Marshall for the occasion were her daughter, Miss Marshall, Miss Dorothy Bethell, Miss Dorothy Heinkey, Miss Peggy Allan, Miss Queenie Russell, Miss Vivienne Benson, Miss Mary Holmden, Miss Mabel Llewellyn, and Miss Violet Simpson.

The Banquet, merely as a banquet, conformed as strictly as those of the preceding years to the necessities of war-time economy, in respect of

food. Although peace seemed so near, Sir Horace Marshall and the Sheriffs had decided that no dispensations should be sought, and that nothing requiring a coupon should appear upon the menu. The Banquet was, as the humourists announced in chorus, "barren of beef," cold ham and venison pies being the only meats served.

But the surroundings, and the company itself, lacked nothing of the traditional splendour of the ancient feast. It was added to, indeed, by the brilliant display of flags of all the Allied nations, which hung the whole length of the grey walls—such a decoration as they never knew in the City's proudest days aforetime. The khaki and blue of Service uniforms mingled with the brighter hues of Judges' robes and civic gowns, the brilliance of sashes, stars and ribbons, and the softer colouring of the ladies' attire. It was a wonderful setting for a wonderful occasion; for in all hearts was the feeling that this was the City's inauguration of the Year of Peace.

The toast of his Majesty the King was proposed by the Lord Mayor, who said in submitting it :

"I ventured, in the name of the citizens of London, to send a message of respectful homage to his Majesty the King. I received a few minutes ago the following gracious reply : 'I heartily thank you for the message of loyalty and devotion which you, on assuming the ancient and venerable office of Lord Mayor, have communicated to me in the name of your fellow-citizens. The Queen and I appreciate extremely the

reassurances of the affection ever evinced towards us by the citizens of London. We are thankful that on this important day in your civic life, the victorious Peace so ardently desired is brought nearer in sight by the brilliant victories of the Allied Armies.”

The toast was honoured with ringing demonstrations of loyalty, and the toast of the Royal Family, also proposed from the Chair, was similarly received. It was observed by those who had attended many Lord Mayors' Banquets that never in their recollection had the company, instead of standing silent while “God Save the King” was played at the giving of his Majesty's health, sung it in unison, and as one seldom hears it sung.

The toast of “Our Allies” was proposed by Mr Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who surveyed in glowing language the achievements of all the nations associated with Great Britain in “the great arc of contest reaching from the Urals to the Channel.” “Let us approach our new problems,” he said, “with a good heart and a high courage, for whatever may happen in the future, this at least is certain in the present, that the nightmare which hung over mankind so long as German militarism remained undefeated has gone for ever; and all the difficulties we may have to meet sink into insignificance compared with that great and unspeakable blessing.”

The French Ambassador, M. Cambon, had been associated by Mr Balfour with this toast as “one

who had attended many Lord Mayors' Banquets, in good times and in bad." Briefly and eloquently, in his own language, he spoke of the manner in which the forces of the civilised world had rallied to the Alliance since the opening of the war. "We were six then; now we are sixteen." It was realised, said M. Cambon, that "the enemy had arrived at a degree of infatuation verging on madness, and that the issue at stake was not any particular territorial or economic interest, but the liberation of the universe."

Mr Sheriff Banister Fletcher proposed the toast of "the Forces of the Crown; the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force." Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, spoke first in reply. His speech, with its revelation of the total demoralisation produced in the German Navy by the unceasing bulldog grip of our own, would have provided the sensation of the week if it had stood alone. "To-day," he declared, "half the German Navy is flying the Red Flag. The result of our sea power is that the enemy won't fight; and he won't fight because he has not got a good cause."

Lord Milner replied for the Army. He told of his own personal experience at the Front, of the wonderful quality shown by the British troops from all parts of the Empire—both in disaster and in victory. "Their wonderful discipline, and the excellent relations between officers and men, were the bed-rock condition of their ultimate triumph." The glory of this effort (said Lord Milner), the greatest effort our Empire had ever made, was that it was

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an unselfish one. “Because, as a consequence of our victory, justice and humanity will never again be exposed to the same dangers, we can bear to think, not without enduring sadness, but with pride and resignation, of all those whom we have lost.”

The response for the Air Force (which was now, for the first time, included in the toast of the fighting Services) was made by Lord Weir. The Force, he said, was in every sense young, “born but yesterday, and manned by boys whose courage, skill and self-sacrifice have earned the immeasurable gratitude and admiration of all.” One source of our success in the air had been the technical superiority due to the ingenuity and adaptability of British designers and manufacturers. “The other source of our success,” said Lord Weir, “—the quality of our youth—will never fail us. It is bred in the soul, and fostered by the spirit and tradition of a free people.”

At length came the toast of the evening—“His Majesty’s Ministers.” The Lord Mayor, in proposing it, spoke of the magnificent services rendered to the country by its War Government, and the zeal and courage with which their crushing responsibilities had been borne. Turning to the all-engrossing topic of the hour, he continued :

“The success and confidence of Germany in a few months have been shattered and swept away, and the only choice left to our enemies to-day is between complete surrender and overwhelming defeat. We know, in regard to the strategic direction of the war, the great part which Mr Lloyd George has played.

In associating his name with this toast, I pay him more than a conventional courtesy. We know a great deal of what we owe to him, but I am by no means sure that, as yet, we know all. Not only this country, but those with which we are allied, are conscious of the dynamic energy, the courage in taking great decisions, the clear insight into the necessities of the situation, which Mr Lloyd George has brought to the task before him."

The Lord Mayor ended by saying that it was a privilege and an honour to couple Mr Lloyd George's name with this toast on his first appearance as Prime Minister at the Guildhall Banquet.

Sir Horace Marshall's speech was brief. Himself a newspaper man, he could imagine what kind of speeches were being made at that moment by news-editors and leader-writers in every London office. For by this time the hour was late. With so much to be said in recognition of the happy change that had come over the war situation, the Ministers who had already spoken had been only human in forgetting the limitations of time. It had been calculated that the Prime Minister's speech, the event of the evening, would be over by 9.30. As it turned out, he did not rise till nearly 10 o'clock; but the speech, when it came, proved worth waiting for.

The picturesque power of Mr Lloyd George's eloquence was never, perhaps, so remarkably shown as in the retrospect of the past year's warfare which formed the first half of the speech. He recalled how, a twelvemonth before, his appearance at the Banquet

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had been prevented by the disaster to the Italian armies, which made necessary his presence on Italian soil to organise assistance from Great Britain. The submarine danger was at its worst; Russia was out of the war, and America not yet in the fighting line. But "the worst had not yet come." He recalled how, "in the spring-time"—again and again he used that phrase of tragic irony—"the concentrated fury of the Teutonic strength burst upon our armies, and for a moment the line was broken." The Prime Minister made his spell-bound audience, even in the hour of triumph, live through again that time of dread anxiety when danger threatened our cause on every front from west to east, and on the sea itself.

"That," said Mr Lloyd George, "was a few months ago, in the spring-time. It is the most dramatic change in history. It was the spring-time, and it is now the fall of the leaf—the Turkish armies annihilated by a combination of brilliant strategy, dash, valour and organisation, and their capital now almost under the guns of our Fleet; Bulgaria occupied from the mountains to the sea, its treacherous King a fugitive; Austria, then entrenched on Italian soil, now shattered, broken; Germany, the last and greatest of our foes, hurled back, and its army, once the most formidable in the world, now hardly an army at all; its navy, certainly, no longer a navy."

Then came those thrilling words which have been placed at the opening of this chapter; and the whole company sprang to its feet with cheer upon cheer, the speaker waiting quietly for the storm of acclamation to subside.

Events, he went on, had marched on the winds of a hurricane, growing in force and momentum month by month, week by week, day by day, hour by hour. "We have never lived in such days." He spoke of the week he had lately spent at Versailles. "In those beautiful forests the leaves were falling, but these were not alone. Empires and kingdoms, and kings and crowns, were falling like leaves before the gale."

The Prime Minister went on to speak of Germany's situation; and his voice was like the voice of doom.

"What will Germany do? Will she accept our Terms or fight on? She has her choice to-day; she will have none to-morrow. And were it not for the precious—yea, precious lives that are involved, I tell you here now I would be indifferent as to her answer. Ruin encircles her. It is getting nearer to her hour by hour. She has ruin tearing at her vitals—ruin without and ruin within. There is but one way she can avert it, and that is by immediate surrender. Her doom is sealed. It is immediate surrender or a worse fate. That is her choice, and she has no other."

He went on to speak of the terms of peace that must be imposed, "terms that will discourage ambition and arrogance from repeating this atrocity against mankind." We intended nothing against the liberty of the German people, but "justice, divine justice, must be satisfied." We could be calm, but we could not forget. "Four years and a

half of horror inflicted on humanity; millions of the finest young men of Britain, France, Italy, Russia, and many of America, Belgium and Serbia, slain without count, millions more mutilated, torn—countless numbers of men and women who mourn. This generation will have passed away before the torture and suffering of this war will have ceased; and the country that recklessly plunged the world into that agony must expect a stern reckoning."

The Prime Minister was heard in reverent silence as he paid a moving tribute to the heroism of those who had given us victory. He spoke of the glorious contribution of the Dominions, and a loud cheer greeted his declaration that "they must have a voice which is equal to their sacrifice in the determination of the Terms of Peace." He ended a memorable triumph of eloquence with an impassioned appeal for the continuance of national unity in the difficult and still perilous times before the world, after the war was ended.

"We sank all sectional interests, all partisan claims, all differences of creed and class, in pursuit of the common purpose which Providence, in its mysterious decree, had called upon the British Empire to help to effect. That task is not at an end when the Treaty of Peace is signed; it will only be beginning. Victory has its burdens and its snares, as well as defeat. The next few years are charged with the fate of Britain and her Empire, and I appeal solemnly in this great hour. Let us banish faction until the Empire has been thoroughly restored. Let

us suppress sectional prejudices. My appeal is this : as we united in war to achieve victory, so we should unite in peace, and lift up this country by our common efforts to a position such as it has never held in all its great history."

The Prime Minister sat down amid the tumultuous applause of an audience of whom many, perhaps, had realised that night for the first time the full power of human eloquence to fire the imagination and wring the heart. Other traditional toasts—"the Lord Chancellor," "the Judges and the Bar of England," "the late Lord Mayor," "the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Hosts"—were proposed and acknowledged in cordial and happily-turned speeches ; but the Prime Minister's oratorical triumph had left an impression that nothing else could overlay, and it still possessed all minds when the guests separated at the end of a day that will long be remembered in the City of London.

On Sunday afternoon, the 10th November, service at St Paul's Cathedral was attended by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs in State. There was a large attendance of City dignitaries, including High Officers of the Corporation. The sermon was preached by Canon Simpson. The Lord Mayor, he said, had come there to give expression to the City's famous motto, "Domine dirige nos." He referred to the fact that "the good custom of attending on the first Sunday of the Mayoral year of office was begun three years ago by Sir Charles Wakefield,

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who, like the new occupant of the civic chair, bore an honoured name among Methodists." The preacher pointed out an aspect of contemporary City history which was often to be touched upon by others in the course of the year. "It would be generally acknowledged," he said, "that the terms of office of recent Lord Mayors had been marked throughout by an atmosphere of Christian sentiment. Without any disparagement of others, the fact might be noticed that the Mansion House had of late become identified, in no ordinary sense, with the voice of prayer." Canon Simpson did not fail to strike the note sounded in every utterance of greeting to the new Lord Mayor. "The civic year upon which they had entered would witness, and had indeed already witnessed, events unparalleled in history, and would be a year of praise and thanksgiving."

CHAPTER II

ARMISTICE WEEK

At eleven o'clock on Monday, the 11th November, a salvo of maroons sounded to every part of London the great "Cease fire!" For one instant the well-remembered menace of those heavy reports caught at the heart. Then, their significance realised, a roar arose from London that drowned the last of them. Suddenly, without preparation or premonition, it was Armistice Day.

Nothing like the scenes that followed was ever seen before in London. In the City, where the huge multitude of the workaday business community was pursuing the even, if slightly peevish, tenor of its Monday morning way, it was as if a spring controlling the whole human mechanism had been released. With a common impulse, from office and warehouse and shop, men and women poured into the streets by tens of thousands, possessed by a passion of joy and triumph which seemed only to grow in intensity as time went on. Described a hundred times, the scene can never be realised by those who did not witness it. Within a minute the central streets were packed from side to side with wildly cheering masses, while the house-fronts and roofs in the same time sprouted a miraculous crop of flags and decorations. By a common impulse all those near the centre of

the City made their way towards the Mansion House. The whole of the great space before the building was a solid mass of shouting, singing humanity, a-flicker with waving flags and handkerchiefs ; in windows, on housetops, even on lamp-posts, there was not room for another soul.

The appearance of the Lord Mayor, in his robes of office, on the balcony was the signal for a yet more deafening demonstration. He had news ; he could confirm the glorious conclusion to which all had leapt. For a brief time he stood silent ; no wonder if he found control of speech difficult in a situation so overwhelming. At length, as the people stood suddenly hushed to hear him, Sir Horace Marshall said :

“ Citizens of London, I rejoice to tell you that an armistice was signed at five o’clock this morning. Let us congratulate ourselves on the great news that our four years’ strenuous work has come to an end, and that we see before us the result of our great labours, and the hope of lasting peace.”

Then, in the intervals of the renewed explosion of joy, his Lordship called for cheers for the fighting men ; they were given with thunderous enthusiasm, and he proceeded to lead the singing of the National Anthem. Finally, the Lord Mayor said : “ Now, as citizens of a Christian nation, I think we should sing the Doxology, and I ask you to join me in doing so.” Reverently, and whole-heartedly, the huge assemblage sang the words that, in living memory, had never

been heard in such surroundings, and the Lord Mayor withdrew.

Again the people gave themselves up to the wildest demonstrations of joy. Every siren in the river's shipping added its note to the din, and the wild music from the City belfries could be heard through the loudest of the tumult. The Governor, officials and staff of the Bank of England, gathered at the Lothbury entrance, sang the "Old Hundredth" and the National Anthem. Those in the neighbourhood of Lloyd's, the Stock Exchange, and the Baltic could hear the uproar of rejoicing with which the news was being celebrated within. Before the Mansion House, as fast as the people moved away, yet greater numbers poured into the space, and again and again the Lord Mayor had to return and speak a few words to the still increasing throng. The Lady Mayoress, who appeared for a few moments on the balcony, was greeted with another tremendous cheer. Hour after hour the demonstration before the Mansion House went on. In the afternoon the band of the Salvation Army took up position on the balcony and played a number of familiar airs, which were lustily sung by the crowd.

At last came the final and most moving scene, unexpected by the people, and all the more rapturously acclaimed, as the carriage of the King and Queen, with the Princess Mary, made its way slowly through the press of wildly cheering people, and passed before the Mansion House, to return thence to Buckingham Palace. The Lord Mayor in his black and gold, the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs,

were grouped on the balcony to acknowledge by their salutes this royal compliment to the City of London. It was the last great moment of a day of unforgettable events and emotions ; but it was still long before the centre of the City was free of the multitudes who had made it their rallying-ground for the rejoicings of Armistice Day.

On the morning following Armistice Day took place the magnificent and deeply impressive Service of Thanksgiving and solemn Te Deum celebrated at St Paul's Cathedral, at which the King and Queen, Princess Mary, and other members of the Royal Family were present. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, in full state, occupied seats in the choir, and many aldermen and other civic dignitaries attended the Service. It was known that it was by King George's wish that this Thanksgiving to the Only Giver of Victory was being offered.

It was a people's Service, the body of the Cathedral being opened to all who could find entrance ; and hundreds awaited admission for hours before the great bells began to clash out their message of joy and gratitude. Outside the chancel gates the Welsh Guards' Band played stirring music, opening with Saint-Saens' "Marche Heroique." Nave, aisles and transepts were crowded to their utmost capacity long before the procession of the choir and clergy, with cross and banner, followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, moved down to meet the King and Queen at the West Door. A roar of cheering from without announced their arrival ; and the procession,

with their Majesties and the Princess, returned up the nave, singing, "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven." Places near the pulpit were occupied by the Royal party.

The Sub-Dean, the Rev. W. P. Besley, took the Service, which was not a long one. The Lord's Prayer was succeeded by Psalm xlvi., "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Canon Simpson read the lesson from the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people. . . . Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."

The singing of the "Old Hundredth" was accompanied by the band of the Welsh Guards, with a thunder of drums that woke every echo in the Cathedral. Then was pronounced the Thanksgiving "for our deliverance from those great and apparent dangers wherewith we were compassed"; and a special prayer composed for this Service :

"Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in Whose hand is power and might which none is able to resist: we bless and magnify Thy Holy Name for the happy triumph of our cause, the whole glory whereof we ascribe to Thee, Who art the only giver of victory. And we beseech Thee, give to us and our Allies grace to use this great mercy to Thy glory, the advancement of Thy Gospel, and the good of all mankind."

The hymn "For all the Saints" followed; and next the Te Deum, to Stanford's beautiful setting.

Then the voice of the Archbishop was heard pronouncing the Blessing from before the altar. A hush; and suddenly, with another roar of drums, the National Anthem—the full three verses—was played by the Guards' Band, and sung fervently by the whole vast congregation.

Another storm of cheers without, as the King and Queen came out upon the steps of the Cathedral and departed. The Service of Thanksgiving was over.

On taking the chair for the first time at the Court of Aldermen on Wednesday, the 13th November, the Lord Mayor observed that a momentous change had come over the nation since the last meeting of the Court. "I feel sure," he said, "you will recognise that my first words here should be words of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the mercies the nation has received." He remarked that his duties in the coming year would be arduous, in view of the problems of reconstruction and demobilisation. "I desire to express my thanks in advance," he said, "for the help which, I am convinced, I shall at all times receive at your hands."

On Thursday, the 14th November, the Lord Mayor was greeted with hearty cheers on taking the chair for the first time at the Court of Common Council. "Since I had the honour of being admitted as Lord Mayor," said Sir Horace Marshall, "a great change has come over the world. We rejoice that a satisfactory Armistice has been signed. I deemed it my

duty, as your representative and the representative of the City of London, immediately to telegraph to His Majesty the King the respectful congratulations of the Corporation and citizens. His Majesty has sent a most gracious reply.” His Lordship then read the royal message, the terms of which are given in a later chapter dealing with the relations of the City with the Throne.

The Lord Mayor proceeded to read the replies to telegrams of congratulation sent by him to the Prime Minister, and to the Commanders-in-Chief by sea and land. Mr Lloyd George returned his “sincere thanks for the kind message you sent on behalf of the citizens of London, whose service and sacrifice have contributed so largely to the victory which Britain has won.” Sir David Beatty replied: “The Grand Fleet is proud to receive the congratulations of the City of London upon its share in the attainment of victory.” Sir Douglas Haig, in returning thanks, declared that “in good and bad fortune we have ever been able to rely on the unswerving confidence of the citizens of London.”

The reading of the telegrams was punctuated with hearty applause from the Court. Sir Horace Marshall then said :

“ Gentlemen, on such an occasion as this, what is left for me to say except that I know that during my year of office—very arduous it may be until the Peace that must come later—I may look with confidence for your help and support. When I had the honour of being a member of the Court of Common

Council, I made many friends. To those friends, and to every member of the Court, I look for aid and assistance, so that our deliberations may be conducted in such a manner as may redound to the usefulness of the public services."

The National Anthem was then sung by the members of the Court.

Mr T. F. Rider, M.V.O., moved that the messages just read should be entered on the minutes; the motion was formally seconded by Alderman Sir Marcus Samuel, and carried by acclamation. Mr Rider, in moving it, took the opportunity of welcoming Sir Horace Marshall to his new dignity in very cordial terms, and said that he entered upon it at the most momentous period of the City's history. The heavy cloud that had hung over us for more than four years was now lifting, and he looked forward to a period of greater prosperity than ever.

The final and fitting ceremonial event of Armistice Week was the Service of Thanksgiving held by the Free Churches at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon. More than 8000 people were present, and thousands more were unable to find room in the vast auditorium. The importance of an occasion that would in any case have been memorable in Free Church annals was added to by the presence of the King and Queen, who, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, were among the congregation—in a very real sense, for the seats they occupied facing the platform were

in no way set apart from the rest. King George—for the first time, it was said, since the beginning of the war—wore civilian morning dress; the Prince, whose soldierly bearing and appearance of “fitness” were generally remarked, was in uniform. The Prime Minister and Mr Asquith, with their families, were also present. The Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs were seated near their Majesties. The Royal party and the more distinguished members of the congregation were welcomed, on their entrance, by the people rising and standing in reverent silence as they made their way to their places.

The combined fervour and simplicity of the Service were in the highest Free Church tradition, and it was well observed in one of the newspapers next day that “perhaps the fittest thing that could be said of it was that it gave us the miracle of a devotional atmosphere in the Albert Hall.”

The Service opened with the singing of the Doxology by the whole congregation. King George, it was understood, in cordially accepting the invitation to take part in this great act of worship, had asked that the hymns should be well-known ones, in which all could join; and all did join in them, in a way to be remembered.

Dr Clifford, who had lately received the King’s congratulations on his “diamond jubilee,” offered a short extempore prayer. “Thou art the God of to-day,” he ended, “as well as of yesterday, and Thou hast wrought for Thy children works which fill us with overflowing thankfulness. Not unto us, but to Thyself, be all the praise.”

Dr Jowett, who conducted the Service, then announced the "Old Hundredth," which was sung with the utmost fervour. The Rev. C. R. Gillie read the lesson (Isaiah xl. 1-11; Revelations xxi. 1-7). A deeply thrilling emphasis was laid upon those words of the Apocalypse, "And he said unto me, It is done," and those of the Prophet, "Cry unto her that her welfare is accomplished." The collects and the General Thanksgiving were read by the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, President of the Wesleyan Conference. "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," was the second hymn. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare then offered a prayer which deeply touched all hearts. He gave thanks that the country had been spared the miseries of invasion, and for "the endurance and faith of our people, of the Empire, of our Allies, and of America." In moving words he referred to the example given by those in high places.

"We give Thee humble and heartfelt thanks for our King and Queen, who have been first in honour and first in service; who have shared to the utmost in the sacrifice and sorrow of their people. May they long be spared to reign over us, and may their Throne be established in righteousness."

"For all the Saints who from their labours rest" was then sung. A short address from Dr Jowett followed; and the great preacher never moved the hearts of any congregation so profoundly as he moved those of this vast assembly, by all of whom he was clearly heard.

"Four years ago," he said, "our nation was

divinely honoured by a sacred call to sacrificial service. We were summoned to take our stand by the august standard of international rectitude and honour. It was a call which could only have been unanswered at the price of the loss of our national soul. It called us to a rough and stony road, and cost us suffering and tears. But we heard and answered it, and now we are come together gratefully to remember the Divine Providence that watched over us in those heavy and gloomy years."

The congregation heard with many signs of deep emotion the preacher's beautiful words upon "our gallant sons who have fallen in the fight." "The finished life," he said, "is not to be reckoned by the number of its years, but by its accomplished task ; and those who have laid down their lives have passed through sacrifice to still more exalted service. It is for us, the survivors, to consecrate ourselves to the future."

"God bless our native land" was the closing hymn ; and the Rev. George Hooper pronounced the Benediction. As the congregation slowly dispersed, King George spoke with Dr Jowett, Mr Shakespeare and others, and said that he had been deeply impressed. So ended the second of the great Thanksgivings, each in its own way so memorably expressive of the more deep-lying and more sacred feelings of the people in their deliverance from the long agony of the war.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY AND THE THRONE

“SHORTLY before 4 o’clock His Majesty, breaking all the traditions of the City, drove past Temple Bar without the permission of the City Fathers.”

With these not altogether accurate words, a great newspaper began its account of that most remarkable of the events of Armistice Day in London—the Royal act which marked, as it was intended to mark, the opening of a new chapter, even more fortunate than what went before, in the relations between the City and the Throne.

In a quiet way, the “tradition of the City” in regard to the admission of the Sovereign had been broken before, save upon occasions when the Royal visitor was appearing “in State.” Precisely when the King is “in State” is a matter almost as debateable as the much-mooted question as to when the Pope is speaking *ex cathedra*; but the practical solution of it is that the King is “in State” when the Royal intimation is made to that effect. The formal meeting of the Sovereign by the Lord Mayor with the Sword is now of rare occurrence; but that ceremony, only used in admitting the Sovereign, or his personal representatives, on great public occasions, is still a treasured part of the City’s tradition.

It is very little realised, save by the student

of London annals, how comparatively recent is the growth of the unique relationship that subsists between the City and the Throne. In the history of two institutions so ancient, its arising is a thing of yesterday ; it is, indeed, a part of that great and beneficent work of "democratising" the Monarchy which was the deliberate policy of King George's two far-seeing predecessors, and which had been so remarkably developed by himself and his heir. There is a world of meaning in the mere fact that the two oldest things in the English State never, even under the most popular and beloved of Sovereigns, assumed a wholly unguarded attitude towards one another until a time almost within living memory. So lately as the reign of George III. they were openly and bitterly at enmity ; and the admission of the Prince Consort to the Freedom of the City in 1840 must have been witnessed by some whose childhood was passed in days when the City was leading a violent constitutional agitation against the Crown, and when the famous remonstrance that may be read on Lord Mayor Beckford's monument in Guildhall to-day was delivered in the Royal presence.

Up to the present day has survived the last remnant of that most ancient custom which arose out of a distrustful and defensive attitude towards the Throne in the very earliest times. The ceremony of the Lord Mayor's going with the Sword to meet the Sovereign at the City boundary on occasions of State is carried out to-day in the sense of doing honour and making a hearty demonstration of loyalty. In days when Temple Bar still stood, however, it was possible

for the imaginative onlooker to form some notion of the original significance of the ceremony ; for it then took the form of closing the great doors at the approach of the Royal cortege, which had to seek admittance by knocking at the gate, and receive formal permission to enter. The modern survival of the practice—sufficiently imposing in itself—was witnessed during the year 1919, when the Heralds were admitted to make proclamation of Peace in July, and when the King and Queen came to the City to take part in the Service of Thanksgiving for the conclusion of Peace at St Paul's a few days later. It has taken on, for generations past, the character of a symbolic act of loyal pride in the presence of the Sovereign within the City bounds ; but unless a time shall come when the whole observance shall have lapsed entirely, there will still linger, to the sense of the historian, a last faint trace of the distant age in which the Conqueror's Keep was built by the Wall to overawe the citizens, and Westminster and London dealt with one another at arm's length.

The first week of the Peace Year Mayoralty afforded a most marked demonstration of the cordial interest with which King George repays the devoted loyalty that is to-day among the most cherished traditions of the City. His Majesty's message to the new Lord Mayor on 9th November, read by him at the Banquet, has already been quoted. The cordial warmth of its terms was noted with gratification by all the civic community.

But a further recognition of the bond between the

Throne and the City came two days later. On Armistice Day, when the full heart of the nation overflowed with triumphant joy, the Lord Mayor was among the first to hear the glorious news, and he at once fulfilled his duty in telegraphing to King George "the respectful congratulations of the Corporation and Citizens of London." The gracious message received in reply, and read by the Lord Mayor, as already mentioned, on his first taking the chair at the Court of Common Council three days later, was as follows :

" It is with feelings of profound gratitude that I have received your congratulations on the conclusion of the Armistice ; and the expressions of devotion to my Throne and person that you have conveyed to me in this hour of triumph have touched me deeply. Let me assure you, my Lord Mayor, of how great a solace it has been to me that, through the changing fortunes of war, I have had the unswerving support and loyalty of the citizens of London. On this memorable day in the world's history, I rejoice with the people of this great capital over the victory that God has vouchsafed to us, and I reciprocate with a full heart your high hopes that the blessings of a lasting peace may now ensue."

In the afternoon of Armistice Day, the King, the Queen, and Princess Mary set out on that informal progress from Buckingham Palace to the Mansion House and back, which was the central event of the day's celebrations. The extraordinary and moving popular demonstration which had continued for hours

before the Palace was renewed as the Royal carriage made its difficult way through the vast multitudes that packed the streets all along the route. Within the civic boundaries, the gracious compliment to the City of London was acknowledged by a popular welcome that none who saw and heard it can ever forget. The Lord Mayor, in his robes of office, saluted the Royal party from the balcony of the Mansion House ; but the wild enthusiasm of the people gave better expression than any official courtesy to the love and loyalty which King George and his family had drawn to themselves from the heart of the City.

On the following day their Majesties and the Princess again visited the City to attend the Te Deum Service at St Paul's, some account of which has already been given.

On Wednesday the Royal party drove through the City for the third time, on their way to receive the loyal acclamations of the people of East London. On this occasion their Majesties drove in a motor-car to the Mansion House, and there halted to change from the car to a pair-horse carriage. The King and Queen here renewed their gracious courtesy to the City of London, spending a short time in conversation with the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, Sir William Soulsby and others who were present. Once more the area before the Mansion House was densely crowded, and "God Save the King" was sung with fervent enthusiasm as the carriage moved slowly on its way eastward.

In this series of visits, marked as they were by an

absence of formality and a simple personal quality that made a deep impression, His Majesty gave unmistakable proof of his desire to open a new chapter of cordial and close relations between the Throne and the City. In the course of the Year of Peace he was to emphasise that wish in other ways yet more striking.

On Monday, the 20th January, the nation heard with profound sorrow of the bereavement suffered by the King and Queen in the death of their youngest son, Prince John, who had suddenly succumbed, in his fourteenth year, to a malady from which he had suffered from birth. In response to a telegram conveying the deep condolence of the citizens of London with their Majesties in their great sorrow, the Lord Mayor received the following message :

“ The Queen joins with me in thanking you, my Lord Mayor, for the expression of sympathy you have conveyed to us at the death of our youngest son. I wish to assure you of our gratitude at the knowledge that the feelings and thoughts of the citizens of London are with us in our loss.

“ GEORGE, R.I.”

On the same day the Lord Mayor, before proceeding with business at the Mansion House Justice Room, said : “ I feel I am but expressing the feelings of every citizen of London when I say how deeply we regret to hear of the bereavement which our beloved King and Queen have sustained by the death of their youngest

son, Prince John. Our respectful and heartfelt sympathy is with them in this hour of their sorrow and trial."

On Thursday, the 27th February, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were among the guests invited to attend the wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught and Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, in Westminster Abbey. The occasion was the most brilliant of the kind that London had seen for many a year ; but more remarkable than the great gathering of all that was most distinguished in the social life of the capital was the enormous multitude of people assembled in the streets to greet a bride who had long ago been taken into the heart of the public, and whose enormous popularity had been increased tenfold by the circumstances of her marriage. The wedding present of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City consisted of an antique silver tray and a French carriage clock.

A highly valued bond between the City and the Throne was confirmed on the 21st of May, when the Prince of Wales was present at a special Court of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, the Lord Mayor being in the chair. On the motion of Sir Joseph Savory, vice-chairman of the Council, seconded by Mr Septimus Croft, treasurer, the Prince of Wales was unanimously elected and appointed President of Christ's Hospital in succession to King George, who was now patron of the foundation. After His Royal Highness had expressed gratification upon his appointment, the Clerk

read "The Charge of the President," and the Court passed to other business.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS FREEMAN

Deep as was the interest taken beforehand in the admission of the Prince of Wales to the Freedom of the City, the event turned out to have an importance which went beyond expectation. At the time when the Prince came to the City for this purpose, he had not as yet conquered for himself that place in the hearts of his countrymen which was soon to be his. Throughout the period of the war, he had been wholly absorbed in his duties on active service, and the public still thought of him as the boy whose appearance and youthful record had always engaged their sympathetic interest, apart from the loyal regard due to his position. It was upon this occasion that it was made evident that a new and notable personal influence had made its appearance in the national life. "To-day's ceremony," said the Prince, in replying to the Lord Mayor's proposal of his health at the Mansion House, "is the most important event with which I have been associated since my return from the Front, and I am very glad to think that it should have taken place in the City of London." In the several speeches of that day, he fully revealed, for the first time, that gift of happily-turned, yet frank and plain-spoken oratory which, coupled with a native and unstudied charm of personality, was soon to win for him the enthusiastic regard of millions throughout the Empire, and beyond its boundaries.

On Tuesday, the 27th of May, His Royal Highness had been admitted to the Freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, by right of patrimony, thus continuing a long-standing association of the Royal House with that famous "mystery"; and in his speech at the Fishmongers' banquet on that occasion he had paid a moving tribute to the work of the fishermen of England in the Navy auxiliary services.

Two days later, on the 29th of May, the Prince of Wales drove to the Guildhall to claim, also by right of patrimony, his right to take up the Freedom of the City. The occasion was one of the most brilliant even of this historic year in City annals. A great number of distinguished guests was assembled, and seated on the dais were Prince Albert, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, the Marquis of Cambridge, the Earl of Athlone, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. In the procession to the dais the Prince of Wales walked with the Lady Mayoress, and the Lord Mayor with Princess Christian. In accordance with the ancient ceremony so often re-enacted in the course of the year, a Court of Common Council was formally constituted under the Lord Mayor's presidency. The resolution inviting the Prince to take up the Freedom by patrimony was read by the Town Clerk, the declaration of the patrimony vouchers was read by the Principal Clerk to the Chamberlain, and to the Chamberlain's question, "Who presents His Royal Highness?" came the reply, "The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers," from the Prime Warden and Wardens of that Guild.

After the Prince had made and subscribed the usual declaration, the Chamberlain, in an eloquent address, passed in review the principal events in His Royal Highness' career, and in particular those of his military service, offering him, in conclusion, "the right hand of fellowship," and greeting him "as a Citizen and a Fishmonger." Presentation was made at the same time of a frame containing the certificate of the Freedom, and of a set of hand-wrought silver pilgrim bottles, reproduced from originals made for the first Duke of Marlborough.

The Prince's reply was followed with eager attention by the great company present, not many of whom had heard His Royal Highness speak before in public, and the impression produced by the manner, not less than the matter, of his speech, was most evident. He dealt for the most part with the military side of the City's contribution to the war, after remarking that the other aspects of that contribution were "many, and indeed beyond enumeration." He described "the exploits of the four splendid London Divisions, the 47th, 56th, 58th and 60th," with the second of which he had himself served. He recalled, what many Londoners had never realised, that it was the General commanding a London Division who received the surrender of the Holy City from the Turks. The London troops, said His Royal Highness, "had always shown an unconquerable spirit, and more than upheld the noble traditions of the City of London." At the end, he spoke of his own war experiences in words which made a deep and unforgettable effect upon all. "I shall never regret," he

said, "my period of service overseas. In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood. When I think of the future, and of the heavy responsibilities which may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained since 1914 will stand me in good stead."

Afterwards, at the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House in honour of the occasion, many of the distinguished company from the Guildhall were again assembled. The Lord Mayor, in proposing the health of his principal guest, expressed the deep feeling of all present. "The Prince of Wales," he said, "has learned manhood in the sternest of schools. He attained his majority in the trenches of Flanders. He has shown in the discharge of his duty the devotion and enthusiasm of the best of his generation. He has shared in the sheer hard work of our armies, and in their perils too." "We trust, Sir," he said in conclusion, "that in a future of peace, progress and tranquillity you may see your country prosperous and contented, and that your life will be as long and happy as we know it will be honourable." The Prince, in returning thanks, gracefully expressed the hope that the rest of Sir Horace Marshall's period of office might be "as auspicious as was the moment of your installation, the date of which practically coincided with the victorious cessation of hostilities."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the depth of the impression produced on the public mind by this appearance of the Prince in the role of the young soldier returned from his war-service, and telling in simple sincerity of what it had meant to him. It

opened to him the hearts of all the great multitude of those, of whatever station, who had sent forth their sons to protect the life and honour of the country, and of all who, without being called upon to make that bitter sacrifice, could yet feel something of its meaning. All those who took interest and pride in the City's civic life rejoiced in the continuation of a much-prized tradition ; but for them, too, the more touching personal significance of the event was the thought that overcame all others. It was felt that here, in the person of the Prince, was the best type of all that spirited young manhood which, in chivalrous forgetfulness of self, had devoted itself from the first moment of the country's peril to the country's service. His commission, as the Chamberlain did not forget to say, dated from the first week of the war ; his active service had begun at the earliest moment at which his earnest desire to go to the Front could reasonably be gratified. This knowledge, and the way in which the Prince spoke of his experiences, touched a chord of generous emotion throughout the Empire ; and from that day his father's subjects, whether consciously or unconsciously, honoured in the Prince of Wales a worthy representative of that great company of heroic youth which had given itself, body and soul, to a noble cause and a mortal adventure.

PRINCE ALBERT AS FREEMAN

It is necessary to introduce here some account of an event which took place when Sir Horace Marshall's period of office was very near its end, and which was

the last of the many confirmations given during the year of the Royal recognition of the City's unique place in the national life.

Prince Albert's admission to the Freedom of the City was preceded, as in the case of the Prince of Wales, by his admission to the membership of one of the ancient Guilds. On Saturday, the 25th of October, his Royal Highness was made a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Drapers. On Tuesday, the 28th, he came to the Guildhall to claim his patrimonial right to the City privilege.

The arrangements, which were in the hands of the City Lands Committee, presided over by Mr H. Dixon Kimber, were in general correspondence with those made for the reception of the Prince of Wales five months earlier. The Guard of Honour was on this occasion furnished by the Royal Air Force, in which Service Prince Albert had won his "wings" some time before, and now held captain's rank. The Guildhall was filled with a great gathering intent on witnessing the last ceremony of the kind to take place during a civic year that had been unique in respect of the number of illustrious men whose names had been added to the City's Roll of Honour. Amongst many distinguished guests of the Corporation, the higher command of the Air Force was well represented, and the Air Minister, Major-General J. E. B. Seely, was among the members of the Government who attended. Prince Albert, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the Earl and Countess of Athlone were received at the entrance, and took their places in the civic procession which entered the Hall after

their arrival, the Lord Mayor with Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the Lady Mayoress with Prince Albert coming last.

The traditional preliminaries were fully observed. A Court of Common Council was formed, and the “name and fame” and good intentions of the Prince were vouched for—as a picturesque writer in the Press was inspired to put it—“on the oath and honour of a Merchant Taylor, a Spectacle Maker, a Glazier, a Gold and Silver Wyre-drawer, a Cook, and a Fan-Maker,” the compurgators. The Prince, having been presented for the Freedom by the Master and Wardens of the Drapers’ Company, took the oath and signed the Roll.

The City Chamberlain, in admitting the Prince to the Freedom, said that this was an opportunity, of which the Corporation gladly availed themselves, of “expressing again to a member of the Royal House our unswerving loyalty to the Throne, as well as our respectful and devoted attachment to the person and family of his illustrious father; while we welcome His Royal Highness personally, not only as his Majesty’s son, but as a gallant member of a great service, to which he is devoting himself with all the success and unostentatious assiduity which we have learnt to expect from his family.” He told how his Royal Highness, during his war-service in the Navy, had enjoyed “the pride and satisfaction, which will be life-long, of serving under Lord Jellicoe in the Battle of Jutland, which set the seal on the supremacy of the British Navy. We remember with pride and pleasure to-day that in the list of officers recommended

by that great Admiral for commendation for service in the battle was Sub-Lieutenant Prince Albert." He gave an outline of the Prince's subsequent service in the Air Force, and wished him well, on behalf of the Corporation, in the period of undergraduate life at Cambridge which he was now beginning. After greeting his Royal Highness "as a Citizen and Draper," the Chamberlain made presentation of a pair of silver vases, the gift of the Corporation.

Prince Albert, replying to the Chamberlain's address, declared himself deeply sensible of "the great honour you have done me." "I am proud," he said, "to think that I represent, with my brother, the Prince of Wales, the fifth generation of my family to be admitted to the Freedom of this great City. More particularly is the high value of my right of patrimony brought home to me when I recall the names of celebrated men who, during the past few months, have received the same honour as that conferred upon me to-day, not by right of patrimony, but as a reward for great and distinguished service rendered to our Empire, and to the Allies in general." His Royal Highness, turning to the future, spoke of "the responsibility that rests on the shoulders of all the young men of our country, to uphold its proud traditions, and with ceaseless effort to strive in the task of national progress." "I can assure you," he said in conclusion, "that your latest Freeman will always try to be worthy of his calling."

It was generally noted that Prince Albert felt some degree of embarrassment, engaging enough in so young a man, on this, the first great ceremonial occasion on

which he had been called upon to speak. But the Prince's voice was sonorous, and his upright bearing and modest demeanour made the best of impressions. After a number of presentations had been made by the Lord Mayor, His Royal Highness was escorted to the entrance, and drove away through cheering crowds to the Mansion House, where he was to be the guest of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress at luncheon.

In proposing the health of Prince Albert to the great company of his guests at luncheon, the Lord Mayor spoke of the occasion as "strengthening still further the ties of affectionate regard which unite our civic community to the Throne." For Prince Albert, he said, the Great War came "during those years when boyhood is merging into manhood—years which at a normal time are the happiest, the most full of healthy enjoyment and pleasant experience in a well-directed life. For His Royal Highness those crowning years of youth have been a time of stern duty and heavy stress—a time in which the world has been revealed to him under its most terrible and heart-rending aspects. I venture to say that he has come through that test with honour." The Lord Mayor remarked that His Royal Highness continued to show, in peace-time, "that earnest interest in the life and well-being of others which won for him the respect and regard of all during his varied service experience," and referred to the Prince's close association with the work of the Industrial Welfare Society. "In war and in peace," he concluded, "His Royal High-

ness has worthily begun a career which, it is fully evident, will be inspired by that fine tradition of public service and devotion to the interests of the people which is the glory of his family, and the strength of the Throne."

The Lord Mayor's reference to the Prince's peace-time task of social service was heard with particular interest. His Royal Highness, in replying to the toast, followed the example of his brother, in himself proposing the health of the host and hostess.

"We all know," he said, "how important are the duties of the Lord Mayor in ordinary times of peace —how he is foremost in every great movement in the country, whether charitable or social; and ever ready to help those in distress, no less abroad than at home. In abnormal times, such as the past year, his duties are necessarily yet more arduous, and I can think of no man who has worked harder than Sir Horace Marshall, and well and worthily has he carried out his duties. I know I voice the sentiments of my fellow-citizens and countrymen when I wish him all possible happiness and prosperity in his coming years of comparative calm and leisure. I give you the toast of 'The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress,' who have so successfully carried out the duties of their high office during the past difficult year."

The Lord Mayor, in reply, thanked the Prince for the most kind and graceful terms in which the toast had been proposed. He was coming to the end of a year in which it had been his privilege and that of the Lady Mayoress to receive many distinguished

guests in that Hall. They had endeavoured to the best of their ability to discharge the trust placed in them by the citizens of London.

On King George's birthday, the 3rd of June, which was celebrated with enthusiasm throughout the country, a telegram of good wishes sent by the Lord Mayor to His Majesty received the following reply :

“ I heartily thank you, my Lord Mayor, and the citizens of London, for your birthday congratulations and good wishes. I rejoice that we are emerging from the long years of war into those of a victorious and, please God, lasting peace. I confidently believe that, guided by a spirit of mutual trust, sympathy and courage, we shall gradually secure that restoration of prosperity, happiness and contentment which, in the terms of your kind message, you anticipated.

“ GEORGE, R.I.”

About 1600 officers and men of the City of London Police Reserve, under the command of Colonel Vickers Dunfee, were paraded together with the Metropolitan Special Constabulary in Hyde Park on Saturday, the 14th of June. They marched thence to Buckingham Palace, where King George took the salute. Near His Majesty was the Lord Mayor and the Officer Commanding the City Reserve, with the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner (Captain Sir J. W. Nott-Bower and Captain Bremner) of the City Police.

After the march past, the “ City Specials ” were moved off to the Horse Guards Parade, and there

dismissed. On the next day the Earl of Cromer wrote from Windsor Castle to Colonel Vickers Dunfee as follows :

“ DEAR COLONEL DUNFEE.—The King desires me to assure you how glad His Majesty was to be able to inspect the City of London Police Reserve yesterday, and thus to show his appreciation of their valuable and public-spirited service. His Majesty was greatly pleased with the excellence of all the arrangements connected with this inspection, and I am to thank you and your officers for the success that attended the day’s ceremonial.—Yours sincerely,

“ CROMER.”

A special Court of the Corporation of Trinity House was held on the 2nd of July, when the Prince of Wales was unanimously elected an Elder Brother of that body. In the absence through illness of the Master, the Duke of Connaught, the Deputy Master, Captain Sir H. Acton Blake, presided over the Court. The Lord Mayor was among a large number of distinguished guests, including many Ministers of the Crown and leading public men, who were afterwards entertained to luncheon, to meet His Royal Highness, at Trinity House, Tower Hill, by the Deputy Master and the Elder Brethren.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMING OF PEACE

“THE greatest war of history is over. I join you all in giving thanks to God.” The words spoken by King George to the cheering multitude outside Buckingham Palace on the 28th of June gave voice to the underlying emotion of a second great outburst of national joy, on the long-delayed crowning of the hopes of Armistice Day.

That morning the last name had been traced upon the parchment of the Treaty in the Palace of Versailles, and an instant after the guns of Fort Satory had thundered out the news for which the world had waited in straining expectation and lingering fear of some obstacle arising at the eleventh hour. There was reason enough for the shade of uncertainty remaining even after it was known that the German plenipotentiaries had set out from Berlin, charged with the mission of signing the Treaty as it stood. There had been so many delays, so many high words of refusal, so much raising of protest and argument after all had seemed settled, that the actual signing of the Peace had, for the Allied peoples, the effect of relaxing a terrific moral strain. “It was easy,” said a writer of the time, “to argue that the threats were all sound and fury, the defiance empty and impotent ; it was not easy to feel in all security that

the most arrogant and unteachable of the peoples upon earth was compelled to the formal act which registers the most tremendous humbling of evil pride in the annals of humanity.” But the moment had come at last.

“Deep and abiding thankfulness,” said the Lord Mayor in a public pronouncement on the occasion, “must be the dominant feeling in every heart at the final concluding of peace with Germany. There is nothing so convincing as a definite act, and we know to-day that the recognition of the Allies’ victory and the renunciation of the last hope of circumventing that victory, is signed and sealed. That knowledge makes all the future brighter and more promising to our eyes, since we know also that the Peace is a Peace of justice.”

The conclusion of Peace was the opening of a new and striking phase in the City’s relations with the Throne. In the first place the Proclamation was to be carried out with all the stately ceremonial of old time; the knowledge that the Proclamation was to be made by the King’s Officers of Arms in the ancient way called for a corresponding pageantry on the part of the civic authorities. The ancient custom, to which reference has already been made, of admitting the Heralds was to be carried out with such strictness as the altered conditions would allow.

On Tuesday, 1st of July, the following Royal Proclamation was published in the “London Gazette”:

“Whereas a definitive Treaty of Peace between Us and the Associated Governments and the German

Government was concluded at Versailles on the Twenty-eighth day of June last: in conformity thereunto We have thought fit hereby to command that the same be published in due course throughout all Our Dominions: and We do declare to all Our loving subjects Our Will and Pleasure that upon the exchange of the Ratifications thereof the said Treaty of Peace be observed inviolably as well by sea as by land and in all places whatsoever: strictly charging and commanding all Our loving subjects to take notice hereof and to conform themselves thereunto accordingly.

Public Thanksgiving Day

“Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to bring to a close the late widespread and sanguinary War in which We were engaged against Germany and her Allies; We, therefore, adoring the Divine Goodness and duly considering that the great and general blessings of Peace do call for public and solemn acknowledgment, have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation hereby appointing and commanding that a General Thanksgiving to Almighty God for these His manifold and great mercies be observed throughout Our Dominions on Sunday, the Sixth day of July instant; and for the better and more devout solemnisation of the same We have given directions to the Most Reverend the Archbishops and Right Reverend the Bishops of England to compose a form of Prayer suitable to this occasion to be used in all Churches and Chapels, and to take care for

the timely dispersing of the same throughout their respective Dioceses ; and to the same end We do further advertise and exhort the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and all Spiritual Authorities and Ministers of religion in their respective churches and other places of public worship throughout Our United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and in all quarters of Our Dominions beyond the Seas to take part as it may properly behove them to do in this great and common act of worship ; and We do strictly charge and command that the said Public Day of Thanksgiving be religiously observed by all as they tender the favour of Almighty God and have the sense of His Benefits.

“ Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this First day of July, in the year of our Lord One thousand nine hundred and nineteen, and in the Tenth year of Our Reign.

“ GOD save the KING.”

On the morning of the following day, the 2nd of July, the Proclamation of Peace was read for the first time by Garter Principal King of Arms in the Friary Court of St James’s Palace, still the official headquarters of the Sovereign. A procession was then formed, and moved off towards the City through the densely crowded streets. An escort of Life Guards went before the High Steward of Westminster (the Marquis of Salisbury) in his carriage. Six State Trumpeters followed, and next, in a carriage, two Serjeants-at-Arms with their maces. Three gor-

geously-tabarded horsemen, Bluemantle Pursuivant, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, and Richmond Herald, came after, and then, in their carriage, Portcullis Pursuivant and Chester Herald. In a third were York Herald and Windsor Herald, and in a fourth, Norroy King of Arms. A halt was made at Charing Cross, where the Proclamation was read by York Herald ; and the procession went on.

In days when Temple Bar was more than a geographical expression, the custom was, as has already been said, to close the great gates on the advance of the Heralds, who had to seek admission by knocking thereat. On this occasion a slender scarlet cord stretched across the roadway did duty for the great stone portal. Upon the City side of it the Lord Mayor waited with his State carriage and retinue. The Sheriffs, the City Marshal on horseback, the Recorder, the Remembrancer, with other high officers and a deputation of aldermen, all in their robes of office, were also in attendance, with the City trumpeters. A short distance west of the boundary the procession halted, and two Life Guards rode forward with Richmond Herald and two trumpeters, who three times sounded a summons before the barrier, replied to by the City trumpeters with an “ alarm.”

“ Who comes there ? ” challenged the City Marshal striding forward ; and the Herald replied, “ His Majesty’s Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City of London to make His Majesty’s Proclamation of Peace.” The Marshal having informed the Lord Mayor of this demand, the barrier was

ordered to be opened to admit Bluemantle Pursuivant without escort, and immediately closed again. The Marshal conducted Bluemantle to the Lord Mayor, who received from him His Majesty's Order in Council requiring the Heralds to read the Proclamation within the jurisdiction of the City. His Lordship, inspecting it, declared, "I am aware of the contents of this paper, having been apprised of the ceremony appointed to take place, and I have attended to perform my duty in accordance with the ancient usages and customs of the City of London." He then read aloud the Order, and gave the direction, "Admit the cavalcade." The barrier was removed, and the High Steward of Westminster having turned back at the limit of his territory, the rest of the procession entered the City.

At the corner of Chancery Lane the Proclamation was read by Windsor Herald, the trumpets sounding thrice before and after the reading. The procession then went on, the civic party following immediately after the Officers of Arms, and the ceremony was repeated by Chester Herald at the Cheapside end of Wood Street, where Cheap Cross formerly stood. For the fifth and last time the Proclamation was read before the Royal Exchange, where thousands of people were gathered. A large number of Common Councilmen, in their mazarine gowns, were among the company on the portico of the building. Those of the procession who were on horseback or in carriages alighted, and the whole entered the Exchange by the South door, whence they passed through to the West front. The trumpets having sounded, Norroy

King of Arms read the Proclamation from the steps of the Exchange, the multitude standing uncovered. Another triple fanfare ; and the Lord Mayor called for three cheers for King George. They were heartily given, and followed by the singing of “ God Save the King.” Cheers for “ our soldiers,” and then for the Navy, were raised by the people as the stately ceremony ended.

The Lord Mayor afterwards entertained the Officers of Arms at luncheon in the Mansion House.

On the following day, the 3rd of July, the Lord Mayor, on taking the chair at the Court of Common Council, said : “ This is the first meeting of the Court since the signing of the Peace, in the proclamation of which I had the privilege of taking part with some of my colleagues yesterday, on the final signification that the war is at an end.” There was an outburst of applause ; and the members then, at the Lord Mayor’s invitation, sang “ God Save the King ” with hearty enthusiasm, ending with cheers renewed again and again.

Mr John Elkan then moved a resolution in the following terms :

“ That a loyal and dutiful address be presented to His Most Gracious Majesty the King, congratulating His Majesty upon the victorious termination of the war and the acceptance by the German Government of the conditions of Peace offered by the representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers and the signing of the Treaty of Peace. That His Majesty

and Her Majesty the Queen be asked to honour the Corporation by visiting the City to receive the Address in the Guildhall."

The mover spoke feelingly of the sorrow and suffering of the war-years, of which the King and Queen had borne their share. "They had performed their part bravely, and been most mindful of the sufferings of others. No task had been too heavy for them, no home too humble for them to visit so as to bring comfort." The motion was formerly seconded by Alderman Sir Alfred Newton, and carried. A Special Ward Committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The Lord Mayor announced that he had received a communication from the King saying that he would be happy to receive an address, and would come to the City for that purpose.

It was by no means widely realised that this action on His Majesty's part involved a very significant departure from old custom, and a marked extension of Royal courtesy to the City of London. The practice in such circumstances had been that a civic deputation, headed by the Lord Mayor, waited upon the Sovereign at his residence, and there read the address of congratulation. King George had, of course, allowed it to be known that such an invitation from the City would be acceptable to him, before the second clause of the resolution was added. It was one more step in the policy of increasing the intimacy and cordiality of Royal relations with all sections of the people, at the expense of the element of high monarchical state.

THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

In accordance with the Royal Proclamation, already set forth, Sunday, the 6th of July, was set apart throughout the Empire as a Day of Thanksgiving, to be "religiously observed by all, as they tender the favour of Almighty God, and have the sense of His benefits."

The Service in St Paul's, attended by the King and Queen, was a wonderful expression of the mood of devout gratitude for "these His manifold and great mercies" which had brought together, that same morning, thousands of congregations to join in the common act of worship. The order of it was of a majestic simplicity, following generally the precedents set by Queen Anne when, in 1701, she returned thanks "for the success of John, Earl of Marlborough, in the Low Countries, and for the destruction of the Spanish Fleet in the Port of Vigo by the Duke of Ormonde and Sir George Rooke." Special prayers, however, had been composed, at the King's desire, to be used by the Church of England. On this day, as on other such days long ago, the Cathedral became for the time being the King's Chapel Royal, and the seats were allotted, and all arrangements made, by the Lord Chamberlain. But the people of London were not denied a part in this noble ceremony of Thanksgiving. By a happy inspiration, it was arranged that the first part and the last part of the Service should be held outside the Cathedral,—conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Royal party beside him, from the head of the great

stairway leading up to the entrance doors. Great multitudes of people, all evidently given up to the devotional spirit of the occasion, lined the streets between the Palace and the Cathedral; and before St Paul's itself, and stretching down to the foot of Ludgate Hill, was a compact mass numbering, certainly, some tens of thousands of persons.

The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and Princess Mary, with those in attendance on them, drove to the Cathedral in three carriages with outriders. At Temple Bar His Majesty was welcomed and admitted to the City by the Lord Mayor with the Sword—that “Sword of Peace,” its velvet scabbard crusted with a thousand pearls, given to the City of London by Elizabeth, when that great Queen came to give thanks in old St Paul's for the defeat of the Armada. It was fitting indeed that the Pearl Sword should be tendered in loyalty to the Sovereign coming to give thanks for a yet greater victory.

The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, the Remembrancer, the Sword and Mace Bearers, with deputations of Aldermen and Common Councillors in their robes, had taken up position on a baize carpet at the side of the roadway, just within the City boundary. The Royal carriages approached some ten minutes before eleven o'clock, the Lord Mayor standing in readiness with the Mace reversed. As the King's carriage came to a standstill, the civic party uncovered, and the Lord Mayor, having taken the Sword from the Sword Bearer, stepped forward, and bowing low, surrendered it to His Majesty, who laid his hand upon

the hilt, and desired the Lord Mayor to receive it back into his keeping. Bowing once more, his Lordship, the officers, and the rest of the civic party retired to their carriages, which, headed by the State coach, and led by the City Marshal, went before the Royal procession to the West entrance of the Cathedral. Here they took up their position close to the entrance doors while the open-air Service proceeded.

It was a moving spectacle. At the head of the stairway were the King, in naval uniform, the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family. About the Royal group were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, richly vestmented, with crozier and staff; the Dean and Chapter; and seven invited representatives of the Free Churches; together with the Lord Mayor and his colleagues, and a number of Ministers of the Crown and other well-known figures. Immediately below stood two large parties of boys from the Greenwich Royal Hospital School, and several companies of Boy Scouts with their flags. About Queen Anne's statue were stationed the massed bands of the Grenadier, Irish and Cold-stream Guards, in the scarlet and bearskins of the old days; and at intervals up the red-carpeted stairway stood trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards in their golden tabards and velvet caps. Beyond the statue, the close-packed crowd stretched away in all directions. From above, the great bells filled the ear with their joyous pealing.

While the King and Queen were being received before the entrance, the bands played the National

Anthem. The Service began with the singing by the whole assembly of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." A prayer of Thanksgiving was pronounced by the Archbishop, and the multitude afterwards joined in saying the Lord's Prayer.

Then came the procession into the Cathedral, led by the Archbishop and clergy, with the Free Church representatives. Before them went the great banner of the Apostle of the Gentiles. With the King and Queen and their children were Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Princess Maude, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice (Countess of Athlone), the Earl of Athlone, Princess Marie Louise, Lord Leopold Mountbatten, the Marquis of Cambridge, Lady Helena Cambridge, Lady Mary Cambridge, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Carisbrooke.

The Lord Mayor, bearing the Pearl Sword erect, preceded the King to his place, and laid the emblem of justice upon a velvet cushion on the table before His Majesty, in accordance with ancient usage, before proceeding to his stall in the choir. For the King and Queen there was no raised throne and canopy as in Queen Anne's day; they sat on simple chairs in a little space before the chancel, with the other members of the Royal House near by. To their right were the places reserved for the Diplomatic Corps; to their left a great company of Ministers of the Crown, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker in State, and members of both Houses of Parliament. There were very many other well-known faces to be seen among the 3000 and more

persons who found room in the Cathedral. In the nave was a large party of wounded soldiers in hospital blue, and the northern transept was filled with detachments of Q.M.A.A.C., W.R.N.S., and W.R.A.F. An orchestra, stationed in the choir, filled the interval before the arrival of their Majesties with a programme of music that delighted every connoisseur.

“We are assembled to praise God for the restoration of Peace.” So began the opening prayer, ordained to be said that day “in all churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.” King David’s hymn of victory, Psalm ciii., followed—“Praise the Lord, O my soul”—with its note of contrition in the midst of triumph: “He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our wickedness.” Then Isaiah’s sixty-first chapter, with its strangely apt expression of the spirit of after-the-war: “And they shall build the old wastes; they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities.” After this, the Hundredth Psalm, “O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.” Prayers of Thanksgiving were offered for “the bravery and devotion of our sailors, soldiers and airmen,” for “the skill, the patience, and the prowess of our merchant seamen,” for “the unwearied work of all the men and women who have laboured to secure victory for our cause,” and “above all for the great multitude of our brethren who were faithful unto death.” The Te Deum was sung by the choir to a dignified and impressive new setting written for the occasion by Dr Charles

Macpherson, the Cathedral organist; and the congregation then joined in singing the "Old Hundredth."

The sermon, preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was distinguished by an eloquence that nobly fitted the occasion. Recalling the Peace Thanksgivings of other times, Dr Davidson referred to the fact that the very first Service held in Wren's new Cathedral, thirty years after the burning of old St Paul's, was the Thanksgiving for the victorious Peace of Ryswick. The Archbishop began :

" We are met at a great hour in the world's life. It is for an intensely solemn purpose. Our service to-day stands out by itself as commemorating what is literally the greatest event in human history. Many a time in our long island story the men and women of England have gathered here to give thanks for victory and peace. The Armada, Blenheim, Waterloo, Sebastopol give examples of such occasions. The very first service to which these actual walls, then fresh and white from the masons' chisel, gave echo was the thanksgiving for a famous peace. But never, never till to-day have King and Queen and Princes come hither to give thanks, along with Lords and Commons, with Navy and Army and Airmen, with statesmen and governors from the King's Dominions Overseas, with kinsmen from the great Republic of the West, with ambassadors from friendly States, and newest of all, with banded companies of men and women workers enrolled for active ministries of war or peace. That answers to the vastness of the hour. And to-day this gathered

multitude stands together, sings together, kneels together ; for what ? Not just in order to say how we rejoice that this mightiest of all wars is ended and that victory is won, but in order as members of Christ's society on earth, Churchmen and Nonconformists side by side, to give definite, thankful, loyal recognition to the Lord God Almighty for what He has done for us in the years of war, and their issue in a victorious peace. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. ' I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. ' "

The preacher glanced back upon the July days of the past four terrible years. " It is by that backward look along the years that we appraise aright the spirit of Thanksgiving which is ours to-day." A deep impression was made by the Archbishop's dealing with the theme of the League of Nations :

" I stand here, I speak here, to-day as one who, believing in our Master's promise, is bold to maintain —despite all our qualms, despite, not because of, our experience—that, in His good time, the ending of war between Christian peoples is a thing attainable. Slow and halting are our steps upon His way, but the victories of Jesus Christ among the sons of men are manifold, are visible, are proven well. The world with all its wrongs is better than it was. Bit by bit its evils wane. May it perhaps be that in the very horribleness of these five hideous years, we have seen as of old that the evil spirit can tear its victims before it be cast out ? ' Peace, be still.' To that vision, dim still and hazy and uncertain, our eyes turn as

we look forward wistfully into the unborn years. It is still a thing unfashioned, but in our prayers at least it has its firm place. 'Thy Kingdom come.' Does anyone as he offers that prayer—our Master's prayer—mean a kingdom among men wherein war is still to be the arbiter? And, if not? If not it depends on those who pray—Thy Kingdom come; for 'the Kingdom of God is within you.'

"And so, along with prayer and vision, there comes effort—clear, sustained, robust, believing. To that resolve, that effort, we have as a people set our hand. The League of Nations must be no mere theory of statesmen. It is to be the people's pact. So far as in us lies we are answerable before God and men that it live and grow; and the people—you and I, that is—must be worthy to be its artificers."

He spoke of "the achievement of civilian leaders"; of the Peace Treaty, and the rebuilding of Europe. "We are thanking God to-day for the noble persistent toil of statesmen who, through tangles dense enough to daunt the stoutest heart, have wrought and tramped and even hewed their way to an outlet, or towards an outlet, a pathway of permanent peace. The pathway may be rugged still. It may want, I think it will want, consideration and readjustment here and there as the months and years run on. But it is achieved, and we can go forward in thankfulness and hope to the tasks which lie immediately ahead. Outstanding, surely, among these is the staying, throughout Europe, if we may, of one of the worst ravages of war, the scourge of impending famine."

The Archbishop ended his profoundly moving sermon in these words : “ We have found the Peace for which we strove. We thank God for it here and now. May He give us, as He only can, the grace to use it worthily. We kneel together to-day, King and people, in fresh dedication of ourselves to the service of the Lord Christ. It is not mere aspiration, mere feeling, that we want, but firm unflinching will :

“ We know the paths wherein our feet should press ;
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees ;
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

“ Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast sent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.”

The sermon ended, “ Now thank we all our God ” was sung by the congregation. Prayers were offered that peace might be true and lasting ; for “ union and concord between the nations ” ; for the League of Nations, for the Church, for rulers and those in authority, for the Empire and for “ all who have suffered through the war.” The Lord’s Prayer was said by all ; and the Primate pronounced the Benediction. Lastly, the first verse of the National Anthem was sung.

As the procession of clergy formed again, and the Royal party were conducted to the entrance, where the conclusion of the service took place, a new sound broke out above the heads of the vast congregation ; a thrilling and jubilant outburst of martial music, “ the shattering trumpets shrilling

high." It was the triumphant fanfare of the massed trumpeters of the Horse Guards Blue, stationed in the West gallery; the ringing announcement of the new age of Peace.

A permanent memorial of the Peace Year has been prepared to occupy a place in the Royal Exchange. The Lord Mayor commissioned Mr Frank O. Salisbury, R.B.A., to fill a vacant panel with a painting of the great Thanksgiving Service. The finished work was well displayed in the large room at the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1920. It preserves the historic scene at the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury was giving the Blessing to the vast open-air congregation assembled before the Cathedral's west front. The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, Dean Inge and the Cathedral clergy and others appear in the composition. It forms a companion panel to that of the King and the Prince of Wales visiting the Western Front, by the same artist, which a year or two before had been placed in the Royal Exchange.

CHAPTER V

THE LONDON TROOPS' MARCH

IT was altogether unforeseen that the last and greatest of the military displays to pass through the City in the year of victory would coincide with the celebration of the concluding of Peace. From the point of view of Londoners generally, and especially from that of the Mansion House—where the idea was initiated, developed, and carried through to success—the triumphal march of the London troops on the morning of Saturday, the 5th July, was the crowning event of its kind. That it should take place in the same week with the Proclamation of Peace, and on the day before the great Thanksgiving in St Paul's, was the happiest of accidents ; for the date had been fixed by King George, and all arrangements concluded, long before it was known definitely when the Treaty of Versailles would be signed. For six months beforehand the Committee in charge of the arrangements, presided over by Sir Horace Marshall, had wrestled with a business the difficulties of which were never realised by the public, and need not now be described. It will be enough to recall what was said by Lord Esher on the evening after the march. When the ceremonial was first suggested, he said, “ there had been feelings of doubt and discouragement in many quarters, and London owed it to the initiative, the

energy, and even the obstinacy of the Lord Mayor that the march took place."

A large share of the credit, however, was undoubtedly due to Colonel Vickers Dunfee. But for his unceasing hard work, resourcefulness and patience, the enterprise might never have been brought to success. The least difficult part of the business was the raising of the large sum required to defray the costs of the march and the entertainment of the men taking part in it.

The detachments paraded for this memorable march were drawn entirely from City and County of London units, in which, it is reckoned, 750,000 London men had served their King and country. Proud as it is of its historic individuality, the City in this instance had gladly yielded to the unanswerable argument that the City and County men had been brigaded together, had fought together, had died together, and should therefore be together still in the march of triumph through London's streets.

The line of march was from Constitution Hill, past Buckingham Palace, through the Cities of Westminster and London to the Tower. The head of the column moved off at 11.30; and early though the hour was from the workers' point of view, enormous crowds were gathered along the route, and on Constitution Hill thousands of children from the Council schools were massed in orderly array. It was the shrill and sustained cheering of these boys and girls that signalled ahead the setting in motion of the troops. On a red-canopied platform before the main gateway of the Palace King George took his

stand, accompanied by the Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, Princess Mary and other Royal personages ; while before the platform stood the War Minister, Mr Winston Churchill, and a number of distinguished officers. Close by, among a number of guests invited by His Majesty to witness the march, was Lord Haldane, the creator of the Territorial Force, from units of which the column was principally made up, with a large company of ex-officers of that Force and of the Volunteers, whose devoted and thankless work in years gone by had done so much to lay a basis for the country's military effort. On a chair stood the Bishop of London, bareheaded, as the troops went by. There, too, were the military attachés of many nations, and the Mayors of Metropolitan boroughs who had done their share in raising men for the winning of the war and the honour of London. Two bands of the Brigade of Guards were in attendance. A large body of men in hospital blue was grouped about the Victoria Memorial.

In the neighbourhood of the platform, as King George took the salute, the spectators remained almost silent under the impression of the ceremonial act as the men marched rigidly "at attention," and turned their heads like one man at the word of command—the demobilised men of the Queen Victoria Rifles adding a touch of their own by taking off their hats and caps in unison. But all along the remainder of the route the enthusiasm of the people was expressed in a ceaseless roar of cheers and a tumultuous waving of flags and handkerchiefs and anything that could

be flourished in welcome. Horns, bells, trumpets, megaphones were all in use ; tin pans and tea-trays clashed. London welcoming her soldiers "made a joyful noise" that almost outdid the clamour of Armistice Day itself.

Fifteen thousand troops took part in this splendid demonstration of London's part in the Empire's fighting effort ; and the column, eight marching abreast, was close upon three miles long. With each section was a pennon plainly inscribed with the name of the unit—a device for which the intently interested spectators were grateful. The units were marched from their respective headquarters to seven concentration areas, and thence, according to time-table, to the starting-point.

At the head of the column marched one hundred women of the Territorial Nursing Service, their bearing and drill as perfect as those of all the women's detachments had been observed to be on other occasions. These remained in the procession for a short time only ; and it was headed, after the nurses fell out, by a glorious array of regimental colours crowned with laurel-wreaths. "Hats off to the colours!" was the word all along the route. First of the troops marched the Regular battalions of the Royal Fusiliers and the City of London Regiment with their bands, and the famous "Shiny Seventh," with the flag of honour presented to it by the Belgian town of Peruwelz. Horse artillery, heavy artillery and infantry of the Honourable Artillery Company—the body that gave 4000 commissioned officers to other corps—followed, with the Earl of Denbigh in command ;

among their guns a big sixty-pounder, burnished till it shone like a huge jewel, dazzled the eye. Then four regiments of City and County of London Yeomanry—Middlesex Hussars, Rough Riders, Westminster Dragoons and Sharpshooters. After these, guns in great strength; seven London field-artillery brigades, a howitzer brigade, and a heavy brigade, all splendidly horsed and turned out. Next, some units of London Royal Engineers, with a pontoon.

Then came the infantry, the great body of the procession. Detachments from nearly fifty London battalions were there, with Transport and Supply, Field Ambulance and Veterinary Corps bringing up the rear; and a grand sight they made for the vast concourse of their fellow-citizens, marching like Guardsmen, and showing in their whole aspect their pride in London's mighty welcome. There were the London Scottish, the first of all Territorials to go into the trenches. Men of the 60th Division, who took Jerusalem, were there; and of the Artists' Rifles, that nursery of many thousand British officers. In the ranks of the infantry the demobilised men in civilian clothes—who made up about one-third of the whole column—were very numerous; formed up together at the rear of each section, they were evidently determined that the precision and swing of their marching should challenge comparison with that of the smartest on parade. Their mufti, in its variety, was eloquent of the spirit that made the new Army; it could be seen that the men were drawn from every station of life, but in the perfection of their soldierly bearing there was no distinction. The

demobilised men, so far from detracting from the effect of the march, greatly strengthened it—their presence told so plainly that the Army had been an Army of plain citizens called to the rescue of their country, and returned, their duty done, to the life which they had never thought to leave until the summons came. There were Mons men and V.C.'s among them, unmarked by the crowd, who included one and all in the thundering demonstration of gratitude and praise. Nothing in the day's doings was more striking than the way in which the cheering swelled in volume as each party of the men in mufti went by, or at the passing of the lorries, filled with men in hospital blue, which came last of all.

Beyond the Mall, the men "marched easy"; rifles were slung, cigarettes lighted, and many unconventional decorations put on. But the column came to attention again on approaching the second saluting point at the Mansion House. The scene here was a profoundly stirring one. Streets, roofs and windows were packed by a huge expectant multitude. The building itself was in holiday array, with a crimson and gold valance stretching the length of the plinth; and every other house in the neighbourhood was gay with flags. A large company of guests was assembled on the balcony, and one of the Household Cavalry bands was stationed in Walbrook, another at the head of Princes Street.

As the head of the column drew near, the Lord Mayor stood to take the salute in the roadway just before the Mansion House. He wore the uniform of the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, of which he had

been gazetted Honorary Colonel in his first month of office. He was flanked by the Sword and Mace, the Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, Colonel Evelyn Wood, secretary of the City of London Territorial Association, and Colonel Vickers Dunfee and Mr J. Arthur Rank, joint hon. secretaries of the City and County of London Territorial Committee. The troops went by amid a tempest of enthusiasm, as fresh as when they started ; and it was not the least proud experience of Sir Horace Marshall's year to acknowledge the salutes of the London men.

There may have been a few—too few—among them who remembered an evening service of farewell held in St Paul's to give God-speed to certain London units in the first autumn of the war ; when the preacher took for his text the words : “ We went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out unto a wealthy place.”

The dispersal at Tower Hill was carried out with machine-like precision, and the men marched off to the various centres where entertainment awaited them. The first care of the Lord Mayor was to set off by motor-car to visit in person as many as possible of these places. Most of the Royal Fusiliers were at luncheon in marquees set up in the Tower Moat, where his lordship's appearance and brief speech of welcome were received with hearty cheers. This was repeated at Fishmongers' Hall, where the City of London Yeomanry were gathered ; and the Honourable Artillery Company at Armoury House, the London Rifle Brigade and the Post Office Rifles

at Bunhill Row, the City of London Field Artillery and the 1st London at Handel Street, and the 3rd London at Harrow Road, all greeted the Lord Mayor and his few cordial words with high enthusiasm. The most rousing demonstration of all was, naturally, given by the Lord Mayor's "Own" at the Guildhall. As he entered the Hall, the men sprang up and did their best to drown their band's triumphant music. Major Duncan Teape's toast of "our Honorary Colonel" was drunk with thunderous cheers, and with the heartiest of "musical honours." It was with evident emotion that Sir Horace Marshall declared the pride he felt in his honorary command, and conveyed to the men the thanks and good wishes of the City of London. The cheers broke out again, and the "sense of the house" proclaimed itself in a second and unauthorised drinking of the Lord Mayor's health, followed by loud cheers for Colonel Dunfee and Mrs Dunfee. "Never before," said his Lordship in his parting words, "have I had my health proposed twice in five minutes."

To every officer and man of the regiments represented in this parade of London troops, whether they took part in the march or not, a Certificate of thanks was issued, 150,000 copies being required for this purpose. The design of the Certificate was symbolical of London receiving her victorious warriors on their return.

In the evening the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the Joint Committee of the two Territorial Associations, and to a number of distinguished officers and other guests

invited to meet them. The toast of "The London Troops" was proposed by the Lord Mayor, who observed that he was "a very much happier man than he had been on the night before," now that the march had been successfully accomplished. After expressing his pride in having taken part in the welcome to London's magnificent troops, his Lordship proceeded to recall the glowing tributes which had been paid to their gallantry by the Prince of Wales and by General Sir Arthur Currie, on occasions described elsewhere in these pages.

The men of London, said the Lord Mayor, had only confirmed what everybody had always believed—that their sturdy manhood was equal to any test, when danger threatened this country. Those present could not fail to remember with deep reverence and pride the London men who did not return. It was beyond our capability to show sufficient gratitude. From every grave came the message never to fail in giving our highest services to our country in Peace as well as in War. The names of the fallen would remain for ever, and their glory would not be blotted out. The soldiers of London had added to their name and fame, and they had won the admiration and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. That day's ceremony had shown how London men could march. He had seen pass the Mansion House all the troops that had come back, and none had marched better than the Londoners. He tendered his thanks and gratitude to those who had rendered such great services in organising the march.

The toast was acknowledged by Sir Geoffrey Feilding (commanding the London District), who said that London was indebted to the Lord Mayor for the first great public recognition of all that London had done in the war. The Regulars and Territorials were now one great Army, and so they ought to remain. He had seen many marches, but never had he seen better marching or finer organisation than he had seen that day.

The Lord Mayor proposed the toast of "The County of London Territorial Association," and expressed the hope that the union which had been so happily achieved for that occasion might bring the two Associations closer together in the future. Viscount Esher, the President of the County of London Association, in replying to the toast, paid the tribute which has already been quoted to the Lord Mayor's part in bringing about that day's triumph. A similar acknowledgment was made by Major-General Sir Geoffry Barton, Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers, in proposing the health of the host and hostess. "Every difficulty had been overcome under the Lord Mayor's influence, and even the Clerk of the Weather had been brought under his sway." He thanked him for the great interest he had always shown in everything connected with the Forces of the Crown.

Sir Horace Marshall, in a brief reply, mentioned that that was "his tenth attempt at a speech that day." And so ended the hardest day's work in the hardest public task undertaken by the Lord Mayor during his term of office. The enterprise had been crowned with complete success; and the final touch

of triumph had been added by the March taking place while all London was still throbbing with joy and thankfulness at the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace.

At the close of the March the Lord Mayor had addressed to King George a telegram in these terms :

“On the happy conclusion of to-day’s most impressive parade, I respectfully tender to your Majesty the gratitude we all feel for the great honour you have paid these representatives of London’s armed forces by reviewing them on this historic occasion.

“HORACE MARSHALL, *Lord Mayor, London.*”

The following gracious reply was dispatched from Buckingham Palace :

“I much appreciate the telegram you have sent me. It gave me great pleasure to review this morning representative units of the City and County of London, and I congratulate all concerned on the excellent arrangements. I was much struck by the smart appearance of all ranks, and I was especially glad to see on parade so many demobilised men. London may well be proud of her citizens, who in every theatre of war have nobly upheld the honour of the Capital of the Empire.

“GEORGE, R.I.”

The march of the London men will remain in the memory of all who witnessed it; but there is more. The London troops have their own memorial in the heart of the City. A scheme with that purpose in

view was inaugurated at the Mansion House at the same time that the preparations for the march were set on foot. Sir Horace Marshall was active in commanding the scheme to the citizens, and after the close of his Mayoralty continued to preside over the meetings of the trustees at which all details were arranged. Funds sufficient for the entire cost were raised during his year of office.

The Memorial stands in a commanding position before the Royal Exchange. It is the joint work of Sir Aston Webb, President of the Royal Academy, and Mr Alfred Drury, R.A., who executed the sculptured figures. A square panelled pillar of Portland stone is surmounted by a lion, and supports shields bearing the City and the County arms. Into the stone the names of the regiments are cut. Flanking the pedestal on either side are bronze statues of men of the London Regiments, raised to a height which makes them visible over the heads of the throng of people constantly passing and repassing at this busy centre of the City's traffic. Wellington's equestrian figure is hard by; and the two monuments, in the heart of the City, preserve the memory of the two greatest conflicts in which the British arms have been engaged. This memorial was unveiled on Friday, November 12, in the succeeding year, by H.R.H the Duke of York on behalf of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling a promise to perform this ceremony. On the steps of the Royal Exchange was a large company of eminent military representatives and leading figures

in the official life of the City and County of London ; great crowds witnessed the unveiling from the surrounding buildings ; and detachments of men in uniform from London Battalions were present.

The ceremony opened with prayers offered by the Bishop of London—prayers relating to those who have returned safely from the war as well as to the fallen, for the Memorial is in honour of them all. On the invitation of Sir Horace Marshall, Chairman of the Joint City and County Reception and Memorial Committee, His Royal Highness released the flags which covered the monument, and after the singing of the National Anthem read the Address which would have been made by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. The Marquis of Crewe, Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, expressed the thanks of the gathering to H.R.H. the Duke of York, and with the playing of the National Anthem by the band of the Grenadier Guards, the brief but impressive ceremony concluded.

No better place for paying this honour to the London men could have been found. It is a constant reminder of their sacrifice to that great population of workers who come in and out of the City every day. Incidentally the erection of the Memorial has cleared away many excrescences which disfigured a noble site. With the consent of the civic and other authorities concerned, the trustees made it part of their plan to remove the fountain which had stood before the Royal Exchange, and in place of the advertisement-covered approaches to the subways to erect handsome balustrades of stone, with bronze railings and surmounted by lamps of artistic design.

CHAPTER VI

KING GEORGE AT GUILDHALL

It has been noted already that King George's coming to the City, to receive the Corporation's Address of Congratulation, involved a departure from precedent deeply gratifying to the civic community, whose representatives, in other days, had gone to seek the Sovereign on such occasions, instead of entertaining him under their own historic roof. But His Majesty had it in mind to give to this event much more than a ceremonial importance. He chose this opportunity for making an appeal to the patriotic virtue and public spirit of all his subjects for the re-establishment of the nation's well-being and prosperity ; and that this should have been delivered from the dais of the Guildhall was a mark of Royal consideration that was not lost upon the City of London.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of July, the King and Queen, with Prince Albert and Princess Mary, drove from the Palace to the City, the Home Secretary, Mr Shortt, being among those attending them. The three carriages were accompanied by a captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards, with a standard. On this occasion it was announced that His Majesty would dispense with the formal reception by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar.

Great numbers of people thronged the streets *en route*; but only within the City bounds was there decoration of buildings, this being the City's peculiar affair. The decoration, both organised and otherwise, was very effectively carried out, a most striking feature being the festooning of the whole route from Temple Bar to St Paul's with garlands of laurel, suspended from golden wreaths mounted above the centre of the roadway.

For an hour before the arrival of their Majesties, a company of guests, remarkable even in this year of civic receptions, was assembling in the ancient Hall, the stately decoration of which was this day enhanced by the display of the Royal Standard above the three chairs on the dais placed for the King and the two Queens. First to be received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress was the French Ambassador, M. Cambon. He was followed by the Italian Ambassador, with the Marchesa Imperiali, and the Japanese Ambassador; and then a procession of Ministers and Chargés d'Affaires from Allied nations the whole world over—in literal truth, “from China to Peru.” The American Ambassador and Mrs Davis came last of this great array of the *Corps Diplomatique*. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, was followed by Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard, of the Royal Air Force, and Lord Beatty, who received a splendid ovation. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs Davidson were announced; Lord Stamfordham, the Bishop of London, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chief Rabbi.

The Government was strongly represented. Mr

Walter Long, Mr Austen Chamberlain, Mr G. N. Barnes, Mr Fisher and Dr Addison were present; and finally the Prime Minister, with Mrs Lloyd George, mounted the dais amid a great outburst of cheering. As all the company well knew, his had been the principal influence in averting a national strike of miners that, a few days before, had seemed an almost inevitable disaster.

Of the Royal party, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught reached the Guildhall shortly before the carriages from Buckingham Palace appeared, and awaited the King and Queen in the Library corridor, where they were joined by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice (Countess of Athlone). Their Majesties, on arriving, were met at the entrance by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and other civic representatives. The Guard of Honour, furnished by the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, was inspected by the King, and bouquets were presented to the Queen by Lady Marshall, and to Queen Alexandra and Princess Mary by Mrs Banister Fletcher and Mrs W. R. Smith. Then, as the band in the gallery burst into the National Anthem, the procession of Royal and civic dignity entered the Hall and advanced to the dais to the sound of a tumult of applause and cheering. King George, in the familiar undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, took his place before the great gilded chair, the Queen on his right, Queen Alexandra on his left, and the two Princes in khaki and the white-clad Princess close at hand.

All on the dais remained standing, while the Lord Mayor and members of the Corporation were grouped before the dais on the floor of the Hall. From the foot of the dais steps the Recorder then read aloud the Address of Congratulation, which ran as follows :

“ To their Most Excellent Majesties
the King and Queen.

“ May it please your Majesties.

“ We, your Majesties’ loyal and dutiful subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, humbly approach your Majesties with the utmost loyalty and devotion for the purpose of expressing to your Majesties our congratulations upon the termination of the War, the acceptance by the German Government of the conditions of Peace offered by the Allied and Associated Powers, and the signing of the Treaty of Peace. The nation entered upon the terrible War just concluded to safeguard Right, Justice, and Freedom, and we rejoice that, under the good providence of Almighty God, the arduous task then undertaken has been so gloriously accomplished after more than four long years of War. So, too, at this solemn moment in the history of our nation, we would render thanks to God for the triumph of righteousness, and the overthrow by the Forces of the Allied and Associated Powers of an arrogant and unscrupulous foe ; and we desire to associate ourselves with your Majesties in the sacred duty of paying homage to the memory of the immortal dead who laid down their lives for their King and country. We would take this oppor-

tunity to express to your Majesties' sailors, soldiers, and airmen our most heartfelt thanks for their heroic valour and splendid endurance displayed on many a stricken field during the unexampled horrors of the late War, and especially would we call to remembrance the heroism and endurance of the sailors, soldiers and airmen associated with our City of London. We also recall with pride the prompt, whole-hearted, and most valiant help rendered by your Majesties' Dominions beyond the seas, and by your Indian Empire, during the War, which contributed so much to its successful termination. We can never forget the daring, resolution, and skill of our merchant seamen, whose courage and heroism, although attacked with unexampled ferocity, are an imperishable memory; the patience and endurance shown by the civil population under the strain of War, and the unselfish devotion of our doctors and nurses. To the Allied and Associated Forces on land, and sea, and in the air, we tender our profound and grateful thanks for their stupendous efforts extending over more than four years of unparalleled carnage. We earnestly pray that Divine Providence may guide the deliberations, and prosper the labours, of your Majesties' Counsellors in the great work of reconstruction, and that this nation may be given a spirit of unity in striving for the good of all classes, so as to knit together in mutual affection and trust the free nations of the Empire. We also pray that the League of Nations which has been called into existence as a result of the War may promote the Peace of the World and harmony among all nations. We

respectfully recognise with deep gratitude the lofty example which your Majesties have at all times given of devotion to duty and of concern for the common good, which has been of such priceless encouragement to your people. In conclusion, we desire to thank your Majesties for the honour you have done us by your presence to-day in our ancient Guildhall, accompanied by the members of your Royal House, and desire to renew the heartfelt assurance of our loyal and dutiful regard, and pray that your Majesties and your family may be long spared in peace and happiness to rule over a united, prosperous, and contented people. Signed by order of the Court,

“ JAMES BELL, *Town Clerk.*”

The reading concluded, the Address was handed to the Lord Mayor, who, mounting the steps, presented it to His Majesty on bended knee. The stately ceremony was rendered the more striking by the contrast between the coloured splendour of the Mayoral robes of State and those of the Corporation and its officers on the one hand, and on the other the total simplicity of King George's dark blue uniform.

His Majesty's Reply, read from a paper in his right hand, was delivered in a loud and clear tone easily audible in the most distant corners of the great Hall. Few indeed of the many famous men who were heard in the Guildhall during that year achieved so completely the first aim of public speech. For the great majority of the hundreds of persons present, this was the first time of hearing King George's voice,

and the strong, decisive note of it made an impression upon all. The Reply was in these terms :

“ The Queen and I thank you very sincerely for your loyal Address, and for the welcome which you have given us. It is a great pleasure to receive in person the congratulations of the City of London on the victorious termination of the War and on the signing of the Treaty of Peace. Our last visit to this ancient Guildhall was little more than a year ago. At that time the Allied Forces were engaged in the most desperate of all their struggles with our chief enemy. On the main theatre of battle his armies were pressing forward to the attack and were gaining ground. None of us despaired of ultimate success, but the crisis of the great conflict had yet to be passed, and we could not then foretell how long victory would be delayed, or at what price it would be finally bought. A very few days later began that wonderful offensive of the Allied Armies which turned the tide of War on the Western Front, and flowed on in ever-increasing success until it culminated in the destruction of the enemy’s fighting power, and in his un-qualified acceptance of our conditions of Peace.

“ For the preservation of our country, and for the Peace so happily restored to us, we recently met together in St Paul’s Cathedral to render our humble and heartfelt thanks to God. By invitation of the authorities of the Church of England, representatives of the Free Churches were officially present at the service, and it is a matter for deep gratification that, in the solemn expression of the nation’s gratitude

for a national deliverance, Christians of all denominations and schools of religious thought joined together in common worship. It is my sincere hope that this may prove to be a step towards a closer co-operation between religious communities for the spiritual life of the nation. You have commemorated in your Address the imperishable deeds of the forces of the Empire, the forces of our splendid Allies, and of the men of the Merchant Service. Here especially in the centre of the Empire's commerce we should appreciate the deep debt our country owes to the officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine. Their splendid services during the War have been vital to its successful issue. Few, if any, merchant seamen could have anticipated the conditions of stress and danger under which they had to work. From day to day they were facing death no less than our soldiers in the fighting line ; and even when the submarine menace was at its height no single British crew ever refused to sail.

“In the labours which the War imposed on the population at home, your City has borne a part worthy of its place and reputation. Without adequate financial resources, our efforts would have been in vain ; and, notwithstanding unprecedented taxation, cheerfully borne by all my people, they have lent to their country sums of an amount unequalled in the history of the world. The City of London can recall with pride the share she has borne in that great effort. One of the most important tasks before us is the restoration of our overseas trade. The re-creation of our Merchant Navy and the development

of our ports must be pursued with the utmost energy if we are to regain our old supremacy. I am glad, therefore, to learn that the Port of London Authority is sparing no effort to attain that end. By enlarging the system of docks, adapting them to the conditions of modern trade, deepening our river channels, and adding to the facilities for storage, they are expanding their work in every direction. I recognise the great service which the resources of the Port have rendered during the last five years, and I trust that the growth of its trade, so marked in the past, may continue in increasing measure now that the seas are once more free to peaceful commerce. With the end of the War a great chapter in the history of our country is closed. The new era which is opening before us brings its own tasks, and the qualities which have carried us to victory will be needed in full measure for the work of reconstruction. The spirit of union, self-sacrifice, and patience which our people displayed during the years of fighting will still be required if we are to reap the full benefit of the Peace which we have won; and these great qualities must be reinforced by the homelier virtues of industry and thrift.

“ As was inevitable in the prosecution of the War, we have been living largely on our capital. Now that we are at peace again, our country urgently demands from every citizen the utmost economy in order to make the best use of the resources which the nation possesses, and strenuous and unremitting industry in order to ensure the greatest possible production of necessary commodities. Without these we shall have to face depression and poverty. Without these

we cannot hope to maintain the high position in the industrial and commercial world which we held before the War. I am confident that the ancient and sterling virtues of the British people will not fail us in the hour of need ; and I join with you in praying that the Divine providence which has guided us through the War may continue to guide our deliberations and inspire our hearts, so that we may be enabled to make a worthy use of the victory which has been given to us and to our Allies.”

Again and again, during the reading of the Reply, the great audience cheered His Majesty’s words with immense enthusiasm. They did so when he recalled the fact that his last visit with the Queen to the Guildhall (on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding) had preceded by only a few days the opening of the final and triumphant offensive of the Allies in the West. The reference to co-operation between the religious communities was warmly applauded ; so also were the tributes paid to the splendid services of the merchant seamen, and the stress laid upon the necessity of developing the resources of the Port of London and other great gateways of overseas trade. Loud and evidently heartfelt, too, was the cheering at the King’s appeal for union and self-sacrifice, industry and thrift, in the period of reconstruction, and at the moving supplication for the Divine guidance with which the Reply ended. Many passages in it were addressed to an infinitely wider audience than that assembled in the Guildhall, and were commended to the atten-

tion of all loyal citizens of the Realm by the Press of the country on the following day.

The Lord Mayor, again kneeling, received the text of the Reply from His Majesty's hands. He then presented Mr John Elkan, the mover of the resolution for presenting the Address ; the two senior Aldermen, Sir Joseph Savory, and Sir Walter Wilkin ; the Sheriffs ; and Mr H. D. Kimber, the Chief Commoner. In the course of these presentations occurred a ceremony of a kind that can seldom have been witnessed by a great public gathering in recent times. The Home Secretary called forward the two Sheriffs, and the King, taking a drawn sword from his naval Equerry, conferred upon each in turn the honour of knighthood. Each knelt on one knee, and was lightly touched on either shoulder, rising after the accolade to receive a cordial hand-clasp from the King. There were many and warm congratulations for Sir Banister Fletcher and Sir William Smith on their new dignity.

This interesting ceremony over, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress conducted the Royal party to their carriages. The members of the *Corps Diplomatique* were afterwards the guests of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at luncheon in the Mansion House.

The evening papers of the same day announced the conferring of a Privy Councillorship upon the Lord Mayor, who attended at Buckingham Palace on the following morning to take the oath in His Majesty's presence.

CHAPTER VII

PAGEANTS OF PEACE

IT was a year of triumphal marching, and both before and after the great days of the Londoners' march and the Victory Pageant of arms in July, there passed through the City tens of thousands of khaki-clad warriors, when troops arrived home and were welcomed by the citizens, or on ceremonial occasions specially arranged in their honour. Notable among these was the Guards' procession on March 22, which went past the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, and on to the Mansion House. The Guards have always been the special pride of London. Never in their history through the centuries had their fame shone brighter than in the Great War. Their heroism had been recorded on every battlefield upon the long Western Front. Thrown in whenever a critical situation had to be saved, they suffered appalling casualties. Again and again the ranks had to be replenished, but the same splendid spirit remained with them to the end. The body of Guards who received the homage of London numbered close upon nine thousand, and it was a sad reminder of the terrible price of war to be told that for every two Guardsmen who marched that day, three were at rest beneath the soil of France, Flanders, or Italy. Apart from these, their wounded in the war

numbered 23,000. The Guards had given their best unstintedly.

With the troops was the Prince of Wales, riding with the Staff of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Cavan, who had commanded the Guards Division since its formation out of the older Brigade of Guards. The cheers grew in volume when his young figure, always greeted with delight by any British crowd, was recognised. First came the Household Cavalry, dismounted and marching with faultless precision; then Grenadiers, Coldstreamers, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards, with their artillery, ammunition column and ambulance, and the newly created Guards' Machine-Gun Regiment.

It was the first of the great military displays. Hundreds of thousands of people packed the streets. The welcome was a memorable one; the emotion of the hour was too deep for that boisterous greeting to which later in the Peace Year we became accustomed. The detachments of men in mufti who proudly marched in the ranks, the wounded carried in lorries, the blind who kept distance by touch—these reminders of all that war meant (and war which then was so lately ended) stifled any mere spirit of exuberance. The public sentiment was wholly that of gratitude and admiration. Flags almost concealed the Mansion House and all the tall buildings thereabouts. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were on the balcony, the centre of a large official group, the Sheriffs being with them, and the City Mace and Sword Bearer in attendance. As the lorries passed, those among the wounded who were

able rose and gave three cheers for the Lord Mayor—a touching incident. The march was continued through the City and by way of Holborn to Hyde Park Corner.

On April 25th—Anzac Day—the Lord Mayor extended the City's welcome at the Mansion House to the Australian troops. It was the fourth anniversary of their beach landing at Gallipoli, the first anniversary of their glorious recapture from the Germans of Villers-Bretonneaux; the day that will be kept with honour in Australia so long as Australia lasts. Many soldiers had already gone home, but a parade of 5000 officers and men was made up, representing as far as possible all units of the magnificent force which the Australian Commonwealth had raised by voluntary enlistment for war service. They had fought everywhere, in France, Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, even in armoured cars on the Russian front, and upon every enemy they had met had left an enduring impression of the fine fighting qualities of the Australian soldier. In his hours of rest the Anzac had made friends in an ever-widening circle, and among none more readily than the warm-hearted Londoners, who were delighted that he was to have his own special day.

Australia House in the Strand was the homeland for the occasion, and there the Prince of Wales came to receive the salute. The big building was besieged quite early. Although 5000 Anzacs were in the march, there seemed to be almost as many more

in and about Australia House, packing every windowsill and balcony and climbing into apparently impossible places. The Australian is hearty in his approval and in his manner of expressing it. He took control, managing things in his own easy-going, good-tempered way, and leaving little to the police, greeting the great Generals familiarly as "Birdie," and "Doug," and his own Premier as "Billie." A whirl of aeroplanes, flying so low as almost—or so it seemed—to touch the chimney-pots of the Strand, heralded the arrival of the marching column, led by Lieutenant-General Sir John Monash. There were lusty cheers and calls and "coo-ey's" all about Australia House as the thousands of sturdy and bronzed men, horse, artillery, and foot swung along, saluted the Prince, and passed into the City at Temple Bar, ascending Ludgate Hill en route for the Mansion House. The roads and pavements thereabouts were solid with cheering people when, a few minutes after eleven o'clock, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress came out on the balcony. With "Eyes right!" the Lord Mayor returning the salute, the river of men flowed on, a fine spectacle of the greatness of the Empire which could breed such sons. When the last contingent was passing, the Lord Mayor called for three cheers for the Australians, which the crowd of City workers gave with gusto, and then "God Save the King" was sung by all.

The Lord Mayor entertained 350 of the officers and men at luncheon at the Mansion House, the guests including the Commonwealth's distinguished

soldiers and those of her statesmen then in England. "It is the glory of the Australians," Sir Horace Marshall said, "that they have never been broken. Fighting in Europe, thousands of miles from home, in defence of countries which few of you had ever seen, it is not conceivable that you could have done more nobly if the war had been on your own soil, and if your own children had been threatened with suffering and humiliation." Mr W. M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, who responded, declared that on Anzac Day the nation of Australia was born by the valour and heroism of the men who had landed at Gallipoli. Lieutenant-General Sir John Monash and Viscount Milner also spoke, and there was a deafening reception given to General Sir William Birdwood, who represented the ideal of the Australian fighting men. Luncheon for a much larger party than the Mansion House could accommodate was given at the Honourable Artillery Company's grounds, where again Mr Hughes spoke; and theatres and music halls were hosts to the Australians throughout the afternoon.

It fell to the Lord Mayor to welcome home from the balcony of the Mansion House the cadre of the 2nd Battalion the Honourable Artillery Company, the City's historic regiment, which had a splendid record of service in the war; of the Post Office Rifles (8th London); of the 4th London Regiment; of the 1st London Rifle Brigade, which landed in France in November 1914; of the 7th Battalion Royal Fusiliers ("the Shiny Seventh");

and the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards who marched through the City, and some other troops. The reception of the 4th London Regiment was an event of special interest to the Lord Mayor, who had been gazetted as its Honorary Colonel early in his year of office. This regiment formed part of the first Territorial troops to leave England in the war, having sailed (first for Malta for training) on September 4, 1914, under the command of Colonel Vickers Dunfee, the Deputy of the Ward of Vintry, of which the Lord Mayor was Alderman, and serving afterwards in Egypt, Gallipoli, and France.

An interesting ceremony, the first of several of the same kind, took place at Guildhall on the 29th November. During the War, the Colours of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Battalions of the London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers) had been deposited at Guildhall; at All Saints, Margaret Street; at Christ Church, Streatham; and at St Paul's, Harrow Road. On this day, two subaltern officers and twenty rank and file from each battalion attended to receive back the Colours from the hands of the Lord Mayor. Sir Horace Marshall—as he remarked in paying his tribute to the gallant service of these London troops—had only that day been gazetted Honorary Colonel of the 4th battalion. Colonel Vickers Dunfee, commanding the same battalion, in returning thanks, said that the Colours would now be sent under escort through France to the Rhine, where these troops formed part of the Army of Occupation.

A similar ceremony took place on the 13th December,

when Colours were returned to the 7th battalion of the same famous regiment by the Lord Mayor, who, in presenting them, said that this battalion, which traced its descent to the old "trained bands" of the City, was one of the first to go to the front, and had done four years' continuous service there.

Again on the 3rd January, 1919, Colours were returned to the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the Royal Fusiliers. The Lord Mayor said that the Royal Fusiliers, in the Great War, had added greatly to its long record of glory, the 2nd battalion in the Dardanelles and in France, the 3rd at Ypres and on the Salonika front.

THE VICTORY MARCH

The Victory March of Saturday, July 19th, did not pass through the City, where, a fortnight before, the tremendous welcome given by the people of London to their own troops had had its climax. It was felt by the responsible authorities that the great areas south of the Thames, which had sent forth so vast a number of men in response to the nation's call, had a claim that could not be disregarded, and accordingly the route chosen led across Vauxhall and Westminster Bridges. The City that day was empty. All business was suspended for the national rejoicing and thanksgiving, and the half million of people—so roughly estimated—who form the working-day population of the "square mile" were liberated to join the millions of their fellows assembled about the long line of march. The Lord Mayor and the Lady

Mayoress were among the specially invited guests to the Royal Pavilion at which the King took the salute. In the company were the Prime Minister, the Speaker, Mr Bonar Law, Mr and Mrs Asquith, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Duke of Portland, Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt, the Marquis of Salisbury and many more.

The newspapers that morning had contained two messages from His Majesty to his people and to the wounded. The first, addressed to all the Lieutenants of Counties taking part in the Peace Celebrations throughout the country, ran thus :

“ I desire you to express my admiration of the courage and endurance displayed by the Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen of your County during the past five years of war.

“ I am grateful to all the brave men and women of the County for their devoted and patriotic service.

“ I once more express my sympathy and that of the Queen with the relatives of the gallant men who have given their lives in their country’s cause, and our earnest hope that the sick and wounded may be restored to health.

“ I rejoice with you to-day at the restoration of Peace, which I trust will bring to us all unity, contentment, and prosperity.

“ **GEORGE R.I.**”

The King sent the following message to all the sick and wounded :

“ To-day we are celebrating a victorious Peace, and amidst the national rejoicings my thoughts and those

of the Queen go out to the men who, in the gallant part they have taken to secure the victory, have suffered and are yet suffering from the cruel hand of war.

“ To these, the sick and wounded who cannot take active part in the festival of victory, I send our greetings and bid them good cheer, assuring them that the wounds and scars so honourable to themselves inspire in the hearts of their fellow countrymen the warmest feelings of gratitude and respect.

“ GEORGE R.I.”

As no war in history had brought so many nations into the arena of conflict, so no capital till our time had seen anything comparable with the march of the Allied troops through London. Nations from the most distant regions of the globe were represented in those contingents which led the long procession ; for Britain’s Navy and Army had rightly given pride of place to those who joined with her in her efforts and in her triumph. There was, and could be, no precedence in honour. Order was decided by the alphabet, and so America’s gallant sons, led by General Pershing, were first to come into view and to start the roar of tumultuous cheers that thereafter unceasingly accompanied all the troops on their way. For Belgium’s stout infantry there was especial welcome ; after five years, their country’s name had undiminished power to stir the heart of England. East met West when a Chinese general officer, a slight figure in grey, came riding by, and again when later a group of Japanese officers passed saluting.

Czecho-Slovakia was the first to tell of the new States born out of the world's tumult.

Then came in sight the one man for whom all were waiting, and upon whom all eyes were concentrated. Marshal Foch, the Generalissimo of all the Armies on the Western front, led the French troops. He looked a slight, small figure riding erect on his splendid charger; but the gravity of the worn face relaxed again and again in obvious pleasure at the overwhelming nature of the greeting extended to him. Not even in his own country could he have met with a fuller enthusiasm of welcome. That France, after her immense sacrifices, was still herself—this was the thought called up by the splendid physique and bearing of the men, uniformed in horizon blue, who so proudly followed their great leader—the cavalry clattering by, the world famous poilus going past with springy step, red-fezzed Zouaves, and a company of Marines. New waves of cheering rose to greet the soldiers of Greece, of Italy, of Portugal, our ancient ally. Poland, reborn, raised aloft its flag of the white eagle. Roumanians and Serbians brought their reminder of struggle against fearful odds in the Balkans; and the pageant of our Allies was closed by the troops of Siam.

London had thus splendidly honoured the guests whose presence was a compliment to our arms. But to the great multitude the supreme emotion of an unforgettable day came with the passing of their own countrymen in arms. They came along in serried ranks, drawn out beyond the farthest distance the eye could reach, detachments sent by almost every

regiment of the Army to make up the composite battalions. But before the first glimpse of khaki came in sight a thundering welcome went out to the men in blue. The Royal Navy first ! and leading the Navy's contingent was Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, walking alone, and, following, a line of Admirals who had won the battle honours of the sea. Bluejackets and Marines marched under their squadron flags, a magnificent array of men ; then those seamen who had left peaceful pursuits for the mine-sweeping patrol, and like perilous services, the men of the Mercantile Marine, and—a glorious day for them !—the Sea Scouts who had watched the coasts.

Loud as the welcome for Foch himself was the roar which greeted Field-Marshal Earl Haig, riding at the head of the British Army's battalions. A great company of the officers of the Headquarters Staff, of Army Commanders, and of leaders of the Dominion Forces followed. Then came the little band of officers and men representing all that survived of the 1914 Expeditionary Force—and many a heart ached at their passing. Massed standards and colours followed; and then, in their thousands, the men who won the war. The column went on as if it would never end, but the cheering never slackened. Cavalry and artillery and infantry, men of the Royal Air Force, with appliances known in no other war, huge howitzers, anti-aircraft guns, trench mortars, cable carts, even a pigeon loft, came marching or rumbling by, with new arms such as the Tank Corps and the Machine Gun Corps, but lately added to the vast complexity of a modern army.

There were two saluting points, the first in Whitehall, where in simple grandeur rose the Cenotaph to "The Glorious Dead." It had been unveiled overnight with a short religious service. Time had not allowed of the construction of the marble monument that had been designed, but a replica of it in less enduring material stood up white above the heads of the great throng. Guardsmen with bowed heads and rifles reversed stood at the four corners, and every officer and soldier in all the ranks that passed, with hand to cap or "eyes left," paid a soldier's homage to those who had fallen. The spectacle, by general consent, was profoundly moving and impressive. Whitehall, especially about the Cenotaph, had the biggest assemblage of spectators to be found along the route of march, the people filling one half of this, the widest thoroughfare in London.

Before Buckingham Palace all the thousands taking part in this unique pageant of arms saluted the King ; then moved by way of Constitution Hill to Hyde Park, where the dispersal took place.

THE SAILORS' DAY

London had thrown its whole heart into the duty of acclaiming sailors and soldiers alike when they marched in the Victory Pageant on Peace Day. The City rightly divined the popular desire that something more should be done to testify our gratitude to the seamen of the Royal Navy. It was a necessity of their sea service that their ceaseless work for Britain's security should be done for the most part

in silence and unrecorded. Newspapers had filled their columns day by day with the achievements of the forces in the field, but the "silent Navy" did its work in secret, its heroism heard of only at those rare moments when a burst of terrific conflict broke the ceaseless vigil.

London wished that the sailors should have their own day—a day when it could fill the streets with cheering crowds to show what the heart of the people felt for the Navy. A powerful Fleet lay anchored in the Thames below the Nore; from it had come ashore the officers and ratings who took part in the Victory March. The civic authorities had resolved that the City should extend some fitting hospitality to as large a number as possible of the men of the Fleet.

How best to do it? Guildhall had known many feasts, but it could seat only 800 guests, and that would be no adequate representation of the British Navy. The ancient Livery Companies, however, have their halls in the City. Sir Horace Marshall invited the co-operation of the Masters and Courts of the Guilds, which was heartily given; and with this help the City was able to entertain no less than 3100 men, who were sent ashore and encamped in Kensington Gardens. The Companies acting as hosts were the Grocers, Haberdashers, Ironmongers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Clothworkers, Skinners, Mercers, Leathersellers, Vintners, Gardeners, Bakers, Saddlers, Armourers, and Coopers. The Grocers accommodated their 300 guests at the Cannon Street Hotel. The Corporation was the

host at Guildhall ; and the Lady Mayoress had her own party of 200 men at the Mansion House, her daughters, Mrs Arthur Rank and Miss Marshall, assisting her at the luncheon served in the Egyptian Hall.

The day chosen was the Monday after Saturday's Victory March. It has a pleasant place in the memory of all who took part, for there is, as the world knows, something particularly hearty and jolly in a big gathering of sailors. As the Guildhall contingent swung up Cheapside to the lively music of the Royal Marines' Band, marching "easy," smoking, cheering, joking with each other and the crowd, singing snatches of popular songs, they could make no mistake about their popularity. All was cheers and smiles. In Holborn two beflagged motor-buses laden with "Waacs" were caught up in the traffic block. The Navy cheered the Army girls and the crowd cheered both. The order to march at attention was given as the party approached Guildhall, and the men filed in past the Lord Mayor and the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, who stood at the porch, saluting. With clock-work precision the seamen opened ranks and moved in files down the lines of tables, and in a few moments each man was standing behind his chair waiting the order to "carry on."

Seldom in its history can the Guildhall have seen such a display of vigorous health and high spirits. There were cheers for the Lord Mayor, Mr Walter Long (the First Lord), Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, and others as they took their seats. There were cheers from table to table. The serious business of the meal concluded—a substantial one for strong

appetites braced by sea air—the Lord Mayor mounted the dais and bade the guests a hearty welcome. A great cheer greeted him from eight hundred throats, ringing amid the roof timbers and the flags of all the Allies, suspended in a glorious blaze of colour overhead. There was first the health of the King, honoured with another great cheer and the National Anthem sung loudly. Three special cheers for his Majesty, for which Sir Rosslyn Wemyss called, were given ; and the Lord Mayor's speech followed.

“ Through all the changes of the centuries,” said Sir Horace Marshall, “ the City of London has been foremost in realising that the Navy means everything to Great Britain.” The City and the Guilds were returning, as best they could, thanks to the men they had invited. “ We do not forget Jack Cornwell and the Battle of Jutland,” he said with emphasis, and a hurricane of cheers followed hard upon the utterance. He recalled that ten years ago that day Captain David Beatty, as he was then, had brought a company of 800 officers and men to Guildhall ; and this called forth another great cheer for the popular Admiral. Speeches were brief, as the occasion required. Mr Walter Long put the issue of the Navy's work in a way that the men appreciated when he remarked that the German Navy, having once met the Grand Fleet, had never appeared again. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss expressed satisfaction at seeing “ so many loyal, contented, happy, and trustworthy faces,” and thanked their hosts for receiving them. Then there were sailors' cheers for everybody, and “ For he's a jolly good fellow,” for the Lord Mayor ; and

next should have followed without pause a musical entertainment.

But sailors, it seems, have a passion for autographs. They began by getting those of the waitresses, then those of the journalists present, of the Aldermen and Common Councilmen; and the bolder spirits put their menu cards—decorated with a portrait of Nelson and the flags of his famous signal—before the Lord Mayor. Mr Long was similarly attacked, while, somewhat shyly, others gathered deep about Sir Rosslyn Wemyss. His excuse that he had nothing to write with did not serve, for pencils flew out of pockets, and with one so borrowed, the Admiral was kept busy. The Lord Mayor was overwhelmed by a jolly crowd till he broke away, pleading that he had fifteen other speeches to make. The more thorough of the autograph hunters obtained the signatures of footmen and policemen at the doors; and the first lady artist to come on the platform was not able to begin her song till she, too, had signed very many cards.

In the different Companies' halls in which the sailors were entertained there were like scenes. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the First Sea Lord, visited a number of the luncheon parties, and received cordial welcomes from the guests. "A topping time," was the verdict of all. When at last the big groups broke up, the men departed on the leave their long service had so well earned, carrying away with them, one may feel assured, pleasant memories of the City's hospitality and their public reception ashore. The Navy's

appreciation of the hospitality thus shown to its representatives was conveyed in the following letter which was sent to the Lord Mayor :

“ I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to convey to you their thanks on behalf of the British Navy for the generous and hospitable entertainment afforded by yourself and the Corporation of London, to Officers, Petty Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and men of the Navy during the Peace Celebrations in London.

“ My Lords desire me to assure you that the kindness shown, and the warmth of feeling that prompted it, were deeply appreciated by all concerned.”

Before the warships which had come up the Thames for the Peace Pageant dispersed, a return courtesy was paid by the Fleet which was much appreciated. At the invitation of the Lords of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs visited the Fleet on the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. Members of the City Corporation and others, a civic party numbering six hundred in all, also journeyed to Southend, and were hospitably received and entertained on board the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Barham*, the *Valiant*, and other vessels that had made their names famous at Jutland.

THE THAMES PAGEANT

The noble stretch of river between the Port of London and Chelsea was the scene, on Monday, the 4th of August—fifth anniversary of the British declaration

of war—of such a Peace celebration as only maritime Britain among the nations, and only London among the ports of the world, could have devised and carried out. For this was the triumphal day of the mariners of England, and more especially of her merchant seamen, after the long and desperate struggle for the nation's life that was waged on the seas daily and hourly throughout the war; and London lent to it the grandeur of her ancient river-highway, and the stateliness of a historic Royal and civic pageantry. London lent, too, the enthusiasm of her vast population, no small part of which—the day being a Bank Holiday—was massed in enormous crowds wherever standing room was to be had along the whole five-mile stretch of Thames. Few of those on the banks or in the water-borne procession could carry their minds back to the last comparable occasion, for sixty-three years had passed since the civic pageant went by river to Westminster for the last time on a Lord Mayor's Day.

A committee under the presidency of Captain Lionel Wells, C.B., C.M.G., at one time chief of the London Fire Brigade, was responsible for the organisation of the Thames Pageant. The time chosen for the start from below London Bridge was four o'clock in the afternoon, a favourable tide promising a rate of progress of some five miles an hour. Long before that hour the multitudes had descended upon both banks and upon the bridges, Westminster Bridge in particular being lined from end to end with closely-packed ranks of people, so that it looked like a great motley ribbon stretched from shore to shore. Many

thousands, it was reckoned, scarcely saw a flag of the Pageant, so dense were the crowds.

Decoration of the route, in the sense in which it was carried out for processions through the streets, was wholly impossible for the immensity of the Thames ; the natural grandeur of the waterway itself was more impressive than anything that man could devise, and the most successful decoration was provided by the thousands upon thousands of living faces that looked down upon the river. But the central spans of the bridges were gaily bedecked, ships and wharves gave a note of colour to the majestic background with their displays of bunting, and 50-foot coloured streamers floated from cranes and scaffoldings. Advice as to decoration was gladly given by the League of Arts, which also organised choirs to sing a programme of sea songs on the Embankment. At the Temple was a choir provided by the Royal Choral Society, with a band of the Royal Artillery. Other bands were stationed at points along the bank. That of the Royal Artillery played at the Custom House Pier, where the King was to enter the Royal barge ; and the 2nd Life Guards Band, with another League of Arts choir, was at Cadogan Pier, where His Majesty was to disembark.

The scene at the Custom House, before the arrival of the Royal party, was impressive in the extreme. The building itself, which no one has ever seen look otherwise than grim until now, was gay with flags and streamers ; and the interior, from the great entrance in Lower Thames Street to the Pier beyond,

was in gala dress. The river presented a wonderful sight. The Upper Pool had been mainly cleared of shipping, and what vessels remained drawn close to the banks were packed with spectators. The Tower and the colossal Bridge, with a glimpse of the Lower Pool beneath it, filled a part of the picture ; the huge buildings on the opposite shore, and London Bridge, were the background against which masses of expectant people were arrayed. The craft that were to take part in the Pageant lay under the south bank ; and the bustle of police launches, the to-and-fro of small rowing-boats bearing holiday parties, the general stir of preparation, the hundreds of flying flags, struck a note of intense liveliness in the midst of the general effect of massiveness. Most active of all was the ubiquitous Service picket-boat of Lieutenant-Commander Ratsey, R.N., the Officer in Charge of the Pageant. As the hour approached, the craft began to move down to take up their processional order, with much signalling and megaphoning.

In the centre of the picture was the brightest mingling of colour, where the State barges lay off the Custom House Pier. There, plying slowly up and down, was the Royal barge, splendid with white and red and gold, the scarlet canopy, covering the seats of honour in the after part, being surmounted by a gold crown, and by the great wreath through which the Royal Bargemaster, standing erect in the stern, was to gaze as he steered his resplendent craft. That officer—Mr W. G. East, a famous waterman—and the eight oarsmen of the crew were themselves

gorgeous in uniform of vivid scarlet and black velvet caps, the Royal arms being embroidered in gold on the back of the coat. Ernest Barry, the world's champion sculler, was at the stroke oar. The barge, with its delicate lines and brilliant ornamentation, did not look its 230 years, during which the Kings and Queens of England had used it for their State journeys on the river. None but its keepers had seen it since King George appeared in it at Henley Regatta, two years before the war.

There, too, was waiting the barge of the Lords of the Admiralty—no historic craft, but a Service cutter “converted” at Chatham, yet looking, for all that, like something out of the pages of romance. A sheeny dark blue in colour, with a great winged sea-horse of gold at the bows, and a line of golden shells about the stern, it was rowed by ten scarlet oars with blades of dark blue and gold. My Lords, however, had their touch of antiquity for the occasion ; for the mace-bearer in attendance bore the Admiralty mace that for many generations had not been seen upon the Thames.

There was the blue steamboat (from the Rear-Admiral commanding the Nore Reserve) that was to escort the Royal barge ; the green steamboat that was to escort the Admiralty barge ; and the green steam barge of the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, lent to the Lord Mayor to take his part in the Pageant as Admiral of the Port of London. Many a London antiquary had hoped to see the Lord Mayor's own State barge, that used to make so splendid a show in the old Water Pageant on the 9th of

November; but that vessel had been too long laid aside.

The Custom House Pier was thronged by now with Navy, Army, and Custom House officers in uniform, and many distinguished civilians. They were joined by the Duke of Connaught, in his uniform as Master of the Trinity House, accompanied by the Deputy Master, Captain Sir H. Acton Blake. A guard of honour was provided by a double row of winners of Doggett's Coat and Badge, all wearing the scarlet coat and the huge silver badge strapped on the right arm.

Suddenly, from the Tower grounds, crashed the first gun of the Royal Salute, and the Royal Marines Band broke into the National Anthem. The King and Queen appeared, His Majesty in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, both in naval uniform, Prince Henry, Princess Mary, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria were with them; and accompanying them was the party which had received their Majesties at the entrance to the Custom House—Sir L. Guillemard, head of the Customs Service; Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss; Mr Walter Long, the First Lord, and Dr Macnamara, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty; Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie Wilson, M.P., of the Ministry of Shipping; Lord Desborough, Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, and many more. There, too, were the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, in their robes of State.

At the first sound of the guns, the oars of the State barges and of all the naval rowing craft within sight

swung up erect, and every Service man, ashore and afloat, stood at the salute, while a great roar of welcome went up from the multitude packed on banks and bridges and vessels in the river. The King stood at the salute while the National Anthem was playing, and then the Royal party, led by the First Lord of the Admiralty, proceeded to the Royal barge and took their seats, while the tale of twenty-one guns boomed on, sirens roared from down the river, and the cheers went on as if they would never cease. The barge swung out into the stream, the new splendour of the Royal Standard now flying in the bows ; and at once all the craft of the procession were on the move.

First in order went three motor-boats of the River Police, followed by a steam launch bearing the emblem of the Port of London Authority and flying the Harbour Master's flag. Next came the Trinity House boat, the *Ariel*, with the Duke of Connaught and a number of the Brethren on board. The picket-boat of the officer in charge preceded the Royal barge and the Admiralty barge with their escorts, and the barge of the Lord Mayor as Admiral of the Port of London, bearing the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and two Common Councilmen, with the Remembrancer, all in their robes. All along the five miles of the route there was no eye trained to the sense of beauty that was not delighted at the fairy-like spectacle of the King's barge and those following, lightly and joyously moving with their wealth of brilliant painted colour, and the scarlet and blue and gold of their occupants, over the grey and silver stream. To see

them emerge from the central arch of a great bridge—as those on the crowded terrace of the Houses of Parliament, for instance, did—was to receive an unforgettable impression, and to realise what the forgotten glories of river-pageantry must have been.

Following the Lord Mayor's barge came in order the four launches of the Ministry of Shipping, the Customs, Lloyd's, and the Thames Conservancy. Then, heartily welcomed everywhere, a dozen twelve-oared Navy cutters, in the freshest of dark blue and grey paint, rowing three abreast with professional care in the keeping of time and distance. Then, in line abreast, four Navy picket-boats, with guns, and an armed motor launch—sister ship to one of those amphibious vessels which had been carried 3000 miles overland to Lake Tanganyika in the East African campaign. A Royal Naval Reserve picket-boat; and then, towed by a dwarfish tug, a great barge freighted to convey an object-lesson in the growth of British striking power by sea—one of the tiny cannon with which Drake and his fellow-captains “hulled the Spaniard through and through” at pistol-shot range in the fight in the Channel that broke the Great Armada; one of the guns that secured the mastery of the seas for a century at Trafalgar; and, in life-size model, one of the 18-inch titans that were the last and weightiest word in British gunnery during the Great War.

Following this came the main body of the river procession, the flagged and decorated craft representing the great maritime institutions and shipping companies of the British Merchant Service, in whose

particular honour, and in recognition of its glorious part in the war, the Thames Pageant had been devised at the centre and heart of its world-wide activities. A steam-lifeboat and a motor-lifeboat were there for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The Trinity House Pilots were represented by a motor launch. There was an ambulance launch of the Port of London Sanitary Authority. A number of the associations and trade-unions affiliated to the Seafarers' Joint Council had each a vessel. A ship's rowing-boat was sent by the wireless telegraphists. There was an "X" motor lighter for the several Coastguard services, and a flock of boats from the training ships. The launch of the Scottish Fishery Board was followed by craft representing the Fishermen's Associations. The Women's Royal Naval Service and the Sea Scouts had a motor lighter and two gigs. There were six motor boats for the yachtsmen, followed by the boats of the Missions to Seamen. Then, in long array, seventy lifeboats of the various shipping companies, each flying its house flag, and manned by seamen who had seen active service. The rear of the procession was brought up by a vessel from Greenwich Hospital and a first-aid picket-boat.

As the long line made its way up the centre of the river, the crowd of craft along the banks awaiting it grew ever thicker. Everything that was seaworthy on the Thames, and that could carry a party of spectators, seemed to be massed along the route below the infinitely greater multitude on shore and on the bridges. As the Royal barge neared the Cadogan Pier at Chelsea, where the King was to disembark

and review the Pageant, the Royal Salute roared out again from the guns of three Navy pinnaces in attendance there, and the 2nd Life Guards Band and the singers on the pier broke into "God Save the King." A large company was assembled, with the Mayor and Councillors of Chelsea, before a gaily-decorated pavilion ; and tens of thousands of cheering people looked down from the banks and the Albert Bridge as the Royal party landed. King George took his place in the pavilion, overlooking the stream, just in time to receive the salute of the Navy cutters, which tossed oars and "offed caps" with wonderful precision. The Lords of the Admiralty, the Duke of Connaught with the Trinity House membership, and others from the official launches, also joined the company on the pier, which was now crowded with brilliant uniforms.

Slowly the great procession went by, with more tossing of oars, officers standing at the salute, and civilians with heads bared ; and all the while the cheering never ceased. Above the saluting-point the procession turned, and was soon making its way eastward again. The twelve Navy cutters now departed from the spirit of pageantry in a manner which highly delighted the attentive crowds along one stretch of the route ; for after being towed against the stream as far as Vauxhall Bridge, they turned, and two races were rowed to Westminster Bridge, six boats drawn up in line across the stream taking part in each. They had evidently the largest public that ever witnessed such a contest, and the noisiest.

So the people of London did honour to the seamen of England as they had never done before. It was a day to be remembered ; a day full of the spirit of history and of assurance of the future, as the heart of the Empire went out to the men who had carried its flag to every corner of the world in peace, and in the years of war had, with patience and valour, hunted down and driven from the sea the deadliest menace ever offered to the life of Britain.

The Peace year brought its many pageants and celebrations of victory ; but mingled with these events were other occasions when the people assembled in graver mood for ceremony of another kind. Two of these stand out in the record as invested with peculiar solemnity ; the home-coming of Edith Cavell in the spring of the year, and that of Captain Fryatt in the very midst of the public rejoicings over the signing of the Peace of Versailles.

The solemn service for Nurse Cavell took place beyond the bounds of the City. It was held in Westminster Abbey ; the burial took place in a green and peaceful spot beside the walls of Norwich Cathedral. But the long journey of the coffin from the place of her martyrdom in Belgium to her last resting-place was in part through the City of London, and the citizens, leaving their work for the time, assembled in thousands in the streets to pay their tribute of reverence to the national heroine. About the Mansion House the largest numbers had congregated, every one of the streets radiating therefrom being packed with silent onlookers, so that movement

even by pedestrians was impossible. All eyes were directed upwards to the balcony of the Mansion House, whence it was known that the Lord Mayor would witness the passing of the procession.

Two o'clock was striking in the church belfreys when the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March," drawing nearer, were heard. Instantly every head was uncovered. The Lord Mayor, wearing his robes and chain of office, and attended by Sword and Mace, had come out on the balcony. Accompanying him were the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, robed in scarlet, the Recorder, Miss Marshall, and many of the Aldermen, Common Council-men, and civic officials. As slowly the procession went by, not checking or shortening its step, all stood with bared heads. In this dense-packed centre of the City's heart, no sound or voice was heard, and only the funeral music of the military band rose on the still air. If the awful silence of a vast multitude is the most eloquent and thrilling tribute to those who have died a noble death, it was paid to Edith Cavell. Her monument to-day rises, tall and commanding, by Trafalgar Square; and impressive as it is, no sculptor could hope to rival in stone that heart-shaking tribute of a silent city.

Two days after the great service of Thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace, on the 8th of July, London turned from its rejoicings to pay a tribute of reverent homage to the memory of Captain Charles Fryatt, the gallant master of the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamship *Brussels*, who was

shot at Bruges by order of a German court-martial after the capture of his vessel in July 1916.

Captain Fryatt, whose name was utterly unknown before the war, became by the manner and cause of his death one of its two great symbolic figures. Like Edith Cavell, he was a simple and familiar type of his nation, who did his duty and faced his fate as thousands of others would have done in like circumstances. In his story Britain felt the whole of her desperate struggle against the most deadly threat ever aimed at her life ; and the cool fortitude with which he met his end was in keeping with the rest. It was by an act of the national will, therefore, rather than any official decision, that the body of Captain Fryatt, brought home from Belgium to be buried near his home at Dovercourt, was taken first in solemn state through the streets of the capital to lie beneath the dome of St Paul's.

At eleven o'clock the train conveying the coffin arrived at Charing Cross. Dense crowds were gathered in the streets, now cleared of traffic ; and in the station was a large company waiting to receive the coffin and go with it in procession to the Cathedral. In addition to relatives and friends of Captain Fryatt, there were officers occupying high administrative posts in the Admiralty, the War Office, and Board of Trade ; Major Newton, M.P. for Harwich ; the Mayors of Harwich and of Dover ; a body of directors and officials of the Great Eastern Railway, headed by the chairman, Lord Claud Hamilton. The Anglo-Belgian Union and the London Society of East Anglians were represented, as also were the Great

Eastern steamboat crews, the Seafarers' Union, and the Imperial Merchant Service Guild. A gun-carriage stood on the platform for the reception of the coffin, with an escort of men from H.M.S. *Pembroke*.

As the train came to a standstill, the escort presented arms, and bluejackets brought out the coffin and placed it on the gun-carriage, covered with the Union Jack. The procession then passed out of the station, and proceeded down the Strand and along the Embankment.

So the body of a sailor who never hoisted an admiral's flag came to the Cathedral where stand the monuments of Nelson and Collingwood, Rodney and Howe, Duncan and St Vincent—the shrine of British seamen. Among the great congregation were representatives of the King, the Prime Minister, the fighting Services and all the Government Departments, the Dominions and the Allies, as well as of every calling connected with the mercantile marine and the shipping industry. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with many others of the Corporation, attended in State. A civic deputation from the city of Bruges was also present, recalling the remarkable scenes of the previous day in Belgium, when both at Bruges and at Antwerp vast crowds had assembled to do honour to Captain Fryatt on his last voyage home. The orchestra of the Great Eastern Railway Musical Society made solemn music.

From the Western entrance, led by the choir and Cathedral clergy, the coffin under its flag was borne forward on the shoulders of sturdy seamen and laid in its place. Then began the Service, opening with

the singing of “Eternal Father, strong to save,” and brought to a close with the muffled thunder of the Dead March in “Saul,” from drums, organ, and orchestra. The Bishop of London pronounced the Benediction. Again the coffin was raised, and the procession re-formed to proceed with it on the way to its last resting-place.

As the procession passed the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their robes, with many other members of the Corporation, stood bare-headed on the balcony above the packed and silent streets.

Of all the memorable days in the City’s year of Peace none left a more abiding impression, or woke a deeper emotion, than that of the last home-coming of Captain Fryatt, the simple hero whose death, so far from achieving the purpose of his murderers, redoubled throughout the manhood of the Merchant Service the strength of the resolve to know no rest until submarine piracy and atrocity were fought down and ended.

Apart from these two deeply-moving demonstrations of public reverence for the martyrdom of duty, there were many services held in St Paul’s, in Westminster Abbey, and in the churches in memory of the heroic dead. More than once the King came into the City, the Queen being with his Majesty, to join the congregations of mourners at the Cathedral. Within St Paul’s were held memorial services for the Cavalry, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Army Medical Corps—for those of all ranks who were killed or had died of wounds or sickness. The

Lord Mayor, in robes of State, attended each one of these services in the City. Sometimes nearly all those present were uniformed in khaki, save where sat widows and mothers come to find comfort in this national remembrance. Sometimes, when special communities, like those of the railwaymen, the printers and newspaper workers, and the building trades, which had sent large numbers of citizen soldiers into the field, held their own services, the congregation was almost wholly in black. With the peal of the organ were blended the notes of military music and the shrill call of the bugle—the summons to duty heard by so many who had left the tasks of peace to die for their country on a distant battlefield.

It may suffice to describe here one such service to the memory of those whose sacrifice was typical of all. Railwaymen formed one of the few well-marked classes of which exact statistics could be compiled. The figures showed that of those railwaymen of the United Kingdom who joined the Forces, more than one-tenth lost their lives, other casualties, of course, being far more numerous. The actual number who were killed or died of wounds and other causes was 16,957 out of a total of 186,475.

This record of heroism was honoured at a special Service held in St Paul's on the 14th of May, "in memory of those railwaymen who laid down their lives for their country in the Great War." The King, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, attended; and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in robes of State, were present in their stalls in the Choir. The names of the fallen were printed at the

end of the Order of Service, which also contained a separate leaflet on which the Great Eastern Railway Company recorded the name of Captain Fryatt, "fouly murdered by the Germans after the capture of his ship, the S.S. *Brussels*."

Nearly every person in the large congregation seemed to be in mourning. A number of railwaymen in the garb of their calling were among the exceptions. Before the steps leading to the Choir was stationed an orchestra of 150 musicians drawn from the various railway companies, and conducted by Colonel Galloway, a director of the Great Eastern Company. Among the men, who wore surplices, were some women instrumentalists in white dresses and long white veils, of whom it was said that they were the first of their sex to take active part in a Service at the Cathedral. The orchestra, assisted by the drums of the Grenadier Guards, made solemn music while the congregation was assembling. Representatives were present of the railways and railway organisations of more than a dozen Dominions and Colonies of the Empire, and of foreign countries.

The memorial service, like those many others which the Great War brought in its train, was simple in character throughout, in the familiar hymns sung, in the beautiful music which swelled through the Cathedral. The Bishop of Peterborough gave the address. The "Last Post" was sounded; then came as if in answer the "Reveille," and the crash from the military band of "God Save the King."

As the representative head of the City, the Lord Mayor, with the Sheriffs, also attended "France's

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Day" in Westminster Cathedral, when a High Mass of Requiem was solemnised for the great host of valiant Frenchmen who had fallen in the war; the Service in Westminster Abbey for General Louis Botha; and that for the 4th Battalion of the City of London Fusiliers (the original 1st Tower Hamlets), at the church of St Sepulchre, in Holborn.

CHAPTER VIII

GREAT MEN AT GUILDHALL

A CIVIC year in so many ways unique in history was most notably without precedent in the number of world-famous figures to whom the supreme honours of the City of London were extended in Guildhall. On no less than six occasions the honorary Freedom of the City, together with a Sword of Honour, was accepted by a victorious hero of the Great War. Twice in the course of the year was the head of a foreign State received with the address of welcome which takes the place of the compliment of the Freedom in the case of those so highly placed. Never was there in the past, and never, in all human probability, will there be again a year like this, in respect of the city's obligation to express the nation's desire to give honour where it is due.

PRESIDENT WILSON

At the time of President Wilson's coming to London, six weeks after the signing of the Armistice, the attention of the civilised world was unquestionably concentrated upon him as it had not been upon any statesman of modern times. As between the victorious and the defeated nations, it was impossible to say that one side was more keenly interested in

his words and actions than the other. About the personality of the President of the United States many currents of conflicting feeling were in motion —hope, anxiety, admiration, mistrust, confidence, resentment, uncertainty, and, last but not least, a devouring curiosity to know what manner of man it was whose personal act had so vitally affected the military issue in the war, and had been of such momentous importance in bringing about the end of hostilities. The involvement of the United States in a war in the Old World had decisively changed the current of history, and this was the man to whom, more than to any other, the change was due. Above all, he was the chief champion in the world's statesmanship of the League of Nations.

Those who best realised the magnitude of almost autocratic power wielded by an American President enjoying the confidence of his countrymen were the most desirous of setting eyes on the man who had given to that power its boldest interpretation. To most of us he was an enigma. His portraits, his personal history, not less than the character of his spoken and written utterances, had conveyed an impression of academic coldness, which was yet startlingly belied by the vigour and promptitude of his action as the leader of his country in war.

What was well understood, however, was the immense significance of the step he had taken in coming to Europe, and especially to London, during his tenure of the Presidential power. No tradition of his office was more firmly established than the continuous residence of its holder in the country;

and not many traditions of American politics, unfortunately, had proved so tenacious of life as the tradition of a certain aloofness towards Great Britain.

The interest and enthusiasm excited by Mr Wilson's coming were nowhere more keen than in the City of London. In the recent and in the more remote past, two great Americans who had "passed the Chair" of the Presidency had been the City's guests. Ex-President Grant, the victorious general of the long and terrible civil war which set the seal on the American union, had received an Address in the year 1877, when that famous veteran exhibited a naïf surprise at the warmth of his reception among a people whom, like too many in the United States, he had been brought up to regard as cold and unfriendly towards his nation. Ex-President Roosevelt, when he was similarly honoured, had shown, for his part, how sincere was his feeling for our country, and how deep his understanding of it. Mr Wilson, it was evident, had neither the simplicity of Grant nor the exuberance of his own famous rival in the election of 1912. The City wanted to see him and hear him. If, moreover, it was to fulfil its historic functions on behalf of the country during the opening Year of Peace, the name of the President must be added to its Roll of Honour.

At the meeting of the Court of Common Council on the 12th of December, Mr Deputy W. H. Thomas moved that, on the occasion of the approaching visit to this country of the President of the United States, he should be invited to receive an Address of Wel-

come. In presenting it, he said, the Corporation would be the interpreter of the feelings of the whole country. Alderman Sir Joseph Savory seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and a Special Ward Committee was appointed to carry out the arrangements.

Before the Committee had held its first meeting, a sudden change was made in Mr Wilson's plans. He was to come over from Paris, where he then was, to visit London at an earlier date than had been anticipated. Two days before Christmas the Lord Mayor received the following telegram in reply to his message of invitation :

“PARIS, December 23, 1918.

“The Right Hon. Sir Horace B. Marshall,
“*Lord Mayor of London.*

“I feel greatly honoured by the wish of the Corporation of London to present to me an address of welcome on my approaching visit to England, and to be their guest at luncheon in the Guildhall on the occasion of the presentation of the address, and am very glad to accept the invitation for Saturday, the 28th December. I shall look forward to the occasion with the greatest interest.

“WOODROW WILSON.”

The Committee immediately met, and Sir Harry F. Hepburn was elected chairman. The principal difficulty before it was that of arranging for the luncheon which was to follow the presentation of the Address. It had been intended that the presentation should

take place in the library of the Guildhall, the Corporation afterwards entertaining its guests in the Great Hall. But the time was short ; war conditions were still in full force ; and in Christmas week both service and transport would be exceptionally difficult to obtain.

The way out was opened by Sir Horace Marshall, who offered to take upon himself the duty of entertaining the President and the other distinguished guests, the resources of the Mansion House for doing this at short notice being greater than those at the disposal of the Guildhall.

It was accordingly decided that the reception of the President should take place in the Great Hall. This, as it turned out, was a much more suitable arrangement, for it allowed of a considerably larger assemblage than could have been held in the library, and Mr Wilson's speech was of a kind to which any less spacious conditions would have been inappropriate. Some 1200 invitations were issued for the Guildhall ceremony.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th of December, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were among the company on the platform at Charing Cross station, where President Wilson and Mrs Wilson were received by the King and Queen. Great crowds gave the party enthusiastic welcome as they drove off to Buckingham Palace, where Mr and Mrs Wilson were to stay as guests of His Majesty. On the evening of the following day, the Lord Mayor was present at the State banquet given at the Palace in their honour.

Next day, the 28th, all was in readiness for the Guildhall ceremony. The City, as a business community, had given itself a Christmas holiday until the Monday, and but for this Saturday's civic event, the "square mile" would have been a solitude. But it was anything but that. As the hour drew near, greater and greater floods of humanity poured into the streets along the route. Traffic ceased, and troops in khaki lined the whole of the way from the Palace to the Guildhall, their officers—strange sign of the coming of Peace!—wearing swords, which most of them, perhaps, had never yet raised in salute of Royalty until the time when the Duke of Connaught, shortly before the President's arrival, drove down to the Guildhall. The Duke was received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, and the members of the Reception Committee, who then awaited the guests of the day. The Guard of Honour at the Guildhall was furnished by the Honourable Artillery Company, and that at the Mansion House by the Welsh Guards. Within the Guildhall there had been the customary formal reception of the most distinguished guests. The Prime Minister and a number of his colleagues, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Robert Borden, General Botha, Mr W. M. Hughes, Mr and Mrs Asquith, Admiral Sims had all been heartily cheered by the assembled company; and a magnificent ovation had been given to Sir Douglas Haig.

About half-past twelve a thunder of cheering announced the approach of the President. A Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry, with a

standard, accompanied the three four-horse carriages from the Palace, with their scarlet-liveried attendants and outriders. In the first was Mr Wilson, with Mrs Wilson and the Earl of Chesterfield, Master of the Horse; the others conveyed the American Ambassador and Mrs Davis, Major-General Biddle, Rear-Admiral Grayson, and Brigadier-General Harts, with Lord Herschell and Commander Sir Charles Cust, officially attached to the President.

The thrilling notes of "*The Star-Spangled Banner*" from the band in the gallery heralded the entrance of the procession into the Great Hall. The City Marshal led the way, followed by the Under Sheriffs, the Reception Committee, the Town Clerk, the Sheriffs, and the Recorder. Next came the American Ambassador and Mrs Davis, with the members of the President's suite; the Duke of Connaught and Lord Chesterfield; and then, preceded by the Sword and Mace, the Lord Mayor with Mrs Wilson, and the President with the Lady Mayoress.

As the principal guests appeared, the whole assembly rose, and a tempest of cheering and applause broke out which completely drowned the sound of the music. It was the first of many such demonstrations which the ancient Hall was to witness during that civic year; but it had a quality which distinguished it from all the rest. One felt in it a desire to honour a great achievement of moral leadership, and to signalise the greatness of an event without precedent in Anglo-American relations. Here, as in the streets without, the prevailing sentiment of the welcome was a sentiment of respect, which could be

felt through all the vehemence of the cheering that never ceased as the guests went up to their places on the dais.

Mr Wilson's personal appearance took most of the great company, perhaps, by surprise. Those who had looked for something of physical slightness and other stigmata of the studious type, saw before them an upright and robust figure, a florid countenance, the general appearance of a man in the prime of life and strength, not looking, by many years, the age of sixty-two which he had that same day attained. The Wilson smile, familiar from a hundred photographs, had a quality of cordiality and genuine enjoyment which the camera had failed to reproduce. Mrs Wilson, with her southern pallor and dark eyes, and a sweetness of expression that won all hearts, seemed much more moved by the magnificence of the welcome than her husband, who looked the incarnation of steady self-control.

The President and Mrs Wilson being seated on either side of the Lord Mayor, and the other distinguished guests grouped about them on the dais, the Town Clerk, Sir James Bell, rose from the officers' table on the floor of the Hall, and formally opened a Court of Common Council, of which the only "business," of course, was the presentation of the Address. After reading the resolution that originated the proceedings, the Town Clerk gave place to Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder, who approached the President on the dais, and after bowing deeply, read the Address, which was in the following terms :

“To the President of the United States of America.

“ May it please your Excellency,—We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, desire to offer you and Mrs Wilson, on our own behalf, and that of our fellow-citizens, a most sincere and cordial welcome on the auspicious occasion of your visit to the City of London, and to thank you for the honour you have done us in attending here to-day. We rejoice to have this opportunity of receiving you in our ancient Guildhall, which has been the scene of so many historic gatherings ; and to give expression to our sense of the immense debt we owe to you, and to the American people, for the assistance given in the common and sacred cause of Justice, Civilisation, and Right. We also rejoice that the rulers of the allied countries are to have your personal assistance and wise counsel in establishing upon a firm basis of order and justice a permanent settlement of the peace of the world. We desire to place on record our high appreciation of the assistance given by the gallant Navy and Army of the United States of America in securing a victorious Peace after the terrible War which has so long afflicted almost all the nations of the earth. We trust that the ties of friendship, goodwill, and mutual understanding between your great country and our own may ever grow stronger and more assured, and so promote the welfare of both nations and the peace of the world. In conclusion, we pray that every blessing may rest upon you and Mrs Wilson, and that peace

may for ever be vouchsafed to your country and our own.—Signed by Order of the Court,

“ JAMES BELL, *Town Clerk.*”

The Recorder then handed the document to the Lord Mayor, who presented it to Mr Wilson, saying :

“ In the name of the Corporation, I have the honour to ask your acceptance of this Address, together with a gold casket which is in preparation. I assure you that it conveys the warmest and most heartfelt welcome of the Citizens of London.”

Mr Wilson's rising to reply was the signal for another thunderous burst of cheering and applause, which only died away when the President, with a quietly impressive gesture, raised his hand as if to ask for a hearing. The erect, frock-coated figure, amid all that splendour of civic state, completely dominated the whole assembly. Mr Wilson spoke as easily and naturally as if he were addressing some committee in a small room ; yet he was heard in every corner of the Hall. He had not a single note for a speech which lasted some twelve minutes ; there were no oratorical devices of any kind, only an occasional gesture of one hand. Perfect sincerity and conviction, backed by an immense fortitude of character, were to be felt in every sentence ; and a marked American accent seemed to give his words an emphasis of its own. For the first time in the history of the office, the Chief Magistrate heard himself addressed as “ Mr Lord Mayor.”

The President began by expressing his sense of the honour conferred upon him that day. But he passed at once to the purpose which had possession of his mind.

“ I know,” he said, “ that I am only part of what I may call a great body of circumstances. I do not believe that it was fancy on my part that I heard in the voice of welcome, uttered in the streets of this great City and in the streets of Paris, something more than a personal welcome.

“ It seems to me that I heard the voice of one people speaking to another people. And it was a voice in which one could distinguish a singular combination of emotions. There was surely there the deep gratefulness that the fighting was over, there was the pride that the fighting had had such a culmination, there was there that thought of gratitude that the nations engaged had produced such men as the soldiers of Great Britain, and of the United States, of France, and of Italy.

“ But there was something more in it—the consciousness that the business is not yet done. There was the consciousness that it now rests upon others to see that those lives were not lost in vain.”

Mr Wilson spoke of his hearing Marshal Joffre declare, when he was admitted to membership of the French Academy, that “ the small and the weak can never live free in the world unless the strong and the great always put their power at the service of right.” Most of the soldiers with whom he had spoken were

for doing away with the old order and establishing a new one; "and the central characteristic of the old order was the unstable thing which was called the balance of power."

"It is very interesting to me," said the President, "to observe how from every quarter, from every sort of mind, from every sort of counsel, there comes the suggestion that there must be now, not the balance of power, not one powerful group of nations set off against another, but a single, overwhelming, powerful group of nations which shall be the trustee of the peace of the world. It has been delightful in my conferences with the leaders of your Government to find how our minds move along exactly the same lines, how our thought was always that the key to the peace was the guarantee of the peace, not the items of it; that the items would be worthless unless there stood back of them a permanent concert for their maintenance.

"When this War began, the thought of a League of Nations was indulgently considered as the interesting thought of closeted students. It was thought of as one of those things that it was right to characterise by a name which, as a university man, I have always resented. It was said to be academic, as if that in itself were a condemnation; something that men could think about but never get. Now we find the practical leading minds of the world determined to get it. No such sudden and potent union of purpose has ever been witnessed in the world before. Do you wonder, therefore, that in common with those

who represent you I am eager to get at the business and write the sentences down ? ”

The same body of principles, he remarked, had been accepted by all, and their application should present no fundamental difficulty.

Even at that early day there were not a few, perhaps, among Mr Wilson’s hearers who thought he under-estimated the severity of the problems that were to confront the Peace Conference. But what impressed them, and moved them, not less than others was the note of fervour, of deep concern for all humanity, which sounded throughout the speech. The peoples of the world, he said, wanted peace not simply by conquest of arms, but by agreement of mind. “ It was this incomparably great object which brought me overseas. It has never before been deemed excusable for a President of the United States to leave the territory of the United States. But I know that I have the support of the judgment of my colleagues in the Government of the United States in saying that it was my paramount duty to turn away from the imperative tasks at home to lend such counsel and aid as I could to this great, may I not say final, enterprise of humanity.”

Another prolonged outbreak of enthusiasm followed the conclusion of the speech, which, it was resolved by the Court, should be recorded in its Journals. Many seated near the dais remarked the attitude of anxious attention with which Mrs Wilson followed the President’s speech throughout. She, it was surmised, understood the strain imposed on him

by such an effort in such surroundings; no trace of it, certainly, was shown in the demeanour of Mr Wilson. After the Sheriffs and several others had been presented to him, the proceedings ended, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress accompanying Mr and Mrs Wilson to the entrance, whence they drove to the Mansion House through crowded and clamorous streets.

At the Mansion House, as in the Guildhall, the sense of unique significance in the day's civic event was universally felt. It was expressed by the Lord Mayor in the opening sentences of his speech proposing the health of the President of the United States. Sir Horace Marshall said :

“ That the holder of that exalted office should be among us to-day, in the Mansion House of the City of London, is one of those events the meaning of which it is difficult fully to realise. It stands for old disagreements buried and forgotten, and for the sealing of a friendship which should be, under Providence, infinitely fruitful of good results. It stands also for the sweeping away of rigid precedents and rooted traditions of policy, never before departed from on the other side of the Atlantic. It stands also for the bringing together of our oldest institution in England (for the Corporation of London can claim to be that) with the most eminent and honourable institution of the New World. Above all, it stands, ladies and gentlemen, as a memorial of a glorious and victorious partnership in arms in a noble

cause. One other thing is called to mind by Mr Wilson's visit. I mean the unfailing sympathy and friendship shown towards Great Britain by the American people while their country was still neutral. We should have been proud in any circumstances to entertain the President of the United States here. We are still more proud to-day to do honour to the man that Mr Wilson has proved himself to be. The tremendous inspiration of moral leadership under which the American nation entered the War was the work of our guest, and the whole-hearted devotion and marvellous energy with which the War was carried on was due to the manner in which he pointed the way. We know, too, how untiring Mr Wilson's statesmanship has been in preparing the way for peace, by setting forth the central issues of the conflict clearly in the sight of friend and foe. We recognise that Mr Wilson has come to Europe in the interests of all humanity, and to further the aim of his illustrious country and of ours—that peace may be established and continued for all time. We welcome him not only as a man of exalted ideals and a great record of achievement, but as the head of that great nation with which every citizen of Great Britain desired to live in perpetual friendship. We are indebted, Sir, to your nation for that flag (the American flag in the Egyptian Hall) which was brought by your late representative, Mr Page, on the first anniversary of the entering of America into the War, so that it might hang in this building with the Union Jack of Great Britain. We are indeed honoured by the presence also of Mrs Wilson, and

delighted that she has been able to accompany the President. The City of London is glad of this opportunity, in welcoming her, of paying a tribute to the womanhood of the United States, to whom the character of the American people owes so much. May I be permitted to add, on this auspicious occasion, that we wish you, Sir, many happy returns of your birthday."

The toast was drunk with immense enthusiasm, "The Star-Spangled Banner" being played by the Scots Guards Band that was in attendance.

The President, in replying, greatly delighted and not a little surprised the company by departing altogether from the mood of his previous address, and giving a perfect example of that form of eloquence for which his countrymen are especially famous, the light after-dinner speech. "You have reminded me," he said, addressing the Lord Mayor, "of what has perhaps become one of the habits of my life. You have said that I have broken all precedents in coming across the ocean to join in the counsels of the Peace Conference, but I think those who have been associated with me in Washington will testify that that was nothing surprising. I said to members of the Press in Washington one evening that one of the things that had interested me most since I lived in Washington was that every time I did anything that was perfectly natural it was said to be unprecedented. It was perfectly natural to break this precedent, natural because the demands for intimate conference took precedence of every other duty."

He went on to recall a story of Charles Lamb. "One evening in the company of his friends, they were discussing a certain person who was not present, and Lamb said, in his hesitating manner, 'I hate that fellow.' 'Why,' said one of his friends, 'Charles, I did not know that you knew him.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't. I cannot hate a man I know.' Perhaps that simple and attractive remark may furnish a secret for cordial international relations. When we know one another we cannot hate one another."

The President was particularly happy in a passage of self-revelation upon a subject which, as he may have guessed, was in the minds of most of his audience.

"I have been very much interested," he said, "before coming here to see what sort of a person I was expected to be. So far as I could make it out I was a perfectly bloodless thinking machine; whereas I am perfectly aware that I have in me all the insurgent elements of the human race. I am sometimes, by reason of a long Scottish tradition, able to keep those instincts in restraint, and the stern Covenanter tradition that is behind me sends many an echo down the years. But at the same time there is a dash of what I will call the Celt in me. I have no documentary evidence, but I have internal evidence. I enjoy periods of delightful irresponsibility which can have no other origin, and which not only afford me occasional vacations from my conscience, but also afford me what, after all, is one of the wines of life—that is, real human companionship.

“I have always found the irregular fellows the most interesting, and the academic men whom I am supposed chiefly to affect the most tedious. It is not only diligently to pursue business, as I expect, but also to seek this sort of comradeship, that I feel it a privilege to have come across the sea, and in the welcome you have accorded Mrs Wilson and me you have made us feel that that companionship was accessible to us in the most delightful and enjoyable form.”

Mr Wilson closed upon a more serious note. He spoke of the clouds of misery that were now to be lifted from the earth. “The suffering of your own people, the suffering of the people of France, the infinite suffering of the people of Belgium, the whisper of grief which ran through the world is now silent. The sun of hope seems to spread its rays and touch the earth with a new prospect, and so our joy is all the more elevating because we know that our spirits are lifted out of that valley.”

The President then proposed the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, to which Sir Horace Marshall briefly replied. The principal guests, as they left the Mansion House, were cheered again and again by the crowds collected to give them a final ovation.

Time was to show that the hopes entertained by President Wilson, and communicated by him that day to a public infinitely larger than his Guildhall audience, were set too high for a time in which the dreadful aftermath of the war had still to be gathered.

None could have guessed that, even in his own country, of which he seemed to utter the authentic voice, his personal championship of the League of Nations was to fail. But the inspiration he gave was not to pass away, nor was the effect upon Anglo-American friendship of his coming to London to be undone. The events of that day in the City's annals will not be passed over in history as without significance.

EARL BEATTY AND EARL HAIG

The reception in the City of Britain's two great leaders by sea and land had an atmosphere of its own. It seemed to answer to the ages whose monuments of victory look down from the walls of the great Hall. The City of London has ever been a nursery of the fighting Services ; its pride in them and association with their deeds goes back as far as its own history. A Sheriff of London, William Haunsard, sent his own ship, *La Seinte Mary Cogge*, with many others out of the Thames, to fight for King Edward III. at Sluys. London men had fought and died with Harold at Hastings ; it was the London Trained Bands, fighting for the Parliament in the cause of civil and religious liberty, who at Newbury held their front unbroken, for all the fearful havoc wrought in their ranks by cannon, when Prince Rupert's far-famed horse dashed themselves fruitlessly against their serried pikes. "They behaved themselves to wonder," wrote Clarendon, "and were in truth, the preservation of that army that day."

In almost every action on sea and land Londoners have won distinction; in every war in which the country has been engaged London has given unstintedly of its men and treasure. As deeply rooted as any of its traditions is this pride which the City takes in the prowess of the national arms.

Guildhall has its statues of the leaders in our great wars of the past. Upon the City's Roll of Honorary Freemen stand the names of the Admirals and Generals who have upheld the fame and honour of Great Britain—a long line of heroes famous in our story. Rodney, Hood, Duncan, Keppel, Howe are there; "Commodore" Nelson—that was after the Battle of Cape St Vincent; Earl St Vincent himself; Collingwood, Hardy, and many more. There, too, are the names of the great captains of our Armies—Wellington, Abercromby, Viscount Hill, Sir Sidney Smith, Beresford, Baird, and in our own time, Wolsey, Roberts and Kitchener. London claims all these as Freemen, and all have felt honoured by the City's recognition of their services.

The struggle over, the City at once took steps to extend similar honours to the two great men under whose inspiring leadership the war had been brought to a victorious issue. Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty and Field-Marshal Earl Haig—the titles by which they are known to all are given them here, though, in fact, the Earldoms in each case were conferred a little later—were received at Guildhall on June 12th. In times past it had rarely been possible to get the naval and military leaders to attend at the same time. As is well known, Nelson

and Wellington, in their lives of unceasing action, had opportunity to meet but once, when the Admiral, whose great nature was not without a streak of vanity, made an indifferent impression upon the Iron Duke. But Navy and Army had worked in the closest co-operation in the Great War. The Fleet has been, in the King's words, the "sure shield" of the troops and supplies crossing to France and the Mediterranean as well as of the people at home ; the mutual relations of the Services had never been so intimate before. It was thus a happy circumstance that at Guildhall the two fighting chiefs were able to stand side by side. A Naval Guard of Honour was drawn up in Guildhall Yard, and the oldest of the City's own regiments, the Honourable Artillery Company, posted a similar guard outside the Mansion House.

For all who witnessed it, there still remains vividly in mind the welcome which the two commanders received from the London populace. Their journey to Guildhall was a triumphal progress. The people turned out in uncounted thousands to welcome them. In Newgate Street and Cheapside pedestrian traffic was stopped, the crowd congesting the thoroughfares till they were impassable. On entering the City by way of Holborn Bars, the guests found the pavements and windows packed close with cheering people.

The same spirit of fervent enthusiasm, a little more ceremonious in its expression it may be, ruled the proceedings within Guildhall. A notable company was assembled, the Royal House being represented by the Duke of Connaught and the Marquis and

Marchioness of Cambridge. A group of Admirals came in together, and their names recalled all the chief events of the war at sea; Sir Doveton Sturdee, who off the Falkland Islands had made an end of Von Spee's raiding squadron; Vice-Admiral Sir C. de Robeck, from the Dardanelles; Admiral Sir E. G. Troubridge, in command in the Mediterranean; Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keys, of Zeebrugge's immortal day, and chief of the watchful Dover Patrol; Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Callaghan, who held the senior command at the outbreak of the war; Vice-Admiral Sir Montague Browning, who, after the German surrender, went to Kiel; and many Admirals who had fought at Jutland. There, too, were the First Sea Lord and Lady Wemyss, and Mr Walter Long, the First Lord. The soldiers were not less numerous, and especially hearty were the cheers for General Sir H. S. Rawlinson, General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, General Sir W. R. Birdwood, the Anzac leader, and General Sir Ian Hamilton. The Minister for War was accompanied by Mrs Churchill.

Guildhall in all the year of festivity seldom presented so brilliant a scene as on that day. On the dais, the blue and khaki of the Services were mingled with many foreign uniforms; the robed Aldermen lent a bright patch of scarlet; there were black-coated prelates, and civilians representative of every branch of public activity. Below sat the Common Councilmen in mazarine gowns on either side of the passage way, while the body of the vast hall was thronged by an eagerly expectant gathering, with

Masters and Wardens of the Livery Companies duly gowned, and many ladies in their brightest summer attire. Flowers massed against the grey old walls added new colour to the scene. Aloft in the topmost gallery the band of the Royal Artillery played martial music. A few moments before the strains of "Rule Britannia" outside Guildhall made known the arrival of the City's chief guests, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress had left the dais to receive them in state at the porch.

At the stroke of twelve, amid a surge of cheers echoing in the rafters of the high open timbered roof, the procession entered, a blaze of resplendent uniforms and scarlet fur-trimmed robes, with the Sword borne upright, the shouldered Mace, and all the splendour of civic panoply. The Lord Mayor, in his robes of black and gold, escorted Lady Haig, Earl Haig was with Lady Beatty, and the Admiral conducted the Lady Mayoress. To the lively strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" they moved up to the dais, where Earl Beatty, as representative of the senior Service, took his seat on the right of the Lord Mayor and Earl Haig on his left. A Court of Common Council was constituted, and the picturesque, age-old ceremonial observed. The "compurgators'" testimony was given, that sailor and soldier were "men of good name and fame, and they do not desire the Freedom of the City whereby to defraud the King or this City of any of their rights, custom or advantages, and they will pay their scot and bear their lot ; and so they all say."

The Admiral was the first to be sworn, the first to

sign the roll ; the Field-Marshal followed. The City Chamberlain, in an admirable address of congratulation, finely spoken, greeted " the two great leaders of men who, on sea and on land, have upheld the flag with glorious success." He recalled Admiral Beatty's amazing rapidity of promotion ; commander at 27, captain at 29, rear-admiral at 38—younger even than Nelson was when he attained that rank. Of Earl Haig the Chamberlain quoted the tribute of a distinguished United States General : " He typifies Britain in doing much, suffering much and saying little ; unshaken and clear-thinking in emergency, with a bull-dog grip that nothing can loosen, he fights better the heavier the odds, as he demonstrated again and again both as Corps and as Army Commander. The British were well served by this soldier." And so, too, the world. The Swords of Honour offered by the City were presented by the Lord Mayor.

There was a storm of welcoming cheers as Admiral Beatty rose and stepped to a low reading desk at the front of the dais. With the first words delivered, in a ringing voice audible throughout all Guildhall's great spaces, it was felt that the Admiral had taken command. Most of his speech was delivered from memory, the typed notes being disregarded. First the speaker acknowledged his gratitude for the honour, the greatest that the City of London could confer upon a servant of the State, then turned to pay tribute to his comrades. " To the flag officers, the officers and men," he said, " is the honour due. Their spirit and devotion created a force which has never been surpassed in efficiency, whose proud and

majestic might was such that its prestige alone was sufficient to maintain the command of the sea.” Gladly he had learned that the citizens of London were to have opportunity to welcome some of those officers and men. Soldiers and sailors, said Earl Beatty, did not court applause, but a welcome in the streets of London would give great satisfaction to those gallant men who had upheld the traditions of Great Britain on the sea. It was with warm feeling that he spoke of the Army :

“ I take the opportunity of testifying to the intense admiration which we in the Navy feel for our brothers in the Army—admiration for their courage, devotion, skill and still more wonderful fortitude in face of difficulties such as have never been encountered before. We were proud to feel that we were entrusted with the transport of such Armies, the protection of their communications, the maintaining of their supplies, and the guarding of their sea flanks. We marvel at the splendour of the achievement of that great little Army which was thrust over the seas at the outbreak of war, which by its skill, gallantry, and, above all, its efficiency, did so much to withstand the mighty initial effort of the enemy and delay his advance until the moment when its torn, mutilated, but unconquerable ranks turned with the glorious Armies of France and inflicted the first great defeat upon the over-confident enemy. The spirit and efficiency of that Army were the same as inspired and governed the Grand Fleet.”

Jutland, Earl Beatty reminded his audience, in-

volved losses far exceeding those of any other sea battle in history. But action on the large scale was rare. After the Battle of the Nile the Navy had to wait seven years for its next great Fleet action off Trafalgar. The Grand Fleet had to settle down to its plain duty of holding the command of the sea, enduring the monotony which for men of the fighting services was one of the hardest things to bear. "It was its lot to carry out endless patrols, sweeps, reconnaissances, frequently without sighting anything, except, perhaps, a periscope." No small part of the story of the naval war was the wonderful record of the mercantile marine. Of its indomitable courage and loyalty, without which the war could not have been won, none, said the Admiral, were more proud than their comrades of the Royal Navy. The close association established in the war must continue.

There were other topics touched upon ; difficulties immediately confronting the country in reconstruction ; claims of ex-naval officers for employment, which he warmly commended to London business men, for these officers had "invaluable qualities of resource, loyalty, discipline, and experience in handling men" ; the Navy's own future, the improvement of its training and education. Last came a sentence that summed up the great lesson for Britain of this war and of all earlier wars. A slight pause preceded it.

"I hope," said Earl Beatty, in that searching voice of his, "it may always be remembered that our Empire lives by the sea, and that the Royal Navy is loyal, steadfast, and true." A bow to the company,

and, as the speaker stepped back to his seat, a great cheer.

Earl Haig's reception was equally warm. Though he disclaimed any gift of oratory, he fixed the attention of his audience at once by promising to speak through London to the whole Empire a message which, as the man who had commanded her Armies in the principal theatre of war, he felt it his duty to give to his country. He thanked the citizens for the abounding goodwill shown to himself, and for the splendid welcome home given in December to the Army Commanders, the senior Officers, and the Staff. The larger part of the speech was devoted to a tribute to London and its contribution to the Army, a tribute fittingly paid in that centre of London's thousand years of history.

“The names of the London Regiments,” said the Field-Marshal, “illuminate every page of the wonderful story of the great struggle through which we have just passed. Their deeds have won glory for themselves and their City in every theatre of war: their dead lie on every battlefield. Wherever they have gone they have established the reputation of good soldiers, well conducted when in rest, sound and reliable in action, capable of enduring much, quick to learn, and of never failing cheerfulness. I think that everyone who has seen them in the field would tell you that the Londoner makes a first-class soldier. They have done well on all occasions, and in all forms of fighting.”

In turn, Earl Haig named those glorious London Divisions—the 47th (Territorial), which, after fierce resistance, cleared the last of the enemy from High Wood in the first Somme Battle; the 56th, foremost in all the fighting south-east of Arras, defeating the most desperate attacks in the last great German offensive, and storming the Hindenburg Line; the 58th, “fighting with unsurpassed courage and devotion,” and participating in the Allied attack which opened the way for the final victory; the 60th in Palestine.

Earl Haig came at last to the message he had promised to deliver. He recalled first Lord Roberts’ words at Manchester in 1912, that solemn, unheeded warning of one of the greatest of our soldiers. “Our Army as a belligerent factor in European politics is almost a negligible quantity. This Empire is at all times practically defenceless beyond its first line. Such an Empire invites war. Its assumed security amid the armaments of Europe, and now of Asia, is insolent, is provocative.” Peace, our great need, the defence of the country if attacked, could only be guaranteed by adequate preparedness for war. We were, said Earl Haig, most fortunate in our national and racial characteristics, in the soundness of our political and educational institutions as a training for character. The youth of our nation was magnificent material. The Field-Marshal continued :

“My message, then—speaking as a man who has seen enough of war to make me determined to spend

my utmost efforts to prevent its recurrence—my message to you and through you to the Empire, is to urge you, now that the War has given you at once the reason and the opportunity to do so, to set up forthwith the organisation of a strong Citizen Army on Territorial lines—an organisation which shall ensure that every able-bodied citizen shall come forward when the next crisis is upon us, not as a willing, patriotic, but militarily ignorant volunteer, but as a trained man. There must in addition be our highly trained professional Army to maintain the standard of our military knowledge, and meet the daily needs of a police force for our vast Empire; and there must be also proper and sufficient training schools and staff colleges that the higher arts of war may be kept abreast of the times. Above all, however, to ensure that the full military strength of our race may be rapidly realizable to meet whatever danger may threaten us, we need to organise at once our democratic Citizen Army.”

The City's new Freemen were entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House, a large number of the distinguished guests at Guildhall being present. In proposing the health of the two Freemen the Lord Mayor said :

“ Sir David Beatty represents that mighty force in the affairs of mankind, the sea power of Great Britain. In a more decisive sense than ever before, that power has been the sure shield for our protection. The silence of the Navy has been broken only by a

few glorious actions; and in three of them—at Heligoland, the Dogger Bank, and Jutland—our guest has proved himself as great a fighting seaman as any since Nelson. He won the first great sea fight of the war, and he bore the brunt of the battle in the last. Three years have passed since the Battle of Jutland, but we can all recall, as if it were yesterday, the emotions with which we read of the most tremendous encounter of naval strength that the world had seen. We all knew what underlay ‘the silence of the Navy.’ We knew that its sleepless activity was winning the war every hour of the day and night. But did we all realise the magnitude, the overwhelming gravity, of the challenge which the Navy had to meet?

“ Apart altogether from the submarine war, the enemy was the most dangerous foe that ever we have faced at sea. But two things he did not possess—the magnificent personnel of our own Service and that genius of seamanship of which Sir David Beatty is the embodiment. It is to these things that the country owes the most overwhelming triumph ever secured in naval war—the surrender of the German Fleet in November. In honouring our guest we have in mind the gallantry, the patience, the vigilance, and endurance shown by all under his command, both of the Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

“ Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig has borne the burden of high command in the war from its earliest beginnings until the day of victory. For three years he held the Command-in-Chief of the British Armies on the Western Front, and his name will be illustrious

as long as the nation endures. It was in the long and bitter time before the triumph that the country learned to honour our guest. He had to fight his battles with an Army that was still in the making, and with an organisation which, vast and intricate as it was, was absolutely new and untried. That new Army was inbred with all the splendid tradition and spirit of the old. For these results we have to thank, above all men, Sir Douglas Haig. His was the directing and inspiring genius ; his was the character which called forth from officers and men the most perfect trust and confidence in their leadership.”

In Guildhall the Field-Marshal had dwelt upon London’s contribution to the forces fighting on land ; Lord Beatty, in his speech at the Mansion House, spoke of London’s record in connection with the Navy. The heritage gained by the great seamen of the past, which meant so much to-day, had, he said, been handed down through centuries, always assisted and always cherished by the City of London. It was in the Port of London that Queen Elizabeth recognised the real object and the real work of that great seaman, Sir Francis Drake. Our sea power had been used in the past not only to build up a great Empire, but also to benefit the world. He spoke of the whole hearted co-operation of the United States Navy, a squadron of which had worked with the Grand Fleet as one under his command, and of the debt due to those distinguished officers who in the past fifty years had created the modern Navy for its great task. London had always been associated

with the Navy. As a great seaport of the Empire, London recognised the value of sea power, and by her deeds and by her words had made that apparent to the whole world.

Earl Haig, in responding to the toast, spoke of the difficulties of the moment, and the fact that all energies having for years past been devoted to the one end of winning the war, little time and attention could be given to preparation for after events. "Peace," he said in a well-remembered phrase, "has caught us unawares, almost to as great an extent as war did in 1914." It was the cause of "those splendid young men," officers and other ranks alike, lately under his command, that he specially placed before the business men of London for their generosity, for their vigilant thought. With the great work of finding employment for the thousands of demobilised young officers and others, Earl Haig had closely identified himself from the first. His tireless activity on their behalf, both in addressing meetings and in published appeals, was a spur to the national conscience ; and he made the utmost of this opportunity to urge his plea in the business centre of the Empire.

Giving the health of the Lord Mayor at the close of a day that will be memorable in civic annals, Mr Churchill observed that when he listened in Guildhall to the ritual ceremonies with which the City of London admitted its Freemen—the ceremonies with which it had throughout the centuries welcomed new members within its body—he could not help reflecting that the City Corporation lasted longer than Continental Empires. That same ritual with

which they had added the names of Beatty and Haig to the roll of the citizens of London was already memorable before Prussia was a kingdom, and long before the German Empire was ever thought of.

GENERAL PERSHING

Seven months after the memorable reception of the President of the United States in Guildhall, the City offered its tribute of honour to the foremost of American soldiers. General Pershing came to London in July, to lead his men in the Victory March and to accept from the city its Honorary Freedom, with the gift of a Sword of Honour. It hardly need be said that the coming of the leader of the American forces in Europe aroused the keenest interest. It was proved in the cordiality of the popular welcome that was extended to him on the 18th of July on his way to Guildhall, and by the enthusiasm of the great crowd assembled outside the Mansion House ; they were not to be satisfied till he had come out on the balcony with the Lord Mayor and made them a speech. General Pershing spoke with soldierly brevity, but he touched a patriotic chord, and brought on a storm of cheers, when at the close of a few sentences he expressed the feeling of the American soldier for the man by whose side he had fought, "your splendid, aggressive, stubborn British 'Tommy.'"

There was a little incident which should stand first in anything recorded of General Pershing's visit to the City, for in delightful fashion it

gives the note of the whole day's proceedings. General Pershing himself disclosed it when speaking at the luncheon—a chance scrap of conversation at the Mansion House. "Out of curiosity," he said, "I asked the Lord Mayor whether or not any foreigner had ever before received a Sword of Honour at the hands of the City of London. Your Lord Mayor must be a diplomat, because without hesitation he replied, 'You are not a foreigner.'" That was the real spirit, declared General Pershing, in which they must interpret the very cordial reception that had been given to himself and his comrades by the City of London and the British people. That was, indeed, the spirit of the day. London paid tribute to many foreigners in the Peace year; full and heart-felt was her acknowledgement of all they had ventured and accomplished for civilisation; but the American Army leader was not thought of as one of these. Ancestry, tradition and speech placed him and his compatriots in a category apart.

Few in England had had opportunity of seeing General Pershing before. From the moment when America sent her first troops overseas, his days of incessant toil in preparing for and training the armies, and in directing their operations, had been spent on the Continent. But a certain action of his, and the words which accompanied it, were in many minds that day. It was at the critical moment, in March 1918, of Germany's most vigorous and desperate offensive, which came so terribly near success. General Pershing had then visited Marshal Foch. "I have come to tell you," he said, "that America would feel greatly

honoured if her troops were engaged in the present battle. I ask that it may be so, on her behalf as well as my own. There can be no other question now than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, air-service—everything that we have is yours. Dispose of it as you wish. Further men will come—as many as may be necessary. I have come on purpose to tell you that the American people will be proud to take part in the greatest and finest battle in history.” So the American leader renounced for the time his own and his countrymen’s ambition that the United States Army should act, when ready, as an all-American force under American command. It was a fine decision.

A well-known writer remarked of General Pershing at the time that, easy as it was to say that he was typically American, it was very difficult to say anything else. London saw in him the perfectly-groomed, neat, trim, even-coloured American of daily business intercourse. No feature was prominent in the well-proportioned face, save that the chin, slightly thrust forward, suggested tenacity. About his plain uniform, with only two small ribbons, was something modestly attractive. The General was young as military leaders are counted, for his abilities had won him promotion, from Captain to Brigadier-general, over the heads of 800 senior officers, and he had fought in every war in which America had been engaged for thirty years past.

The City Chamberlain, rising in a Guildhall thronged with the most distinguished notabilities of the day, presented the new Freeman in an address worthy of

a speaker who had maintained the highest traditions of civic oratory. In a memorable phrase he declared that America and England, with France, "united by the sacred ties of sorrow borne and sacrifices made in the same great cause, had now become the underwriters of the Peace of the World."

General Pershing made reply in words slowly uttered, quiet, every one distinct. The fact, he said, that he followed next after that great American citizen, Theodore Roosevelt, in receiving the Freedom of London, gave to the gift peculiar distinction. "He was a consistent friend of Great Britain," declared the General. "He loved the British people, and always sought to encourage good relations between our two countries." London City, with its ancient monuments and towers, and its enduring and beautiful architecture, stood to Americans as a symbol of the solidity of character of the people whose history was written therein. Brought here by the war, they had gathered about the firesides of England, shared the delights of its home life, and acquired memories which they would treasure and would transmit to their posterity. Two passages of the General's speech were heard with deep emotion.

"The history of the Anglo-Saxon race," he said, "is in reality the history of human progress. Our annals are replete with the brave deeds of stalwart men and the devotion of noble women. Our common ancestors have ever fought for human rights, and the liberty of mankind has been their goal. In the crucible of conflict there has developed the virile British race of

to-day. Your splendid manhood under the leadership of the great captains, Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig"—pausing, the speaker bowed to the Field-Marshal, who sat near him upon the dais—"and Admiral Sir David Beatty, has maintained the best traditions of your Army and your Navy. What they have done in the World War will stand as a record of which Anglo-Saxons everywhere will always be proud. . . .

"We Americans came abroad to maintain the sacred principles of social and civic liberty, so dangerously menaced by autocracy and militarism. This menace threatened those who were near and dear to us, and whose ideas and our own hark back to a common origin. In aiding our friends we were also fighting our own cause and the cause of mankind. Out of these intimate associations, out of this common suffering, has arisen a new spirit of comradeship between our two peoples. It is our hope that these two great nations may now act in common in achieving new successes during the years of peace that are to be ours, and in the enjoyment of those blessings which our common sacrifices have won for us."

In proposing the health of the new Freeman at the Mansion House luncheon, the Lord Mayor took note of an interesting chronological fact. "May I remind you," he said, "that this is the first anniversary of a memorable day? On July the 18th last year the tide of the Great War turned for the last time. . . . On that day, American troops shared with our gallant French Allies the honour of dealing

the first stroke in the plan of victory." He dwelt upon the significance, material and moral, of American intervention; and he recalled, in connection with the cordial sentiment of the hour, a phrase uttered by President Wilson in Guildhall seven months before. "The voice of one people speaking to another" had been heard again that day.

What remained to say about Anglo-American relations? Mr Churchill, who seconded the toast, declared that almost every thing in the world that could be said had been said already. The American Ambassador, speaking later, agreed, "stating an old thought in very old words," when he observed that no man would do his full duty as a citizen of America, or as a citizen of Great Britain, who did not labour unceasingly for their continued concord and friendship.

Mr Churchill, however, was at no loss for a topic. He roused his audience to enthusiasm when he spoke of General Pershing's appeal to Marshal Foch, already quoted here—"that fine contribution to the eloquence of the English language," Mr Churchill called it, "that remarkable, manly statement, which I venture to think will take its place beside the famous words which Abraham Lincoln used on the field of Gettysburg; the statement in which, after March 21 last year, General Pershing offered the whole of his reserves, his men, everything that the American Army could command, to Marshal Foch, to be thrown anyhow, as the emergency might need, into the struggle of the great battle."

General Pershing, in his reply, admitted that all

that could be said of Anglo-American friendship had become mere commonplace. But there was something very much deeper and very much more significant, he said, than mere words between the two peoples ; the spirit of good understanding that all recent events had made manifest. *Liaison* had been a familiar term in the war. “ *Liaison* between those of us who have come in contact with our opposites must,” said General Pershing, “ be continued, of course, but there must be something beyond that. We ourselves must become the *liaison* officers. I believe that this can be given practical expression in many ways. We have joined hands in the manufacture of munitions and artillery, we have co-ordinated our sources of supply in providing our Armies with the material with which to carry on the war. This suggests the possibility of extending these relations to the business establishments, if you will, that exist in these two countries, many of which are common to both.” It was his grateful task to convey the sincere thanks of the American army and people for the cordial reception extended to the armies as they passed through England to the front, the touching tenderness with which the men had been received in our hospitals and homes as they returned from the battlefields. Those things, said General Pershing, would never be forgotten.

MARSHAL FOCH

The City of London’s reception of Marshal Foch takes a place by itself among the honours done in

its name during the Year of Peace to so many of the great figures of the time. Our King, our heroes of the Empire's war, our statesmen—these were of our own household; the President of the United States and the leader of their Army were of our kin; and other foreign guests, however great their position and prestige, were real and understandable personages. But about the Marshal of France there was something almost legendary; he seemed a figure stepping out of its place in history to mix with living men. This was a soldier whose single hand had wielded the might of the greatest organisation of military power in the world's record; who had fought battles compared with which those of Marlborough and Frederick, Napoleon and Moltke, were minor operations; and who had planned and attained a victory whose magnitude still staggered the imagination. One seemed to hear, in the wild acclamations that met him everywhere, an undertone of awe. Moving in our midst, he belonged already to the ages.

It was on Wednesday, the 30th of July, that the Marshal came to the Guildhall. He had returned to France after the Peace Pageant in order to accompany the French President on a visit to Brussels; and he now re-visited London for the purpose of receiving honour at the City's hands. All London was awaiting him, and the now familiar sight of densely-crowded streets and suspended traffic was repeated on the route from the Carlton Hotel, where the Marshal and his suite were staying, by way of the Embankment to Guildhall. About noon the Marshal and his staff set out in carriages to drive

to the City, amid a thunder of cheering which was unbroken throughout his progress. The officers accompanying him were Generals Weygand and Desticker, Lieutenant-Colonel Pagezy and Lieutenant de Clermont-Tonnerre.

The guard of honour at the Guildhall was furnished by the 1st Irish Guards. They were inspected by the Marshal on his arriving ; and before he entered the Guildhall there was a touching incident. A blind and injured French soldier, who had come from hospital in Oxford, accompanied by an English nurse, to hear the welcome of London to his great leader, was led forward ; and the Marshal, shaking his hand, spoke some words of hearty sympathy and encouragement.

The Guildhall was filled to its utmost capacity. Few who had a right to a place did not exercise it, and there was the usual great company of distinguished guests. On this occasion, though the Government was not unrepresented, the predominating element was military, as was fitting. With Prince Arthur of Connaught were Field-Marshals Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Henry Wilson ; and the Generals present included most of the famous British army leaders. The French Ambassador attended with several of his colleagues ; and among the guests were Admirals Sir Rosslyn Wemyss and Sir Doveton Sturdee. All were greeted with ringing cheers as they went up to be welcomed by the Lord Mayor.

The thrilling music of the "Marseillaise" from without announced the arrival of Marshal Foch ; and there was an unforgettable scene of enthusiasm as,

escorted by Mr S. H. M. Killik and his colleagues of the Reception Committee, the great soldier passed up the Hall. The calmness and distinction of his bearing, his refined and thoughtful cast of countenance, the plain dark blue uniform with the six stars of the Marshalate on the sleeve, and no colour but that of the rows of ribbons on his breast—all these were eagerly noted; and there were some, observant of such matters, who were puzzled to perceive that the blue baton he had carried in the Pageant was now replaced by one covered with red velvet—a mystery soon to be explained. As he slowly approached the dais where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress awaited him, the Marshal gravely raised that baton in a magnificent gesture of salute. The whole great company was suddenly struck silent. This was a detail of French ceremonial tradition that had probably never been witnessed by a British gathering since Soult came to London to figure as the representative of France at Queen Victoria's coronation in 1838. On that occasion, as the memoirs tell us, the people of London acclaimed Wellington's old adversary, "both in and out of the Abbey," with such enormous enthusiasm that the aged warrior was astounded and unmanned. "Vraiment, c'est un brave peuple," he said. Eighty years later, Marshal Foch was to say the same thing at more length, and with even better reason, in the City of London.

The Marshal being seated, the Town Clerk read the Resolution of the Common Council, and the Chamberlain admitted Marshal Foch to the Freedom,

with the differences of form required by his foreign nationality.

The Chamberlain's address to the assembly followed the usual practice of narrating in outline the career of the City's guest ; but it was touched with a warmth of eloquence due to the greatness of the occasion. He spoke of the Marshal's historic work as an instructor in the science of war, and his other service before 1914.

“ We are all aware,” said the Chamberlain, “ how early in the War and how brilliantly he made his mark. At the first battle of the Marne he was in command of the 9th Army in the centre, where the Germans made repeated efforts to cut through. On three consecutive days, we read, Marshal Foch was forced to retire, and every morning he resumed the attack, with the result that his obstinacy won the day. He was able to profit by a false step by the enemy to take him in the flank, and thereby played a leading part in that great victory which saved Paris, and probably was the death-knell of Germany's vast plans of conquest. The famous message he sent from the Marne to Headquarters, ‘ Mon centre cède, ma droite recule, situation excellent, j'attaque,’ could not have been sent by a man of less reputation, or who did not inspire such great confidence. Later, as is well known, the Marshal was transferred to Flanders, and fought in the glorious first Battle of Ypres on the British left. He had been head of the French Military Mission which followed our Army manœuvres before the War, and knew something of

our brave troops ; but at the Battle of Ypres he was brought into close touch with them in very testing circumstances, and on several occasions he has been very generous in his appreciation of their splendid work. The year 1915 saw that Thermopylæ of modern times—Verdun—that immortal defence of Verdun, where the French soldiers, with their battle-cry of 'Ils ne passeront pas,' won imperishable glory, and where they showed that beside the qualities of courage and dash they were well known to possess, they also possessed the great quality of indomitable endurance. The Battle of the Somme in 1916 found us again in close co-operation with Marshal Foch, who fought on our right ; and the soldiers of our two great countries experienced together the terrible difficulties of assaulting and penetrating the extraordinary elaboration of the defences which the Germans took two years to prepare."

The Chamberlain proceeded to rehearse the circumstances of Marshal Foch's appointment as Generalissimo of the Allied Armies in the West. He recalled with pride the Marshal's tribute to the soldiers of the Empire : "It was the hammer-blows of the British Armies that were the decisive factor in the final defeat of the enemy." The address ended with these words : "The citizens of London recognise in Marshal Foch a heroic figure upon whom future generations of soldiers will strive to model their lives. They salute a man animated from his youth by a stern sense of duty and love of his country, which inspired him in acquiring a supreme knowledge of the great

science of war—a man who has earned the gratitude of millions, and the honour and glory following unparalleled success, and yet is ‘clearest of ambitious crime, and as the greatest only are, in his simplicity sublime.’ ”

The Chamberlain then offered the right hand of fellowship, and asked the guest’s acceptance of the Sword of Honour—a beautifully-designed piece of work, the hilt being formed of a figure of victory with outstretched wings, and the general decoration being of oak-leaves and roses. It was now that the Lord Mayor rose and said :

“ Your Royal Highness, your Excellencies, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, His Majesty the King has authorised me to announce that this morning at Buckingham Palace he conferred upon Marshal Foch the baton of a Field-Marshal of the British Army. This announcement will be received by all present with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.”

The cheers upon this announcement were loud and long, and they were renewed and redoubled, the whole assembly rising to its feet, when the Marshal stepped forward. Every eye was fixed upon that keen, careworn, thoughtful face. Speaking quietly, but very clearly, in French, he paid his tribute of honour to the performance of the British Empire in the Great War. He spoke of his personal relations before the war with Lord Roberts and Lord French, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Henry Wilson. “ If,” he said, “ since 26th March 1918 I was able to act

with complete confidence and without reserve in our common cause, it was because I was fully aware of the moral value of the technical training of the British Army."

"To quote but one example," continued Marshal Foch, "at Ypres in 1914, did I not see the First British Corps resist victoriously the enemy's violent attacks in spite of the cruellest losses, and this from 20th October to 15th November? On the Somme, in 1916, your recently-formed Armies gave proof of incomparable ardour, and this gallantry was shared by all the contingents of the Empire: Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and others. As for material armament, the supply of a quantity of guns and munitions unsuspected to that day, of new mechanical contrivances produced in abundance, gas and apparatus for discharging it, aeroplanes, tanks; of what magnificent volume of production did the industry of your country not show itself capable?

"This spirit animated the entire population. Like the Government the people wanted to win at any price. In order to give expression to that will and to make certain a victory slow in coming, Parliament, in January 1916, passed the law for compulsory service. If I had to continue this enumeration, what would I not have to say about the devotion of the women and the citizens of all ages; from the first to the last, all wanted to win, not in order to dominate, but to be free. Side by side with Great Britain, thus launched in magnificent effort, France, still more

bleeding and more sorely tried, struggled with similar energy. After that, who could doubt the outcome of the war ? ”

He spoke of the wonderful work of the Staff under Sir Henry Wilson, “ my old friend of many years, a patriot and a great soldier, a magnificent servant of his country ” ; and many present noted the beaming expression of delight with which the Field-Marshal, sitting near him, received the compliment. He spoke at length of his collaboration with Sir Douglas Haig, “ a chief who spared more than any other the lives of his men, a chief of the highest experience and skill, and of the utmost tenacity and loyalty to his friends.”

“ What interviews we had during those six months of a hard campaign ! He coming from the north, and I from the centre or the right of the vast front. In spite of the distance and the fatigue, we sought each other like the two big brothers of a family, in order to live in close intimacy and to ensure by an absolute community of ideas the more and more rapid march of our Armies. We had to decide upon and maintain the direction of events, and to force them to the point, that actually, on 9th November, I sent Sir Douglas Haig the following telegram, certain that I should be loyally followed by him and his Armies : ‘ The disorganised enemy, owing to our repeated attacks, is giving way along the whole front. It is essential to maintain and accelerate our operations. I call upon the energy and the initiative of

the Commanders-in-Chief and their Armies in order to render decisive the results obtained.' ”

He recalled with expressions of the strongest admiration the names of Rawlinson, Byng, Horne, Birdwood, Plumer, Lawrence, and others, who controlled “the robust elements of victory.” “Above all,” concluded Marshal Foch, “let us salute the glorious dead who sleep in the earth of France. The union of our great peoples is sealed by the blood of our heroes, and decides for us the obligations of to-morrow. It is with this memory, and in this hope, that I accept with deep gratitude the Freedom of your City and this Sword of Honour, the pledge of your friendship, to which I can set no price.”

Between Guildhall and the Mansion House the streets were packed with enthusiastic crowds, who made progress difficult indeed for those of the Lord Mayor’s guests who made the short journey on foot. Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Henry Wilson in particular were completely held up by a mass of cheering people, from which they had to be extracted by the experienced tactics of a City constable. In response to thundering demands of “Foch,” the Lord Mayor conducted his guest of honour to the front of the balcony, where he was greeted with wild acclamation.

After the luncheon, the loyal toasts, and that of “the President of the French Republic,” were heartily honoured. The Lord Mayor then rose to propose the health of Marshal Foch.

“ There is often,” he said, “ a great deal of disagreement about reputations ; but there is no one who thinks of Marshal Foch as anything but one of the greatest soldiers in history. The verdict of the facts is too clear for any misunderstanding. The campaign of 1918 was an experience which will never be forgotten—even by those of us whose duty lay in keeping the home front, but who played no effective part in the changing scenes of that wonderful drama of warfare.

“ In those months the greatness of the genius of Marshal Foch was revealed. Again and again, after successes which made the situation of the Allies appear desperate, the enemy was brought to a stand-still. At last there came the moment for which Marshal Foch had waited, and the first blow was struck in that terrific process of punishment which only ended in Germany’s utter defeat and surrender. At that time, we felt the personality of the great directing genius behind that perfect co-ordination of the whole effort of the Allies which won the victory so admirably planned and so complete. The achievement of our guest in 1918 was not a matter of months. It was the culmination, if I may be permitted to say so, of fifty years of hard work. The beginning, I think, was in 1870, when France lay bleeding at the feet of Germany, and Ferdinand Foch entered on his training as an officer of artillery—that service in which Napoleon, whose art of warfare he took for his model, was trained. We know how he became in time the most eminent of French thinkers and instructors in military science, and how he was the

teacher and inspirer of the new generation of French officers. When the War began, the student and theorist became instantly the man of action. First in the great retreat, then at the Marne, then at Ypres, and on the Yser, he 'gave his proofs' as his countrymen say. He reached at length the position that was his by right of genius. He attained it in time to save the Alliance from the total failure of an inconclusive Peace. We British people have, among the leaders of our own fighting forces, heroes whose service in the War has won our high admiration and our lasting gratitude. Our regard for Marshal Foch is not thereby diminished. Our confidence in Marshal Foch has been strengthened by the fact that he is both a great soldier and a great man. May I add that his devotion to his religious faith increases the admiration and affection with which we regard him?

"We know to-day, better than we did, how true were the words uttered by Mr Lloyd George during those fateful days of the spring of 1918. He said, 'There is no doubt about the loyalty and comradeship of General Foch.' And he is, if I may so describe him, a comrade from a comrade nation. There was a movement of pride and joy throughout this country when it was at last announced that Marshal Foch was to ride in Britain's procession on Peace Day. When he came to receive the cheers of London, the summit of his career had already been reached, for the supreme glory that a soldier of France could attain had fallen upon him when he led the allied and associated forces through Paris as the saviour of his country. We may well believe

that, after that day, the Marshal could desire no addition to his honours. I trust, however, he will have felt that the compliment paid him in the City of London to-day in adding his name to their illustrious and imperishable roll of fame is a token of the undying gratitude of the people of Great Britain."

His Lordship then called upon Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig to speak in support of the toast. Sir Douglas began by referring to his long friendship with Marshal Foch, "tested in many battles and in many a council-chamber." He spoke of the Marshal's great qualities both in conference and in action, and his gift of inspiring others with something of the same courage, energy, and enthusiasm that he possessed himself in so remarkable a degree. He went on to say :

"It should never be forgotten on this side of the Channel how immense was the effort made by the splendid Armies of France before ever our own Armies got into their stride—I might even say with truth, before our Armies existed. We owe a great deal to the sacrifices made by France in those opening stages of the War. Her gallant sons held the breach while we were still recruiting and training our new Armies—while we were straining every energy to get them fit to stand beside those wonderful divisions which we first sent across the Channel to herald the coming of the armed hosts of the British Empire. In those early stages of the War, France laid the Allies under a great debt; but as the result of all that she did

then, when the time came for our newly-raised Armies to take up the burden of battle, the Armies of France were already beginning to feel the strain of the tremendous task they had so long and so gallantly performed. It will be, I think, not the least of the glories that will ever attach to the name and reputation of the man to whom we do honour to-day, that under his inspiring leadership the Armies of France were always able to forget the long weariness of battle. Whether it was on the Somme in 1916, when General Foch commanded the French troops, attacking on the right of General Rawlinson's Fourth Army, or in the later days of 1918, when Marshal Foch controlled the operations of all the Allied Forces in France, the unquenchable spirit and enthusiasm of their commander awoke an echo in the heart of every soldier fighting under him."

Field-Marshal Haig concluded by expressing his thankfulness that when the time came, "in those anxious and fateful days when it seemed that the French and British Armies might be driven asunder, France was able to produce such a man as Marshal Foch to assume the supreme command."

The toast was honoured with high enthusiasm, and Marshal Foch rose to reply. Acknowledging the honours done to him that day by the King and by the City of London, he declared that his task as Generalissimo had been at least clearly defined.

"When whole populations of women, children, and old people submit without complaint to the severest

privations, to the heaviest bombardments, and the most crushing burdens of taxation ; when the Government, animated by a similar spirit, devotes the whole resources of the country to a struggle for the vindication of the most just of causes ; when in the Armies themselves the staunchest heroism inspires every soldier ; when, leaving on one side the mere question of professional ability, we find the Army leaders themselves displaying the most absolute devotion and a complete self-abnegation, is not the duty of the supreme command clearly defined ? ”

The Marshal ended with a passage delivered with strong emphasis and feeling : “ In the presence of a tremendous and unforgettable past, and of a future full of promise, I salute again the standards of Great Britain and her Dominions, emblazoned for ever with immortal glory ; and I raise my glass to the greatness and prosperity of your City, the heart of your nation, ever able so wonderfully to infuse vitality and action into every movement of the great British Empire.”

The French Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, also speaking in French, proposed the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Marshal Foch, he said, was admired as well as loved by his countrymen, and the honours paid to him to-day touched the hearts of Frenchmen very deeply. M. Cambon went on to speak in cordial terms of the quality shown by the City as a community throughout the war. In the early days of August 1914, he said, no community was less bellicose than the City of London, which knew what war might mean. Yet when the call of

duty became clear the City brought to the support of France and of the Allied cause the whole weight of its influence, the whole strength of its resources, and the whole force of that opinion which played so large a part in the constitutional freedom of Great Britain. And year after year successive Lord Mayors had brought to him great offerings for the wounded, disabled, and distressed people of France, gifts also for the Red Cross running into millions. For that brotherly generosity, he, as Ambassador for France, wished again to tender her thanks. Together France and the British peoples had borne the main burden of the war. They had been friends, they became Allies in the struggle, and they must now be Allies in peace. Upon their alliance in and for peace would depend the liberties of Europe, which together they had victoriously defended.

The toast was briefly and cordially acknowledged by the Lord Mayor. Another great ovation was given to the great soldiers, French and British, as they drove from the Mansion House through the waiting crowds without.

VISCOUNT ALLENBY

Work awaited the conqueror of Palestine after the military operations had been crowned by overwhelming victory. To him fell the difficult duty of administering the unsettled country, and it was not until more than a year after his destruction of Turkey's military power that the City enjoyed the opportunity of welcoming Field-Marshal Lord

Allenby. The long-awaited event took place on the 7th of October. The decision to confer the Freedom and to present a Sword of Honour had been arrived at as early as January 23rd, the Order of the Common Council stating that the presentation was made "with the congratulations of the Court on the invaluable services rendered by him to his King and Country during the Great War, by which undying glory has been reflected on the Army of the British Empire." In the popular imagination, a glamour of romance surrounded the campaign in Palestine, and this was only increased by the winning, on that sacred soil, of the most decisive triumph achieved by the British arms in the whole course of the war.

The personality of Lord Allenby was little known to the public, and there was an eager desire to see the leader whose name and fame still resounded throughout the world. From the battlefields of Flanders and France in those earliest days of the war, when the effort to check the German advance seemed daily to grow more hopeless, had come reports of his brilliant command of the Cavalry Corps, and of the part it had played at Le Cateau in covering the retreat. As commander of the Third Army he had added to his laurels, and his military reputation was at its highest when he was transferred to the Eastern theatre of war and given the command of the troops in Palestine. Our first efforts in the country had not been entirely successful. Under Lord Allenby's leadership, control of the military situation had been finally established, and the in-

evitable end was in sight when the General, walking on foot, led his victorious troops into Jerusalem.

That was the incident, overshadowing all that had gone before, best remembered by the people. Now they were to see the man whose modest entry into the city of imperishable memories had made such strong appeal to the British imagination. Once more the streets were crowded with enthusiastic spectators, and especially before the Mansion House. The figure of Lord Allenby, tall and broad-shouldered, had in it little of the *beau sabreur*, but in all his inches he looked the soldier, and in the imperturbable face one saw, plainly marked, the dauntless resolution and tenacity of purpose which has carried him through so much.

The large company at Guildhall was like in character to that which had assembled for the reception of Earl Beatty and Earl Haig, but the Naval element was less strongly represented. The Prime Minister was there with Mr Bonar Law. The Archbishop of Canterbury had both the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Chief Rabbi with him on the dais. Earl Haig came to see the honours done to his old colleague, with General Sir Ian Hamilton; and Lt.-General Sir John Monash and Major-General Sir John O'Shea were among the many officers present who had served with Allenby in Palestine. The Masters of the twelve great Livery Companies were present, with big groups of public men, civic dignitaries and heads of business houses. More noticed, perhaps, than any other individual figure was the Emir Feisul, whose picturesque Eastern garb and

white head-dress made him conspicuous. To his good and loyal work, as leader of the Arab forces co-operating with our own in Palestine, Lord Allenby was soon to give testimony.

As Lord Allenby entered Guildhall the Royal Artillery band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the note of patriotic enthusiasm was sustained till the end. It was finely sounded in the City Chamberlain's address. The right hand of fellowship having been offered by the City Chamberlain to London's new Freeman, and the Lord Mayor having presented the Sword of Honour, the Field-Marshal rose to reply. After giving thanks to the City, he devoted himself entirely to the great work done by the troops under his command.

He told his Guildhall audience how the 60th Division—the famous London Division—got to Es Salt and supported the New Zealanders right up to the hills, "but the weather was atrocious for men coming from the heated Jordan Valley to the bitter cold, snow, rain and sleet of 5000 feet to 6000 feet above the sea, which meant 6000 feet to 7000 feet above the Jordan, and they could not hold what they had so gallantly won." Two months later there was an attempt to open a second road. "The Turks were too strong for us, and again we had to withdraw." It was well to be reminded by the Commander who had borne so much of the anxiety that those great thrusts in Palestine were not merely march and manœuvre. But skill and endurance had told in the end. It was, Lord Allenby recalled, the 60th Division of Londoners who accepted the

surrender of Jerusalem, for, in order to avoid damage to the Holy City, its capture was delayed for several days while gradually it was surrounded, and it fell without a shot being fired in its neighbourhood. Something was learned of the care taken for the troops, which enabled them to achieve what had been regarded as impossible.

“ I kept the Anzac Mounted Division in the Jordan valley the whole summer,” said Lord Allenby. “ I was told by all the textbooks and authorities that no troops could be kept there during the summer, 1300 feet below the sea level, in a heat which could hardly be named, and under frightful conditions of malaria. But we attacked the mosquito, drained the swamps, burnt the bush, canalised the streams, and oiled the pools, and we were able to stay there. After we crossed the Turkish lines we tumbled into it, and got sickness very badly. In six weeks from September 19th, when I was attacked, I lost three times as many men by disease—malaria and influenza—as by wounds in battle. That was not in our own ground, but when we had reached the Turkish area, where they had not taken precautions against malaria.”

The 60th London Division had heavy casualties through constant fighting and the exhaustion of marches in that terrible climate, and there came a time in the late summer of 1918 when, in Lord Allenby’s words, it was “ not the old London Division now.” The call for troops to resist the last great

German offensive, and to launch our own, prevented Londoners being sent out.

“ Although,” said the Field-Marshal, “ there was a nucleus of two battalions left in the Division, the rest was comprised of Indian troops, and many of these were quite raw and had to be trained during the few weeks that remained between May and the end of August. But the old spirit of the London Division remained in the cadre and animated it as it had in the past. That 60th Division in the attack of September 19th attacked right on the coast line ; its mission was to make a hole for the cavalry to go through, and it carried out that mission splendidly. . . . The 60th Division went on fighting throughout the whole of the hostilities, and continued to take as leading a part as it had done before.”

“ All did well,” declared Lord Allenby with pride. “ I had an army such as a man has seldom commanded.”

At the Mansion House, before the guests sat down to luncheon, there was clamorous demand from the dense crowd gathered outside for Lord Allenby and the Prime Minister, and both came out upon the balcony, whence they addressed a few words to the people. A tremendous welcome was given to Mr Lloyd George, who but a day or two before had satisfactorily settled the national strike of railwaymen. To this the Prime Minister devoted much of the speech in which he subsequently gave thanks for the Lord Mayor’s proposal of his health (that speech,

and its subject, are dealt with in a later chapter). It detracted nothing from the enthusiasm with which the company celebrated the victorious ending of what Mr Lloyd George had elsewhere described as "the last and most triumphant of the Crusades," the completion of "an enterprise which absorbed the chivalry of Europe for centuries."

The Lord Mayor, giving the toast of "The Victor of Palestine," recalled these phrases of the Prime Minister's, and spoke of the triumph, dramatic and decisive, which had destroyed the military power of an enemy who had remained formidable to the last. It was, he said, not only the character of that victory, or the masterpiece of generalship which secured it, that appealed to our imagination. We thought also of the soil on which it was won, and of the long and evil chapter of history which it brought to a close.

Mr Churchill observed that if, in days before the Great War, anyone had said that it was possible for the kind of campaign to have been conducted against the Turkish Empire which Lord Allenby planned, led and executed, everyone would have been amazed. Yet, said the War Minister, that campaign was conducted without the full strength of Britain behind the victorious general; only with such strength as she could spare when her Armies in France and Flanders were suffering and inflicting greater loss than any other upon that front.

The Field-Marshal, in his reply, spoke of the trust which he had felt to be placed in him by the Government and the country, and which had "made him certain of success." He recalled the composite nature

of the troops under his command ; British troops, French, Italian, Australasian, Indian troops, the Emir Feisul's army, West Indians, Egyptian troops, a Jewish and a New York battalion—"probably he had forgotten some." The British and French Navies also rendered incalculable service. After the military operations were over, his troops had equalled their bravery by their patience and their self-control.

Reference has already been made to the proposal of Mr Lloyd George's health, and his speech in reply. At the conclusion of it, Earl Haig gave the toast of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. He referred to his old friendship with Lord Allenby, with whom he had studied at the Staff College some twenty-two years before. After his brilliant achievements on the Western front, Lord Allenby had left France "the last and happiest of Crusaders," and it had been given to him to accomplish that which the chivalry of Christendom had so often attempted in vain. Earl Haig spoke of "the wonderful year" that it had been for the City of London. It had welcomed great and eminent men not of our own race, yet men whom the City and the nation had been proud to honour. He complimented the Lord Mayor on his discharge of "the most responsible and honourable duty of conveying to those distinguished guests how deep was the esteem and regard in which we held them."

GENERAL DIAZ

The City had been proud to honour in the traditional manner the chiefs of the great Armies of the United

States and France, as well as our own victorious leaders on sea and land. Italy remained—Italy whose struggles for her own freedom and unity in the middle years of the last century had won the admiration and warm sympathy of all Britons, and whose heroic sacrifices in a greater war for liberty had hastened the end. It had fallen to Italy to knock away the last of the props supporting Germany in her conspiracy against the world. Bulgaria had collapsed first, then Turkey ; lastly Austria-Hungary, after the irretrievable disaster at Vittorio Veneto—her armies crushed, her artillery left to her conquerors, her troops taken captive by hundreds of thousands—had sued for an immediate armistice, ready in her complete helplessness to accept any conditions that might be imposed. Seven days after the signing by the Austrian envoys of the terms which put Austria-Hungary out of the war, Germany had accepted the consequences of defeat.

It was on the 24th of October that the City completed its public recognition of the services of the military leaders of the Great Powers allied in the cause of liberty. General Diaz then attended at Guildhall to take up the Freedom conferred upon him, and to accept a Sword of Honour. By a happy coincidence, the day which saw General Diaz in London receiving the honours which the City rejoiced to pay to him was the first anniversary of his launching the great offensive which had achieved its end when the town of Vittorio Veneto fell before the Italian onslaught. Twelve months earlier, exactly to the day, Italy had suffered the tragic disaster of Caporetto.

It was General Diaz, the City's guest, who had taken up the herculean task of retrieving that terrible reverse, of reorganising Italy's armies, of imparting to them his own unconquerable spirit; of steadily working till under his hands was the finest army for attack that Italy had ever put into the field.

London's populace, as was to have been expected, turned out with enthusiasm to extend its greeting to the Italian Commander-in-Chief. Within Guildhall's historic walls there was just that scene, unsurpassed in its picturesqueness, electric in its animation, which had been witnessed so often in the Mayoral year. There were, of course, many soldiers come to do honour to their comrade-in-arms—Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, General Lord Rawlinson, General Sir Ian Hamilton, Lt.-General Sir John Monash, Lt.-General Sir G. Macdonogh and Lt.-General Sir Francis Lloyd were among them. The sister Service, the Allied nations, the Cabinet, the Houses of Parliament, and the great commercial interests of London were strongly represented; and there was especially hearty applause as the Ambassador and the Marchesa Imperiali, with other Italian notabilities, took their places. Then, ushered in with the stately ceremonial of old custom, came the personality for whom all were waiting—General Diaz, a striking figure in the sage-green uniform of the Italian Army. His compact form, easy movements, flashing eye, and look of ruddy health bespoke the soldier used to the camp and the field. His presence impressed all as embodying that strength of will and power of swift, decisive

action which, just twelve months before, had shattered the strength of a great Empire.

The formal ceremonies over, the reading of the address of welcome ended, the hand of fellowship offered to the new freeman by the City Chamberlain firmly gripped and shaken, the Italian leader rose, stepping forward to face the great audience. Then, catching sight on the platform of General the Earl of Cavan, who, in command of the Tenth Italian Army—of British and Italian troops together—had opened the great attack, he turned aside, and the two soldiers cordially shook hands. No word was spoken, but in the minds of both, no doubt, was that moment when the order to advance had been given which had meant so much for the fate of Italy. The company understood; and there was a ringing cheer. It was the incident of a moment only, but it seemed among the most memorable things of a memorable day.

General Diaz, speaking his own language, began his reply by reviewing the work of the Italian Army in its decisive phases, "to render more vivid the memory of the common effort, and increase our pride in the common triumph." He described the difficulties of the front, its mountains and rivers, the enemy fortifications, and the strength and morale of the foe. The Austrians' attack in June, raising high their hopes, had been repelled. The crowning battle of Vittorio Veneto marked the proud determination of a free people, with an Army reformed, and a will as unshaken as destiny. In that titanic struggle fifty-one Italian, three British, and two French divisions, with an American regiment, were engaged.

A Czecho-Slovak division, the symbol of an oppressed people, was in reserve. The enemy had placed in the field sixty-three divisions, strong in numbers, in armament, and in defences. "The most vital interests," said General Diaz, "were at stake. For the result of this battle meant for the defeated the impossibility of continuing the struggle. For the victor it meant triumph, liberty of action, and important advantages for the continuation of the war, even on the other fronts. Italy had her future, her very existence at stake; the Entente, its mastery over its enemies; and the world, its liberty." Such were the issues. The outcome was summed up in a sentence. "One of the most powerful armies in the world lay broken up and irreparably defeated; one of the most ancient European Powers, the constant obstacle to the liberty of its subjects, had been definitely crushed; one of the two pillars supporting the alliance and the military power of our enemies was irretrievably destroyed."

General Diaz put before his audience a thrilling picture of the battle.

"Whilst severe fighting was going on on Monte Grappa—the theatre of so many other bloody and heroic battles—to keep the enemy engaged, the crossing of the Piave was boldly undertaken. The current of the river, swollen by recent rains, was breaking the bridges and pontoons, and the enemy's fire implacably replied to our intense and well-regulated bombardment. Soon the first of our units which had crossed found itself isolated. It was a critical moment, but not of doubt or weakness.

Covered by the heavy fire of our artillery, the ardent Italians, the gallant British, the daring French, and the firm young soldiers of America broke through, overwhelming everything in fraternal co-operation until the whole Eighth Italian Army, in a great final thrust, was able to give the enemy the mortal blow by the capture of the town of Vittorio Veneto, the key of the strategical situation.

“The rest is well known. Once the front was broken through, the manœuvre was carried out according to plan, with wonderful precision. The enemy’s collapse spread to the remaining sectors of the front, where other troops gained a well-earned share of glory on a field soaked with blood. Everywhere the troops advanced by frontal and flanking movements, capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners, numberless guns, and much war material, whilst the foe, completely routed and tragically conscious of his impotence, was laying down his arms.”

General Diaz spoke of the joy of the population of the recovered territory, of the enthusiasm of towns and districts united to the Motherland after waiting centuries for that moment. He mentioned by name the British commanders—Cavan, Babington, Stourbridge, Walker and others—who had upheld in the battle the fame of their country. “Nor is it possible,” he added gracefully, amid general cheers, “to forget the brave and chivalrous Prince of Wales, who shed upon our front the light of his gallant youth, of his courage and prestige, a precious token of friendship which my country will always remember with profound

appreciation and feeling." On November 4th an armistice came into force on the Italian front; seven days later Germany confessed defeat. The war was over.

"Here among you," said General Diaz, "other solemn memories come to my mind. They are those of our history, which is so closely bound to the history of Great Britain. My thoughts go back to the first dawnings of our independence, to the many proofs of encouragement, support and sympathy that Britain gave to Italy in the bravest moment of her history. I remember that the political refugees of our first aspirations found protection and hospitality here in London, and that here they found that generous welcome and help which prepared them for the future struggles that gave us unity and affirmed our right to live. This is the noble character of the free people of Britain. It is always remembered by us, and it is the reason of our old and unshaken friendship which will never be renounced. . . . I feel most highly honoured to be made a citizen of London, and thus more closely bound to you. As the representative of an Army that has given 500,000 dead, 200,000 permanently disabled and 700,000 wounded to the cause of liberty, I am proud to receive this sword."

The General ended his speech with a ringing peroration, tuned to a pitch of enthusiasm not often heard in those surroundings. "Honour and glory to Old England!" he exclaimed. "Deep is the homage which I yield to her institutions, the inseparable adjuncts of your life and your progress. Honour

and glory to his most gracious Majesty, your King, to the high representatives of your City, and to your noble people! Honour and glory to your brave Army and to your invincible Navy! Hurrah!"

The word was answered by a storm of applause; and the cheering was taken up by the crowds without when, a few minutes later, the invited guests left to take luncheon with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House.

After the toast of the King of Italy had been proposed, and replied to by the Italian Ambassador in a graceful speech, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the guest, greeting him as "the great leader and organiser of the victory of our Italian Ally." The crushing defeat of the Austrians on the Piave, had been, he said, the first shaft of sunshine that pierced the overshadowing clouds in the early part of 1918. Turning to the overwhelming victory of the autumn, the Lord Mayor said :

"Nothing in history is more moving to look back upon than the manner in which the Italian armies, and the Italian nation behind them, rose superior to discouragement and disaster in the time of trial. Two figures stand out pre-eminent in the story of that magnificent recovery, that noble triumph of the spirit. One is King Victor Emmanuel, who lived among his troops, an ever-present example of duty and resolute confidence. The other is the great soldier to whom we do honour. General Diaz was the organising general of the famous army of the Carso before he was called to be the chief of the great

General Staff. He had made his reputation in the lesser wars of his country as a fighting commander, and he proved it again and again on the Carso front. Raised to the high command, he fought one of the great defensive battles of history on the Piave ; and he followed it up a year ago by the victorious attack which broke the invading armies to pieces, and only ended with the signing of the Armistice on November 4th, and the political dissolution of the Dual Monarchy.”

Italy’s war, said the Lord Mayor, was a war of wonders—wonders of practical achievement in the overcoming of incredible physical difficulties—wonders of soldierly heroism, which were not surpassed in any theatre of war—even more than these, wonders of moral strength and courage in meeting adversity.

Mr Balfour supported the toast. We had, he said, a natural sympathy for the man who, under great difficulties supported the load of responsibility, and carried out his duties steadily, sternly, and ultimately triumphantly. “That is the man who appeals most to the British temperament. Such a man is our honoured guest.” Summing up the results of Italy’s effort, Mr Balfour said :

“Italy may always look back upon this war and say that it consummated the great events which brought her into existence as a united Power. She may say that after this war, no longer is her northern frontier contrived for her not by her friends, but by her potential enemy—no longer is that frontier made deliberately weak by those who thought they might some day be brought into conflict with her. Italy is

now in reality what anyone looking at the map would say she ought to be—with the great frontier of the Alps to the north and the frontier of her seaboard. Italy had to struggle for her very existence three generations ago against the Austrian power. Austria was her hereditary enemy. Austria is no more. Italy comes out of this great conflict far stronger, far better suited to meet the shocks of fate than ever she was before. Can we imagine a happier fate for any man than to be associated as a leading soldier with that great national triumph?"

General Diaz expressed his thanks in a speech full of generous eulogy of Great Britain's part in the war. He emphasised the point that this country had been "the first to understand that the war might be severe and long, and the first to prepare everything in order worthily to sustain it." In one happy passage he recalled a very old association of the two countries, and its surviving evidences in our midst. "In London are still to be seen some remains of Roman greatness, which, in the ancient city of Londinium, marked the dawn of an ever-increasing prosperity and renown. During the centuries the glory, the civilisation, and the energy of Rome have constantly renewed themselves and taken on fresh forms. In London, a great living centre has developed, which has spread through the whole world the energy and activities of a people famous for their will power, their tenacity, and their high conception of liberty and justice."

Mr Winston Churchill, who briefly proposed the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, dis-

closed a fact not publicly known in his statement that, when the original treaty of the Triple Alliance was sanctioned nearly forty years before, Italy stipulated that in no circumstances should she ever be drawn into a war with Great Britain.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA

Last of the illustrious guests who accepted the City's traditional hospitality during the year was the ruler of an Eastern people with which Great Britain had long maintained relations of most cordial friendship. The Shah of Persia arrived in London on October 31st to visit the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards to inspect some of the country's great industrial establishments. The public took a lively interest in the youthful potentate. Ahmed Mirza was then but twenty years of age, but for ten eventful years he had occupied the throne of Persia. Many remembered the visit of his grandfather, a few that of his great-grandfather, the first "King of Kings," who had ventured to make the voyage to England.

The King and Queen were at Victoria Station to receive their guest, Prince Albert having gone down to Dover to greet him, and travelled with him to town. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were among the large and distinguished company in attendance. That evening the State Banquet in honour of the Shah was given at the Palace, and cordial toasts were exchanged between the two rulers. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were among the guests.

The public welcome was given next day, when the Shah drove into the City, in the first of a procession of five carriages, and attended by a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards, to receive an Address of welcome from the Corporation and attend a luncheon given in Guildhall. All the way a splendid reception was given to the royal visitor by great multitudes of people, and the Shah made it known that the cordiality so evident that day had impressed him beyond expectation. Although he maintained the impassive calm associated with Oriental dignity, his dark eyes glowed with pleasure and keen interest, and he chatted in French with Prince Albert, who accompanied him to the City, and with some of the civic officers and guests at Guildhall. The plainness of his uniform in the Western mode was relieved only by the flashing diamond jewel that clasped the fez, the single touch of colour being given by the broad scarlet lapels of the military coat.

The reception took place in the stately and spacious Library, where the City's Address was presented. A crimson dais had been raised at the western end, and about the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs a brilliant company had assembled, representative of every phase of public activity, commercial enterprise, and the arts. Prince Arthur of Connaught was conducted to the Art Gallery, and there, on the Shah's arrival, the procession was formed, led by the City Officers, Aldermen, and ladies and gentlemen in attendance. Prince Arthur and Prince Albert went ahead of the Lord Mayor, and the Shah escorted the Lady Mayoress. There was

a storm of applause as they passed into the Library. The Shah, in a brief reply to the Address read by the Recorder, recalled "the ancient glories and associations" of London. "I admire very much," he said, "the activity which the citizens of this great City have always displayed in all branches of human progress, whether commercial, financial, or political."

Thereafter the company divided, the Shah and those of the Royal Family being conducted by the Lord Mayor to the withdrawing room, and the other guests proceeding directly into the Great Hall. At the luncheon the Lord Mayor had the Shah on his right and Prince Arthur of Connaught on his left.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Shah. His Imperial Majesty, he said, was the ruler of a people whose ancient glories were without a parallel even in the wonderful history of the great Empires of the East. Five hundred years before the opening of the Christian era, the power established by Cyrus and Darius had united under a single sway all the races of the Near and Middle East. From age to age the Persian national genius had endured. In the fourteenth century the vast conquests of Tamerlane in Asia and Eastern Europe were made; and as lately as the eighteenth century Nadir Shah marched through Northern India and gave the Empire of the Moguls its death blow. The Persian name had stood not merely for conquest, but for civilisation and for the things of the mind. Persian poetry was the

finest flower of Oriental culture; the arts of Persia had known periods of the most splendid development.

“With such memories to inspire them,” said the Lord Mayor, “it is no wonder that the Persian people in recent years have felt more and more the impulse to play an active part in the new life which has opened for the nations of the Middle East. The talents and the gifts of character which have made so much history are still strong in the Persian race; and those Englishmen who have most deeply studied the life of modern Persia are the most fully convinced that a future of new greatness lies before it. That is a prospect in which Great Britain must feel the keenest and most sympathetic interest. For more than a hundred years the relations between the two countries have been those of cordial friendship. The Anglo-Persian Agreement, so happily concluded three months ago, brings the two countries into a more intimate relationship than has yet existed, and will bring about, I am convinced, a yet closer and more cordial friendship. With the new strength and the security which it is the purpose of the new Agreement to confer on Persia, she will, we trust and believe, play that important rôle in the world to which her remarkable history entitles her.”

The Lord Mayor recalled the visits of the Royal guest’s great-grandfather and grandfather, both of whom had received the warmest popular welcome. The present Shah came amongst them amid conditions

which had profoundly changed, and under auspices still more favourable. "Two of the Powers which were the neighbours of Persia are to-day in ruins. There remains Great Britain, so long her firmest friend, the Power to which the Persian State has always been most ready to turn for such assistance or counsel as we were able to give."

Earl Curzon, who supported the toast, observed that the Shah, though young in years, was old on the throne of Persia, and he had shown gifts of character and intelligence which promised well for the future. The speaker told how, as an Eton boy forty or fifty years before, he stood in the crowd at the station at Windsor and shouted himself hoarse in honour of His Imperial Majesty's great-grandfather. Persia, said Lord Curzon, was associated with Great Britain by a profound and lasting community of interests. Through all her centuries of vicissitude and romance, Persia had always retained a national spirit unquenched by adversity, and a political identity which nothing could submerge. Lord Curzon spoke of the high purposes which inspired the Anglo-Persian Agreement, and declared it to be the object of every patriotic Englishmen as it was of the Government to assist Persia in the maintenance of her integrity and independence. He said in conclusion :

"I recall—and I see it blazoned on one of the flags at the end of this Hall—the national emblem of Persia. It is the Lion and the Sun. May we not find in that juxtaposition a happy omen—the British

Lion standing forth as the proud and vigilant champion of the rights and liberties of Persia, while over his shoulder rises the orb of the steadily increasing progress and prosperity of Persia itself."

The Shah had little knowledge of English, but he spoke fluent French, and in that language he replied to the toast, his utterance being very distinct and easy to follow. His Majesty declared himself profoundly touched by the warm welcome which had been accorded to him. "The magnificence and grandeur," he said, "of this City, the greatest in the world, of which you are the distinguished head and Chief Magistrate, has filled me with admiration. One does not know how sufficiently to express admiration of those men who by their great skill and energy have raised this City to its proud position." He was not the first Persian monarch to enjoy the City's hospitality, but he claimed the honour of being the first constitutional ruler of Persia to do so. His Imperial Majesty continued :

" As representing a new and liberal regime from which my people expect a regeneration of the country—a regeneration unhappily retarded up to now by external influences—I am happy to testify to the sincerity of the friendship which unites Persia and Great Britain.

" Not only does Persia open a vast field to economic enterprise, but, thanks to her geographical position in the Middle East, she affords the easiest access to the immense resources of Central Asia. Even as

Persia in time past was the most direct road between the West and the East, so to-day she will provide a new and important thoroughfare between neighbouring countries and the heart of Asia, to which she will bring the civilising influences of the West. She will serve at the same time to develop the economic relations between the Western Hemisphere and the Near East. I have come to your country for the purpose of studying your methods, and I intend to visit some of those great industrial centres for which, quite rightly, you are famous throughout the world. The advancement of the material and social progress of my people, and the improvement of their position, are my most cherished wishes."

For himself, said the Shah, he would take every occasion to advance commercial relations with this country. His Majesty then paid tribute to "the exploits of the valiant Navy and the brave Army of Great Britain, which have maintained, with the constancy and perseverance which characterise the English people, the noble cause of justice, liberty, and humanity." In conclusion the Shah invited the company to join with him in drinking the health of the Lord Mayor and of the Corporation of London.

CHAPTER IX

OTHER GUESTS AT THE MANSION HOUSE

JUST as the honours of the Corporation were conferred in the Year of Peace more often than at any time in the City's history, so were the occasions more numerous on which the Lord Mayor felt it his duty to offer the hospitality of the Mansion House, unconnected with the stately ritual of Guildhall. In addition to the famous men who were entertained here after receiving the Corporation's recognition in Guildhall, a remarkably varied company of distinguished guests, for the most part visitors to our country, were entertained by Sir Horace and Lady Marshall at the Mansion House during the Mayoral term of office, and the public interest taken in their reception was in all cases of the warmest kind.

PRINCE FEISUL

Prince Feisul, the son of the King of the Hedjaz and leader of the Arab troops who rendered such sterling service in the campaign in Palestine, was one of the most picturesque figures seen in London during the year. Political business concerning the Arab kingdom had brought him to England, and he went much into society, his tall, spare frame and ascetic features, set off by the white linen headdress and

flowing Oriental costume, attracting attention everywhere. The subsequent complication of Near-Eastern politics was to involve the Prince in relations with the Allied Powers sadly different from those which existed at that time ; but all who came in contact with him in London were ready to subscribe to the candid and generous tribute paid to him by the Prime Minister, Mr Lloyd George, who declared in the House of Commons : “ In the course of the last year or two I have had a good deal to do with the Emir Feisul. I have no hesitation in saying that a more loyal, straightforward ruler, or a better man to deal with, it would be impossible to have.” He was, declared Lord Curzon on another occasion, a man animated not merely by friendly sentiment towards this country, but by a high sense of personal honour. Prince Feisul was a guest at the Mansion House on December 30th, when the Lord Mayor gave expression to the universal sentiment in thanking him for the work done by his gallant troops in the difficult enterprise of freeing the Holy Land from Turkish rule. The Prince, in his reply, rejoiced to think that in fighting for the great principles of freedom and justice the Arabs had the sympathy of the British people.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

The Queen of Roumania was entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House on March 27th. The heart of the nation had been moved to deep sympathy with this brave and sorely tried Queen, herself a daughter of Queen Victoria’s son, the late Duke of Edinburgh.

She came to London when hope again ran high in her young country, which for long months had been ground under the heel of a barbarous invader. The German legions had then been withdrawn; the monstrous Treaty that Roumania had been forced to sign, reducing her to a condition of political vassalage and her people to economic serfdom, had been torn up as a condition of the Armistice accepted by Germany in defeat. England had never forgotten how Roumania entered the World War on the side of the Allies, how grim tragedy had followed upon the first flush of military success, and how at last the defection of Russia, completely isolating her, had left her helpless at the small mercy of her conquerors. Through all those tragic months the Queen had striven bravely, so far as lay in her power, to mitigate the sufferings of her people; and one object of her visit to England was to obtain for them that help and relief of which they stood so sorely in need.

No speeches were made at the luncheon, which served the purpose of bringing the leading civic and commercial personalities of the City into direct touch with Her Majesty.

MR LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The value of those individual touches which it is in the power of the Lord Mayor to give to the record of his year was strikingly shown in the case of the luncheon given by Sir Horace Marshall at the Mansion House in honour of Mr Louis Raemaekers, on the 7th of April. Among the guests assembled to greet

the famous Dutch cartoonist were Lord Lytton, as informally representing the Government, Sir Aston Webb, the President of the Royal Academy, and a number of the most distinguished figures in the world of British art and journalism. A most enthusiastic reception was given to the guest of honour, whose slight and frail appearance gave so little indication of the tremendous power of satire and appeal exerted by his art. In such a company, there were many who realised far better than most people of what vast importance Mr Raemaekers' world-famous work had been, and that he and his great journal, the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, had played no small part at the beginning of the war in saving Holland from being drawn into the enemy's camp.

In welcoming Mr Raemaekers to the City of London, the Lord Mayor observed that the influence of such work as his could not be measured. "We only know that he has helped our cause immensely—more, perhaps, than any other single man who has fought Germany with intellectual weapons. His pencil has been guided not by genius alone, but by his quick observation of humanity at large. One of the most notable writers of Germany has confessed that Mr Raemaekers' cartoons have damaged the reputation of Germany more than any other publication. What adds to his value in British eyes is the fact, of which he has made no secret, that in the first days of the war he was angry with this country, because we seemed to be taking our reverses too lightly. Then he came to England, and he had not been long among us before he announced his conversion,

and knew what lay behind the war-effort of this land."

Lord Lytton proposed the health of the guest of honour. After paying an eloquent tribute to Mr Raemaekers' genius, he declared that the company welcomed him not only as a great artist, but as a most loyal, consistent, and helpful friend of the Allied cause during the war. We were now, continued Lord Lytton, able to appreciate better than we did at the beginning of the war what vast strength the enemy had possessed. "Mr Raemaekers realised from the very first the magnitude of that malign power, but he never wavered for one moment, having a steadfast faith in the cause for which the Allies were fighting. The nation owed him an immense debt of gratitude; and the Lord Mayor had done a great public service in offering the citizens of London an opportunity of expressing that debt."

Mr Raemaekers, speaking with an agreeable foreign accent, but with full command of our tongue, made in reply a speech which, in many passages, deeply moved his hearers. He paid his tribute to the historic glories of the City, and declared that he would not have missed that afternoon for anything in his life. Modestly disclaiming what had been said of his own work, he admitted that some things were better said by men from a neutral country than by belligerents. He, as an individual, never had been neutral in any cause, and never would be. Years before the war began he had taken it very seriously, for he had lived twenty years in Germany, and knew that it was coming, and what sort of war the Germans

would make it. He knew they would fall upon France, and what they would do there. "I love France," said Mr Raemaekers, "for many reasons—or perhaps for no reason. In the early days of the war I was the most wretched man in the world. Though I showed confidence to my friends, it was not real; I broke down in the nights. In my dark studio, or in my little garden, I wept during those nights the bitterest tears I had ever shed. Although I am not religious in the ordinary sense of the word, I prayed then the most fervent and most passionate prayers ever sent up to the Unknown." He had only been an instrument to reveal the truth of the war as a conflict between brute force and justice, and it had been his greatest privilege to work in the noble cause of the Allies. Mr Raemaekers' speech was followed with keenly sympathetic interest, and his health was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.

The Lord Mayor's health was proposed by the President of the Royal Academy, and Sir Horace Marshall, in reply, spoke of the privilege which was his that year in welcoming those who had done so much in the cause of righteousness and justice.

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

It was Canada's day at the Mansion House on the 26th of May, when Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, the Commander of the Canadian Forces in France, was the guest of the Lord Mayor. Rarely, if ever, had that centre of City hospitality held a company so thoroughly representative of Canadian life. The

Duke of Connaught, but recently the Governor-General of the Dominion, came to do honour to the leader of its armies, and with him was Prince Arthur of Connaught. Sir George Perley, the High Commissioner for Canada; Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce; Lieut.-General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., General Officer Commanding the Canadian Forces in England; Brigadier-General Lord Brooke, 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade; the Agents-General for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and Alberta; the Lord Chief Justice, General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, the Home Secretary, Sir Gilbert Parker, and many other soldiers and public men were among those who had accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to luncheon. Practically every Canadian officer then in England of higher rank than Colonel was present, with many Canadians resident in or visiting this country.

Sir Horace Marshall, in giving the toast of the day, spoke of his guest as a military genius to whose outstanding service the glory and independence of Canada owed more than could be expressed. He recalled the Canadian's exploits in France and Flanders.

"In the Second Battle of Ypres (he said), it was a Canadian Brigade commanded by Sir Arthur Currie that saved the line. There the enemy made the first use of poison gas. That device was intended to give him victory; no troops, it was thought, could be found to face without either preparation or protection that fearful test. But it was faced, and its object was

defeated, by Sir Arthur Currie and his men. After years of conflict in which the Canadians were continually engaged came the Allied offensive that ended the war. Its opening was entrusted to the Canadians, with the French to their right and the Australians to their left. From the end of August 1918 the Canadians were engaged in uninterrupted fighting, which only ceased with the capture of Mons on Armistice Day."

"In those last hundred days of the war," said the Lord Mayor, "the Canadian Army met and defeated nearly one-fourth of the enemy's entire strength on the Western Front. No more wonderful achievement ever stood to the credit of any troops in the world."

General Currie's first words were eloquent of the pride he felt in the honour of having commanded the Canadian Corps. Never had they lost a gun. In the last two years of war they had never failed to take an objective, never lost an inch of ground once consolidated. He went on to make cordial acknowledgement of the sterling worth of the London Divisions. The Canadians had fought at Festubert beside the famous 47th. The 56th, commanded by General Hull, were immediate neighbours of the Canadians at the time of the last great German offensive; they had played a gallant part in the defence of Arras, and on the opening day of the Battle of Cambrai; for a time they had formed part of the Canadian Corps, and again greatly distinguished themselves in forcing the Sensee River at Aubigny-au-Bac. There was not, said General Currie, a Division in the British

Army but had its quota of London men, who were fully entitled to share in the Army's proud record. But the London Division with whom the Canadians had been most associated was the Guards—the last word in military efficiency. "Tenacious in defence, irresistible in attack, they were indeed second to none ; and besides the material benefits accruing from their successes, it is impossible to make a correct appreciation of the value of their constant splendid example. Between the two corps, I believe, a feeling of friendship, certainly of respect, possibly of admiration, grew — a feeling which on the part of the Canadians will last for ever."

Valuable as were the traditions created by the armies in the field, it would, said General Currie, be more to the purpose to give attention to some of the lessons the war had taught. He looked to the future. The war had brought great changes. This among much uncertainty we knew—that the League of Nations was a step in the right direction, and brought nearer that enlightened era when all peoples would be united in good-will, tolerance, and understanding. He quoted the words of General Smuts : "The tents are struck, the camels are loaded, once again the caravan of humanity is on the move." It was the British Empire that was breaking the trail. France, it often had been said, was the crucible in which ideas were evolved and tested. History proved that. But the British Empire was the workshop wherein the ideas of practical democracy were forged, welded, and made workable. The improvement of the method of governing the British Empire must of necessity

react upon and influence the League of Nations. Sir Arthur Currie went on :

“ At this time and in this place all we can say is that the war has brought about many rapid and drastic changes in the view-point of the Dominions concerning their relations with the Motherland. They now believe that it is urgent that a new basis should be found which will strengthen the British system, and which will recognise that certain component parts of the Empire have earned for themselves the status of nations. They are anxious among other things, that every suggestion of political inferiority shall be removed. In the many branches of war activity, either in the field or at home, as soldiers or as manufacturers, or in the sweeter realm of mercy, the Dominions have proved themselves second to none, and have earned for themselves a proud place among the civilised nations of the world alongside Great Britain.

“ The national spirit of the Dominions has been matured by the war, but the ties which bind the Empire together have in no way been weakened. On the contrary, I believe there is now a strong feeling that machinery should be erected that would make out of the British Empire a constellation of nations, free, equal, united by goodwill, common ideals, reciprocal confidence, all under one flag and one King.”

General Currie foresaw a new and greater future for London as the heart of this constellation of

British nations. To the minds of the overseas Britons, London, with its immense sea-borne trade, its adventurous merchants, its bankers, its shops, its colleges and its playgrounds, stood for all the qualities of the British people. The men of the Dominions, many of whom had been away from their homes for nearly five years, would never forget the kind and big-hearted hospitality they had met with in London.

The speech was a revelation to Sir Arthur Currie's audience and to the British public. Every other quality but that of the first-class fighting man might well have been suppressed in one who had borne the leadership of Canada's 600,000 men—who had been through years of hard fighting in those most perilous places where the Canadians were usually to be found. But this was the voice of far-seeing statesmanship, and as such it was universally acclaimed.

THE BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT

At the beginning of June the President of the United States of Brazil—to give his country the full title of which the ordinary citizen has scarcely heard—paid a brief visit to London. Dr Epitacio Pessoa was known here by repute as one of the acknowledged leaders of Latin-American civilisation. He had gone to Paris, earlier in the year, as head of the Brazilian delegation to the Peace Conference, and on the death of President Alves in April, had been elected to succeed him. Dr Pessoa was now on his way home to take up the reins of authority, and was visiting

London *en route* as the guest of the King at Buckingham Palace.

On the 5th of June a luncheon in honour of the President was given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Dr Pessoa was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and among the guests, many of whom were closely interested in South American affairs, were Sir Auckland Geddes, then President of the Board of Trade, the Brazilian Minister, Major-General the Earl of Dundonald, Viscount Bryce and Sir Maurice de Bunsen. There was a general desire to express, by doing honour to the head of the Brazilian Republic, what British feeling had been when Brazil, "by an act of high and enlightened policy, broke with our enemies and frankly took her stand for the cause of liberty and independence"—words spoken by King George on the occasion of the dinner given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the President. Added to this was the strong sense in the commercial world of the splendid economic future lying before Brazil, and the purpose of drawing closer the bonds of mutual economic interest which had so long united the two peoples.

This duty of hospitality was made the more agreeable by the fact that Dr Pessoa represented the best and highest type of Latin-American statesmanship, as a distinguished professional career and a highly honourable political record bore witness. The occasion was the more important as being the first on which the hospitality of the Mansion House had been offered to the head of a South American Republic. A strong public interest was aroused by the visit,

and a very hearty welcome, at which the guests showed unaffected pleasure, was given them by the crowds that awaited their arrival.

The Lord Mayor, in proposing the health of the President, congratulated himself on being the first holder of his office to receive as a guest the head of the United States of Brazil, and spoke of the many ties of sympathy between the two countries, now strengthened by Brazil's espousal of the cause of the Allies. He continued :

“ The President, if I may venture to say so, is himself such a man as we delight to honour. He is, I believe, among the most distinguished of living jurists. He has served his country in high ministerial posts, and in his profession of the law has attained the highest judicial eminence it has to offer. All his life the President has stood for peace and international concord, and he was the natural choice of his Government for the leadership of the Brazilian delegation to the Peace Conference now sitting. From that work he has been called by the untimely death of his predecessor to take up the responsibility of the Presidency, and we congratulate his countrymen on their choice.

“ The friendship between Brazil and Great Britain is as old as the independent existence of Brazil. An eminent Brazilian said last year, in welcoming Sir Maurice de Bunsen's mission to his country, that the names of Great Britain and Canning were inscribed in the first page of Brazilian history ; and we are proud that it should be so.”

The Lord Mayor proceeded to dwell upon the service done by Brazil to the cause of the Allies—service which had “splendidly confirmed that century-old friendship.” He spoke of the co-operation of the Brazilian navy in the protection of commerce and the hunt for the submarine ; of the invaluable work done by Brazilian military surgeons and Brazilian aviators with the British and the French armies. The Brazilian contribution to the solving of the economic difficulties, and of the food problem especially, had, he said, “been limited by one thing alone, the amount of tonnage available for transport.” He referred to the importance of the business relations between the two countries, and the great extent of the British railway interest in Brazil, remarking that in the City of London were the centres of most of the leading British enterprises in that country. “Now that we are entering upon the paths of peace once more,” concluded the Lord Mayor, “I look forward with confidence to a new and important development of our friendly relations with Dr Pessoa’s great country—that land of infinite promise. May it grow and prosper in every form of peaceful and civilised activity.”

Sir Auckland Geddes, in supporting the toast, made interesting reference to the aspects of Anglo-Brazilian friendship which appealed to him as President of the Board of Trade. He said :

“Brazil is one of the countries of the world which is complementary to countries such as our own. It possesses in abundance those things in which we are

poor, and we possess—not in abundance, for we have nothing in abundance now—some of those things which Brazil urgently needs to secure her development. . . . Of the countries of Europe, those which sent most goods to Brazil were this old land of ours and Germany. Germany sent less than we did, but she sent more than twenty times the amount of war-like stores that we sent, and I think that marks the character of the two nations. Throughout our history, and throughout the history of this ancient City, we have delighted in peaceful trade and commerce, and we have believed that it was well for all nations that all should be prosperous.”

Dr Pessoa’s reply was distinguished by a warmth of eloquence to which British audiences are unused, and which is the more delightful to them when it is known to be native and unforced.

“ The kindly welcome,” he said, “ which you, my Lord Mayor, have given to Brazil’s representative in this illustrious Mansion, where one feels the proud beat of the generous heart of your grandiose City, touches me deeply. Brazil will be perfectly alive to so great an honour. I, personally, attach inestimable value to it, for it comes from the head of the powerful Corporation of London, trustee of such great interests and of such noble traditions, which go back to the most glorious pages of English history, to the very root of your democracy, so much admired and so worthy of admiration, from its patriotism, its virtues, its love of peace, of order, and of work.”

The President dwelt in his turn upon the friendly relations which had subsisted so long between the two countries. "If," he said, "they take their origin in that similar spirit of enterprise which impelled your fellow-citizens to the search of new worlds for commerce, for industry, for navigation, they were always full of that cordiality and mutual confidence which, after bringing about friendship, succeeded, in the memorable hours we have lived through, in becoming a solid and durable alliance." He recognised on behalf of his country the great part played by British capital and enterprise in the evolution of Brazil, and extended a welcome to the further activity of Britain "in the vast field we have to offer."

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were among the guests at His Majesty's banquet in honour of the Brazilian President on the same evening. They were also present at the dinner given by the Government in Dr Pessoa's honour at Lancaster House, and at the banquet given by the Brazilian Minister and Madame Fontoura Xavier at the Carlton Hotel.

THE BELGIAN JUDGES

The entertainment of the Belgian Judges at the Mansion House was an interesting event. During four years of oppression such as few countries in modern times have suffered, the people of Belgium had given proof of qualities of heroic fortitude and patriotism which had won the admiration of the whole world, and secured for her an abiding place in

history. In the task of upholding the strong will of their countrymen and guarding their rights, the Belgian Judges had played a conspicuous part.

They had been allowed by the invader to administer justice in King Albert's name as between Belgian subjects only, and in this duty they had met with no great interference till the insidious "activist" policy of a handful of Flemish agitators, largely influenced by German bribes, sought to rend the country in twain. The Belgian people learnt with amazement on January 20th, 1918, from their own Germanised newspapers that a month before, a body of nonentities describing themselves as the Council of Flanders had addressed a request to the German Emperor that he should proclaim the autonomy of Northern Belgium. The next day they heard that a few hundred persons gathered in the Alhambra Theatre had taken upon themselves to choose the representatives of the 200,000 electors of Brussels in this new "independent" Flanders. Awakened to the danger, the people were organised for overwhelming counter-manifestations. Protests poured in, and a full Court of Appeal met to consider the matter. In attempting to change the form of government, and in attacking the authority of the King and Parliament, the members of the so-called Council of Flanders had committed a punishable offence under the Belgian code, and the Court ordered the arrest of the President and his leading henchmen. The German retort was to release the conspirators and arrest the three Presidents of the Belgian Court of Appeal, who were deported to Germany as undesir-

ables ; and the entire Court was deprived of its functions.

In their resistance to this outrage the Judges gave a lead to the nation. The Supreme Court met, recorded a vigorous protest, and, in view of the flagrant violation of the Hague Convention by forcible interference with the administration of justice in occupied territory, decided to suspend its sittings, without, however, abdicating its functions. Its example was followed by all the courts and tribunals throughout Belgium. Within a week the administration of justice was entirely paralysed. The world was awokened to the perfidious policy of disguised annexation which Germany was attempting to carry out, and the military government in Belgium saw fit to withdraw from what was becoming an impossible position. The Judges, backed by the entire nation, had won.

In the autumn, in response to the invitation of the Lord Chancellor to receive the hospitality of their English confrères, there came to London M. Van Iseghem, President of the Court of Appeal ; M. Terlinden, the Procureur-General ; M. Hanssens, the leader of the Belgian Bar ; and other distinguished members of the legal profession. They were entertained by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House on October 24th, the company then assembled to meet them including the Belgian Ambassador and the staff of the Embassy, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Mersey, Lord Moulton, Lord Parmoor, Lord Justice Banks, Mr Justice Younger, the Attorney General, the

Solicitor-General and a number of prominent leaders at the Bar.

Welcoming M. van Iseghem and his distinguished colleagues, the Lord Mayor said that the name of Belgium was the rallying cry of the British Empire when it took up arms in 1914. "As time went on," he continued, "it was not as victims that we came to regard the Belgian people. We learned to think rather of the moral fortitude, the unconquerable will, of a nation which never for an instant bowed its head before the oppressor, and which through four terrible years awaited in proud confidence the day of liberation. During those years of national imprisonment, the Belgian legal profession gave a public example of steadfastness and confidence in the future. Their firmness of attitude when the three Presidents of the Court of Appeal were seized and deported came as a surprise to the German military authorities. In that instance, as throughout the occupation, the Belgian judicial body gave their countrymen a fine example of the spirit which brute force can never subdue."

The Lord Chancellor said he was unacquainted in the history of the world with any case where a braver decision was swiftly reached than that taken by Belgium in one brief and critical moment in August 1914.

In few words M. van Iseghem made his reply. The Belgians, he said, had never doubted that England would come to their aid. In the City of London Great Britain's leading statesmen had made those declarations which had so greatly influenced the

events of the world and the destiny of Empires. Never would his countrymen forget what the City of London had done for the Belgian soldiers, nor the generosity of the English people, who imposed privations on themselves to succour a quarter of a million of Belgian refugees. "Words fail us," he said, "to express as we feel the deep gratitude of all Belgians towards the noble nation which has given, better than its gold, its heart and its blood, to help us in our frightful distress."

It is convenient to take note in this place of two of the many established Mansion House functions which, after being suspended during the period of the war, were revived in this Mayoral year. These were the banquets offered to His Majesty's Judges and to the Archbishops and Bishops, in continuance of the tradition honoured year by year through many generations in the past.

The banquet to His Majesty's Judges was held on the 20th of June. Among the distinguished guests were a number who, relieved for a time of the duties of the Bench, had performed service to the State in most varied capacities during the course of the war. The Earl of Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, had acted as Special Ambassador to the United States ; Lord Moulton, as Director-General of the Supply of Explosives ; Mr Justice Younger as director of an inquiry into the treatment of our countrymen in enemy prison camps ; and Mr Justice Sankey as president of the Coal Commission. The Lord Mayor,

in his speech, recalled these outstanding examples of the great contribution made by His Majesty's Judges to the service of the country and the Empire. Not a few of them, he said, had been called upon to undertake tasks in which they challenged criticism much more unsparing than would ever be aimed at a Judge in the discharge of his ordinary duties. They had increased the hold of the Bench upon the respect and confidence of the country.

On the 9th of July took place the banquet given by the Lord Mayor in honour of the Archbishops and Bishops. The gathering had always been significant, as the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked in his speech, of a principle which pervades the life of England—the linking of the religious with the civic life of the nation. Sir Horace Marshall, welcoming his guests, said that the whole-hearted tribute he paid to the episcopate of the Church of England was the tribute of a Nonconformist, and he spoke in a spirit which was well represented among the bishops to-day—the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation in good work among all Christian men. Looking back on the war years, they were grateful for the manner in which the spiritual leaders of the Church of England had answered the calls made upon them. Theirs had been the duty of keeping before men's minds the ideals of justice and mercy, in the midst of the passions let loose by such a deadly struggle. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Armagh, of Yukon and of Korea also spoke. Among the company were the Bishops and Suffragans of London

and of many English Sees, Dean Ryle, Archbishop Bernard (Provost of Trinity College, Dublin), Canon Sheppard, the Rev. Dr Chilton (Headmaster of the City of London School), and a large number of civic dignitaries.

CHAPTER X

THE BUSINESS OF PEACE

THE position of the City of London, as the centre for the initiation of great movements involving an appeal to the spirit of the country, received its fullest recognition, as was natural, during a year in which the many anxious difficulties of national reconstruction, long foreseen, had to be handled in practice. Although the task of selection is not easy, it will be well to set apart the record of a few public events, typical of the many and very diverse opportunities which fell to the City of associating itself with the meeting of national emergencies, or the advancement of great public interests.

THE VICTORY LOAN

The war had been over for six months, though the Treaty of Versailles still awaited signature by the German plenipotentiaries, when the country had to brace itself to the task of raising the last of the gigantic loans which the maintaining of our part in the conflict had made necessary. No less than seven thousand millions sterling had already been contributed in answer to the earlier appeals. It had been a tremendous effort, yet a heavy burden remained ; the incubus of floating debt alone would have made a National Debt of respectable pre-war

proportions. Ways and Means borrowings stood, at the time, at 458 millions sterling, Treasury Bills at 1036 millions, and Exchequer Bonds, maturing within twelve months, at 245 millions. In addition, another 1000 millions of National War Bonds would fall due within five years—a proportion of it within twelve months. The costs of all services had enormously increased. A Chancellor of the Exchequer in the easy-going years before 1914 might well have stood appalled at the prospect confronting him ; but the war had taught us to think in new values.

It had been announced in the House of Commons, in the first days of June, that the nation was about to be invited to undertake the great task of lifting this load of floating debt from our shoulders, transferring it to long-dated securities, and thereby stabilising our financial position and preparing the way for reconstruction. A public meeting at Guildhall, to be presided over by the Lord Mayor, was to inaugurate the Loan. The City, as so often in the past, would give the lead. Already a good deal of preliminary work had been done, and the National War Savings Committee had undertaken to conduct a campaign on lines similar to those which had been so successfully pursued in connection with previous war loans. Members of Parliament readily co-operated in the effort to popularise the Loan in the constituencies. A fête in Trafalgar Square was arranged.

On the morning of the Guildhall meeting of July 16th, the following message from King George was given prominence in all the newspapers :

“ BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
“ 12th June 1919.

“ Whereas throughout the War I appealed to my people to unite for Victory, I now urge them to another common effort in order to set Peace upon a basis sure and sound. I ask them to co-operate in making the Victory Loan a national success. After years of conflict Peace is now, by the blessing of God, in prospect. The time of transition bears with it problems calling for the same patriotic endeavour as before, and a like spirit of sacrifice. The security of my realm and the prosperity of my people can only be maintained if the fabric of both rests upon solid financial foundations. To establish these foundations the great Victory Loan is now being launched, and once again I call upon my people for their unstinted support. It is thus that we who live may fitly meet the debt due to those who gave their lives in the cause of freedom ; and it is thus, too, that we may render ourselves faithful trustees of that future of peace and safety for which I earnestly pray.

“ GEORGE R.I.”

Guildhall that day presented an impressive scene. From the spectacular point of view, it lacked almost everything that goes to make up the strikingly brilliant effect of a great ceremonial day in the City. But this was the City in business mood ; and such a gathering has a grandeur of its own. It was a black-coated assembly that solidly packed the floor of the historic Hall. There were the bankers, the heads of the great financial corporations, of the

most eminent business houses, brokers, shipowners, merchants—representatives of every one of those diversified callings which together make the City of London the world's centre of finance and commerce ; and untold millions of the national wealth were in the keeping of this throng of plain business men as trustees.

The Lord Mayor was surrounded on the dais by a distinguished company. Seated before the table on which the Sword and Mace reposed, he had Mr Bonar Law, the leader of the House of Commons, on his right, and Mr Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on his left. In keeping with the severely business-like nature of the gathering, his own speech was brief and to the point, but the roar of cheering which swept through the Hall when he rose showed how deep was the feeling beneath the sober exterior of the gathering—the effect was even startling. The City of London, Sir Horace Marshall said, had never been backward, in a crisis of the nation, in giving either men or money. They were not only business men, but patriots. They knew that the war bill had to be paid. His plea for economy in national expenditure had the full approval of the audience. This, the Lord Mayor continued, had been called a Victory Loan, but it might also be called a Thanksgiving Loan. He called upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to address the meeting.

It had been the intention of the Prime Minister to deliver the principal speech, but Versailles still detained him. It happened that that very day the Treaty in its final form, moulded after long delibera-

tion, was to be presented to the German representatives, to be either accepted or rejected. But from Versailles there had come a message from Mr Lloyd George, which it was the first duty of Mr Chamberlain, rising after the Lord Mayor, to read. Its terms were these :

“The cause of right and fair play has won its greatest and costliest triumph. We must beware lest, through lassitude or indifference, the victory should be left derelict to rust upon the battlefield. It must be enthroned at home and abroad in the new settlement of the world. In the achievements of the last five years no country has played a greater share than Great Britain. The efficiency, the sacrifices, and the heroism of its people have never been so wonderfully displayed. Let us see that we do not fail through lack of steadfast purpose to complete the noblest structure in our country’s history.”

The effect was electrical. A storm of cheers broke out, and it was some moments before Mr Chamberlain could make a beginning with his own speech. He began with an effective reference to the City’s observance of its immemorial customs.

“When, many years ago, I enjoyed the famous hospitality of the Mansion House,” he said, “I noticed behind the chair of the Lord Mayor’s predecessor a splendidly dressed official who aroused my curiosity by the jockey cap which he wore on his head, and the way he stood booted and spurred. I asked for what purpose he was there. I was told

that should the King be in need of money for the service of the State, what could be so natural, what would be so certain of response, as that he should send to the Lord Mayor and his faithful citizens of London? And this official stood behind the chair, booted and spurred, ready to ride with full money bags for His Majesty's service when so required. It is on such an errand that I come to-day. His Majesty is in need of money for the service of the State, and his appeal to his people is already before you."

Mr Chamberlain went on to explain the urgent purpose for which the Loan was required, to make secure the position in which we were left at the expiration of five years of war. He explained the terms offered, arranged to suit either the large or small investor—"the premier security of the world." Other nations had watched and admired the effort we had already made. They were watching now.

Mr Bonar Law, then just back from Versailles, with its impressions still upon him, laid stress on the patriotic element in the effort to which the country was now called. Guildhall—"this inspiring building"—had its own crowded memories; memories which taught us that not our wealth, not our commerce, not even the courage of our men, but our staying power had won for us our victories in the past, as it had won the victory in which we then rejoiced. In all previous Loan appeals they had taken the ground that everyone who had the money to give was bound to give it to help the country in her hour of need. That need, if not quite as evident, was still as great.

Credit for commercial purposes, the credit of the individual, must depend, first and last, on the credit of the State of which he was a citizen. The appeal was made, not chiefly because it was a good investment, but because the same motives which animated the people to lend the Government money for the conduct of the war animated them still, and the object was to give the national credit that security which would enable the nation to reap the fruits of victory.

Sir Brien Cokayne, Governor of the Bank of England, also spoke, and a memorable City gathering then broke up.

THE POLICE STRIKE

The unrest which affected the whole body of Labour after the war took an especially dangerous form when it spread to those vitally necessary public services, the Metropolitan and City Police. That they had cause for discontent was universally allowed; the high cost of living and the increasing difficulty of obtaining housing accommodation affected them no less than others, and though some concessions had been made, the police did not share in the same measure in the advantages which the organised workers had secured for themselves. This was recognised by an official committee of investigation, which recommended substantial increases of pay and improvement in working conditions. A Police Union, however, had meantime been formed, and the more reckless spirits forced matters to a crisis when they

insisted on the affiliation of that body to the central trade-union organisation, and its recognition by the authorities. The committee refused recognition ; but on their proposal the Government decided that the right of the police to their own internal organisation (an elected representative board) should be put upon a regular basis. "It will, of course," Mr Shortt, the Home Secretary, declared in the House of Commons, "be entirely confined to the police, and be entirely free from all outside interference and control. While the police are not a military force, they are not an industrial body, and cannot be organised upon industrial lines."

This project did not satisfy the leaders of the Police Union. There was a mass meeting of police in Hyde Park, at which threats of a "lightning strike" were made unless their full demands were conceded. Nothing came of it at the time. The Lord Mayor indited a letter, a copy of which was placed in the hands of every member of the City of London Police, with a view to steadyng the ranks of a consistently loyal body of men at a time when efforts were being made to entice them from their duty. He sought "to bring about some better understanding," not believing that the City Police, of whom the citizens had always been justly proud, would go to such an extreme as to withdraw themselves from duty. Speaking on behalf of the Corporation, the Lord Mayor wrote :—

"It is our earnest wish that we should have a contented police force ; we are always ready to

consider any reasonable recommendation brought before us on behalf of its members. We, therefore, feel that we may rely upon the City Police not to take the course which is suggested (according to the Press); that they will not forget the important duties which they owe to the State, to the citizens, and to themselves; and that we can surely rely upon their loyally discharging their office as constables and steadfastly abiding by the oath they have taken.

“ By joining in any such movement as is suggested the men would be helping to destroy the public peace and the confidence the public have placed in them, and to establish a condition of disorder in this country, the disastrous results of which have been so clearly shown in other nations. I do therefore sincerely hope that all members of the force will most seriously consider all these facts, and that for the sake of the public welfare, and of themselves and their wives and families, they will not place themselves in a position which I am sure everybody will for ever regret.”

When, some time later, the “ lightning strike ” of police did take place, the majority of the Metropolitan Force stood by their duty, and the failure of the attempt was crushing. But specially creditable was the record of the City Police, of whom only a handful of individuals came out. The Lord Mayor had summoned a meeting of constables at the Mansion House which was attended by from 300 to 400 men. Free discussion of the whole position took place, and the Lord Mayor made an earnest and urgent appeal

to the men to consider what was at stake. In the upshot, the example given by the City Force was of decisive effect in the breaking down of the strike, and their conduct reflected credit on the civic community to which they had so signally showed themselves loyal.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

In the opening days of October, a month before the Mayoral year expired, London in common with the rest of the kingdom found itself faced by all the tremendous possibilities of a national railway strike. Swiftly the crisis came ; swiftly it was met ; swiftly it was over. The millions of London faced with calm and fortitude, for which no praise could be too great, a situation such as had never before arisen in our history. The services on all the rail systems throughout the country were threatened with complete paralysis. The strike came without notice, after long negotiations between the Government and the railway men. The extremist element, always the most active in agitation, carried the day. Leaders so habitually cautious and far-seeing as Mr J. H. Thomas were swept off their feet, compelled to go with the tide or be engulfed by it. A "lightning strike" was entered upon, in confidence that in a day or two the country would be brought to its knees, ready to concede any terms.

The delusion was short-lived. The solidarity which had carried the country through years of peril during the war again demonstrated its strength and mastery.

The peril was at every man's door, and the one thought common to all was to rise up and defeat it. For the first time in their lives, people saw at many places the steel rails, hitherto kept brightly burnished by the traffic passing over them, rusted in a night or two for want of use. But the railways were never absolutely stopped. The war had given to our people new traditions, and taught many of them new trades. Volunteers were found capable to drive the trains, to signal them in and out, to act as guards, booking clerks, ticket collectors, watchmen, and in other capacities. A number of trains ran each day, and a "skeleton" service was kept open. There was no question of employing thousands of armed troops on a civilian service; hardly a soldier's uniform was to be seen anywhere. It was a fine example of what the populace when put to the test could do in self-defence, and undoubtedly it surprised none so much as the authors of the trouble.

A vast traffic was thrown upon the roads, which, though much congested, proved equal to the emergency. In days of dependence upon the horse the difficulties must have proved insurmountable; it was motor-traffic that saved the situation. Happily the transport workers held out against all inducements to join in the strike; the electric trams and motor omnibuses continued to run, and every country highway was alive with auto-lorries and cars placed at the disposal of the authorities, travelling hither and thither with supplies of food. Many journeys were run of a hundred miles and more. There was in fact no sign of famine anywhere; even the milk

supply, so essential to the towns, was hardly diminished.

The City presented a remarkable scene during the continuance of the strike. Most of the larger business firms contented themselves with using the smallest number of their staffs required to "carry on," asking others to stay at home and not congest the available means of locomotion. The man who went to business in his own car was asked to make a point of picking up stray travellers on his journey. It became the universal rule. Hardly a private car, large or small, came into the City that was not packed with people, commonly strangers to one another. Every motor cycle had a passenger riding on its carrier—girl clerks in the City predominating. In the mornings motor-cars, three and four abreast, moved in file far down the Thames Embankment and up Queen Victoria Street, into the heart of the City, where they discharged their burdens and set off on some other duty. Men habitually unaccustomed to walking found a five or six miles tramp on foot a good tonic for opening the business day. Abundant good humour prevailed, a general spirit of helpfulness was abroad, and it became a matter of pride with all "just to show what they could do."

Obviously the public were out to win, and in this mood could not be defeated. The "lightning strike" had failed. Before the endurance of the people had been tested too far—only a little more than a week had elapsed since the beginning of the strike—a settlement was arranged. The Lord Mayor had already, at the request of the Government, taken

steps to form in the City a Citizen Guard. A conference of representative City men met at the Mansion House, among them being the Governor of the Bank of England, the President of the London Chamber of Commerce, representatives of Lloyd's, the Baltic and other business bodies, the City Police and its Reserve; and the first steps were taken for enrolling companies to undertake emergency duty and keep a watch in the City. The strike caused a great deal of material loss, dislocating traffic and bringing about much congestion and delay in delivery of goods. Against this loss was to be placed the fine manifestation of public spirit which the strike brought out.

It was one of Mr Lloyd George's many services to the country that he was able to arrange the settlement with the trade-union leaders. It happened that a day or two later the City Corporation, as recorded in an earlier chapter, was entertaining Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, the Prime Minister being among the guests. This was the first occasion upon which the public had seen Mr Lloyd George since the eventful week, and on coming out on the balcony at the Mansion House after the Guildhall ceremony he received a great popular ovation.

At the luncheon, after Lord Allenby's speech, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Prime Minister. He took that opportunity, he said, on the first public occasion which had presented itself, of conveying to Mr Lloyd George the deep and abiding gratitude of his fellow-countrymen "for the manner in which an appalling danger to the community has been met and turned aside." "The conduct of all sections of

the community during that ordeal," he said, "leaves little doubt as to the feeling of all who value liberty, uphold the Constitution, and desire the welfare and prosperity of Great Britain. They recognise, as I recognise, that the situation was saved by the promptitude, energy, and resolution of Mr Lloyd George's Government. Let it be remembered that, with all the resources of force available, choice was made rather of the weapons of patience and persuasion in averting the prolonged industrial strife that threatened the community. It was unthinkable that the Prime Minister should make his first public appearance after the recent events without this tribute being paid to him; and I am proud that the duty of paying it has devolved upon myself in the Mansion House of the City of London. His unforgettable services to his country during the years of war have been acknowledged a thousand times. He has now given us new and not less substantial cause for thankfulness that his hand was on the helm when disaster threatened the State."

Mr Lloyd George's reply was an important utterance—important not only for the particular occasion out of which it arose, but for its reference to others of the kind that might yet arise. No minister had ever had occasion to make a speech of the kind before. The nation would be master in its own house—that was his burden. And he revealed what had not been known before, that so early as February, foreseeing trouble ahead, the Government laid the foundation of the organisation which dealt with this attempt to

hold up the community. It was, he showed, a purely civilian organisation, which complete demobilisation of the Army, then taking place, would have assisted and not impeded.

"I am glad," said the Prime Minister, "that this civil strike, which might have developed into something worse, is over. I am glad it is over by a settlement and not by a smash. It is better. But there are one or two words I would like to say, and I hope no one here or outside will misread my words. The first thing I have to say is this. The strike has proved once for all that this is a really democratic country. Public opinion rules. Governments cannot govern in spite of public opinion; trade unions cannot win in spite of public opinion. Every demand put forward must get public sympathy, public support; must win its way into the public conscience. On the other hand, any resistance to demands must be of such a character as to satisfy the justice, the fair play, which is innate in the British people. That sounds a commonplace, but, believe me, it is more important at this moment than you would imagine without reading deeply into what is happening here and in other lands.

"You have seen a section of quite honest men, of quite sincere men, who are tired of the process of convincing their fellow-countrymen here and abroad of the justice of their claims, and have come to the conclusion that more direct, more forcible means should be utilised for the purpose of achieving their ideals. It is a dangerous movement to the whole

fabric of society, and it must be defeated. It is Prussianism in the industrial, economic, and political world. Instead of depending on the justice of your cause, you begin to reckon what forces you have behind you, whether they are powerful enough to ride down everything that resists you. That is a perilous movement, and, believe me, you have got to demonstrate in this country and in every other country that it cannot succeed. (Loud cheers here interrupted the speaker.) Great Britain once more, once again in the history of the world, not for the first, second, or even twentieth time, has rendered a deep and lasting service to humanity, to civilisation, to real freedom, by defeating any effort to hold up the community, to strangle it into submission. When it has been thought that certain things could be forced through, not by the support of public opinion, but by the exercise of some pressure upon the community which was not fair—well, the nation has shown it was quite capable of defeating any effort of that kind."

Mr Lloyd George dwelt upon the two lessons of the strike: the first that you cannot hold up the community, the second that the community must make it clear that it meant to deal justly and fairly with the claims of all classes. Once those principles were got into the minds of the whole people, from them would spring co-operation. "We have made it clear," he declared with emphasis, "that the nation means to be master in its own house—a firm master, a strong master. We must make it clear

that it means to be a just master, a fair master, a generous master, but always master in its own house. From this will spring, not strife, not quarrels, not suspicions which are paralysing the activity of the nation at the moment you need it all, when the nation is staggering under a heavy burden and wants every shoulder to lift it along, but co-operation—working together."

It was thus that the Prime Minister laid down at the Mansion House the principles that must guide a constitutional Government in dealing with any attempted dictatorship by bodies in a position to threaten the community. This was not, unhappily, the last time that it was necessary to proclaim them.

A much regretted consequence of the railway strike was the enforced postponement of the visit to London, and reception in Guildhall, of the President of the French Republic, M. Raymond Poincaré. The arrangements had been completed for doing honour to the universally respected French statesman as honour had been done to the President of the United States, and a day at the end of September had been fixed. After the postponement, M. Poincaré's engagements did not permit of his visiting the City until the succeeding Mayoral year.

THE POOR LAW CONFERENCE

The forty-fourth Central Conference of Poor Law Guardians, held at Guildhall on the 18th of February, was doubly interesting, for it was the first Conference to meet since 1915, and it had, further, the character

of a meeting of protest against the proposed “scraping” of the Poor Law system, and the making over of its functions to County and Borough Councils. Lord Downham was in the chair, and 300 Poor Law Unions were represented.

The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Sheriffs, welcomed the delegates to the City. He began by referring to the admirable record of war work which stood to the credit of the Poor Law authorities and personnel, and proceeded to touch with discretion upon the principal matter before the Conference. It was, he said, a very critical time in the history of Poor Law administration. He did not propose to enter upon any controversial points, but he did deem it his duty to pay a sincere tribute of admiration and gratitude to the work which had been carried on up to now by Boards of Guardians and Poor Law administrators generally in dealing with a most essential branch of public service.

“Facts would tell,” said the Lord Mayor, “and the most unsparing of the critics of poor law administration had realised that attacks upon the spirit of their work had long been out of date. Those who were anxious for the rearrangement of the machinery of the administration freely recognised the immense changes for the better which had been brought about by poor law authorities in the last twenty years. The work of poor law administration was infinitely better done to-day than at any time in the past, and those who had most acquaintance with it were the most ready to express their appreciation of

the enlightened and public-spirited men and women who were responsible for that far-reaching change. Whatever in the future might take the place of the present poor law administration, the fact remained that an immense work of public assistance, involving the daily wants of thousands, had to be carried on and he expressed no personal view when he said it would be a calamity if there should be any sacrifice of that individual consideration of cases which was given by the Guardians of the poor. The Guardians were men and women selected for that particular purpose, and it was their pride to be personally acquainted with the needs, and, what was more, the feelings of those whom they watched over. It had been said that no life was complete in which some part of leisure was not devoted to social service. He knew of no people who had acted upon that principle more whole-heartedly than the elected administrators of the poor law. He sincerely trusted, that whatever the future might be, the door would not be shut to the freely-offered and devotedly-rendered service of men and women who had deserved so well of their country, and were only anxious to continue in their good work."

Lord Downham, in moving a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation, declared with feeling that the Guardians would be greatly encouraged in their work by the tribute which Sir Horace Marshall had paid them.

DEMOBILISATION

Mr Winston Churchill was the principal guest of the Lord Mayor on the 19th of February at a luncheon at the Mansion House, given to afford him an opportunity of making a public statement on the military necessities of the time, on the prospect of demobilisation, and on the duty laid upon the business community in respect of the soldiers still retained with the Colours, pending the creation of a new voluntary-service Army. Among the company were a number of well-known directors of industrial enterprise and representatives of organised Labour.

In proposing the health of "The Secretary of State for War and the Royal Air Force," the Lord Mayor said that some authoritative statement on demobilisation and the Army of Occupation was urgently needed. Uncertainty and ambiguity were causes of unrest, and those would disappear if the public, and especially those who were personally affected, both military and civilian, employers and employed, had a true conception of the existing state of affairs. He had tried to make that gathering representative of all the various interests concerned.

Mr Churchill, in reply, described at considerable length the plans of the War Office for bridging over the gap between the demobilisation of the compulsory-service Army and the complete embodiment of the voluntary-service Army that was already being recruited at the rate of over 1000 men daily. It would be necessary to retain that year 900,000 men on the compulsory basis, but on special and generous

terms of pay, mainly for the keeping of the Watch on the Rhine; while the new formations would gradually replace the old soldiers doing garrison duty in India and elsewhere. The appeal he had to make was summed up in a phrase: "If they are going to look after our interests out there, in Germany, it is only right that we should look after their interests over here." He asked employers throughout the country "to do their very best now to reassure men who have to be retained in the Army that they will keep their places open for them, as they have been doing in the past."

Lord Burnham, in proposing the toast of "The Lord Mayor," said that as a master-printer he knew he could speak for all the rest in saying that they would fully carry out their duty towards the men retained with the Colours. Employing a term which was in everyone's mouth in those days of demobilisation, he said of the Lord Mayor that he was one of the Empire's pivotal men. During the war the City had added cubits to its stature, and the Corporation represented the sturdy equanimity which was the foundation of the British character. They all thanked the Lord Mayor for having given the Minister of War that opportunity to state the position.

Sir Horace Marshall, replying, said he ventured to declare, on behalf of the newspaper distributing section of the business community, that its members would certainly keep open the posts of the men who had done, or were about to do, so much for their country.

THE HOUSING CONFERENCE

No social question after the war was more urgent, and none was to prove more difficult of solution, than that of housing. Building operations had necessarily ceased during hostilities ; the ranks of the building trades were depleted by those who had sacrificed their lives, or had suffered disablement ; and the great advance in the price of all materials, and in wages, had enormously increased the cost of construction. The country was to be, in Mr Lloyd George's well-remembered phrase, "a land fit for heroes," but for too many of our returning warriors it was at the time, unfortunately, a land without homes. All estimates put the number of houses required in England and Wales, to meet the immediate need of the working class people, at hundreds of thousands. The City of London had early given consideration to a great housing scheme, and the Lord Mayor attended at Buckingham Palace on the 11th of April, when the King and Queen received representatives of the local authorities and societies which had in hand the task of building new homes for the nation.

"A great offensive undertaken against disease and crime," was what His Majesty commended to the country ; and he emphasised that the first point at which the attack must be delivered was the unhealthy, ugly, over-crowded house in the mean street. It was not merely "houses" that were needed, said King George ; the new houses must also be "homes." Could we not aim at securing to the working classes

in their dwellings the comfort, leisure, brightness and peace which usually were associated with the word "home"? His Majesty laid down as the first necessity that sites must be carefully chosen and laid out, and the houses themselves properly planned and equipped. He urged that the convenience of the women who would live in them should be a prime consideration.

The City's scheme for laying out what was practically a new settlement in Essex, within easy reach of London by rail and road, contemplated an expenditure of two millions. It proved too vast an undertaking to be carried out in full in the circumstances arising after the war, when prices rose beyond anything that could have been foreseen, and, like every other scheme, it had to be much modified. At a luncheon at the Guildhall, at which the civic committee engaged upon the project was entertained, Sir J. Tudor Walters, M.P., Chairman of the Housing Board for London, also among the guests, said that he looked to the Corporation to give such an object lesson to the entire country that people might say, "If you want to see some really good twentieth century houses, go to the City of London."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

It was by a natural and traditional choice that the Mansion House was made the starting point from which the autumn campaign of the League of Nations Union was to spread over the country. In the phrase used by one of the speakers, this was "the greatest

crusade." But it was confronted at the time, as every thinking citizen was compelled to recognise, with difficulties and perils which threatened its accomplishment. It was an ideal to which the nation had yet to be won over. Heartfelt as was the general desire for the inauguration of an era of international peace which none should lightly break, men saw on every side old rivalries and jealousies still in being, a perpetuation of old conditions, a piling up of still formidable armaments, telling, not of confidence in established peace, but of preparation for future wars. In this overladen atmosphere the League of Nations Union set out upon its mighty task, anxious that England should give a lead to the world.

The 13th of October was the date set for the meeting. It is doubtful if even the Mansion House had ever brought together for any public purpose the representatives of so many different peoples. It was said that thirty nationalities were in the company grouped about the Lord Mayor. At his invitation came the Ambassadors and Ministers of great Powers—France, the United States, Japan, China; of Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Norway, Brazil, the Argentine, and smaller States such as Peru, Venezuela, Salvador, and Paraguay; of States newly born—Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Poland, Estonia. There were heads of the great municipalities of the United Kingdom, leaders of religion, of political life, of the professions, of organised labour, of industry and commerce. Mr Asquith and Lord Robert Cecil spoke for British statesmanship, and Mr Clynes for Labour's ardent association with the cause.

Before the opening of the proceedings a message from the King—outspoken, confident, pointing out the path of duty—came to hand. It was addressed to the Lord Mayor, in reply to a telegram despatched that morning. His Majesty's words were these :

“ We have won the war. That is a great achievement, but it is not enough. We fought to gain a lasting Peace, and it is our supreme duty to take every measure to secure it. For that, nothing is more essential than a strong and enduring League of Nations. Every day that passes makes this more clear. The Covenant of Paris is a good foundation, well and truly laid. But it is and can be no more than a foundation. The nature and the strength of the structure to be built upon it must depend on the earnestness and sincerity of popular support.

“ Millions of British men and women, poignantly conscious of all the ruin and suffering caused by the brutal havoc of war, stand ready to help if only they be shown the way.

“ Knowledge of what has already been done, appreciation of the difficulties that lie before us, and determination to overcome them—these we must spare no effort to secure.

“ I commend the cause to all the citizens of my Empire, so that, with the help of all other men of good-will, a buttress and a sure defence of Peace, to the glory of God and the lasting fame of our age and country, may be established. **GEORGE R.I.**”

The Lord Mayor opened the meeting by reading the Royal message. As the ringing cheers with

which it was received, died away, he was about to proceed when a voice in the audience started the National Anthem. Immediately it was taken up by the entire assembly—an incident entirely unexpected, but well expressing the sense of the meeting.

The Lord Mayor had to read another message. The Prime Minister could not be present, but he had written :

“ Civilisation can no longer afford to squander its time and treasure on the destruction of its own handiwork, for it is one of the calamities of war that it destroys in years what it has taken generations to build up. Sanity and goodwill must prevail among leaders of opinion everywhere if international and fratricidal strife is to be allayed. The Allied Governments are pledged to the noble ideal of the League, but it is only the enlightened opinion and awakened conscience of the people of all lands that will make it a living power. I appeal to my fellow-countrymen everywhere to join in this great crusade in support of international order and goodwill, so that the sovereign aim of the League may be realised in the liberation of mankind from the cruel thraldom of war.”

No more impressive speaker than Mr Asquith could have been chosen to move the resolution, expressing cordial approval of the general aims and objects of the League of Nations Union, and the desire that November 11th, the anniversary of Armistice Day, should be celebrated in every city, town, and village as League of Nations Day. His great gift of oratory was heard at its best in an earnest

and forcible plea for the cause. He recalled what had been forgotten in the more recent growth of the movement—that in the early weeks of the war he had himself, with other spokesmen of the Allies, urged the need for such a permanent organisation of the free peoples of the world, if the efforts and sacrifices to be made in the vast struggle upon which we were then embarking were not to be thrown away. The idea had developed with increasing definiteness, to be pressed forward with all the power of cogent and persuasive argument by the statesman who had become its foremost champion, President Wilson. When the Armistice was signed, it was still an idea waiting to be clothed with actuality and life. Now from the labours of the Paris Conference had come a solemn Covenant of carefully elaborated articles, to which more than twenty-five States had subscribed and to which thirteen other States had been invited to accede, while in due time it was hoped the circle might include our late enemies and also Russia. Success or failure of the great experiment now rested not so much with the Governments as with the peoples. It would, Mr Asquith said frankly, be foolish to contend that all was going well with the League. The wealth of mankind was still being fruitlessly squandered, and lives which an impoverished world could ill spare were day by day being wastefully spent. In a brilliant passage he drew the contrast between success and failure.

“I am not conscious of using the language of exaggeration if I say, as I do, that the future of

civilisation is in issue. We have an opportunity which, if it is once let slip, may in the lifetime of us never return. We are still fresh from the impression—indeed, we are still bleeding from the wounds—of the most terrible struggle in the history of mankind. Its memories and its experiences are still present and poignant ; there is a breathing space, or at least the prospect of a breathing space, for an exhausted and devastated world. If we do not take advantage of it, I do not say to abolish war, but to render war difficult up to the verge of impossibility, we must deliberately make our account with a future full of even worse potentialities. As I said myself some months ago, for all our new and deadly apparatus— aeroplanes, submarines, tanks, and the rest—the world is only beginning to learn the alphabet of destruction.

“ If for the lifetime of another generation the nations are to go on cherishing animosities, hatching rival ambitions, manœuvring, by some new system of groups and alliances and understandings, for international positions, and in the meantime husbanding their resources for that purpose, there is, believe me, an end to all—a tragic and decisive end to all the best hopes of humanity.”

To be binding and effective, Mr Asquith declared, the League of Nations must have something more than paper covenants. Those covenants must be supported by a living instrument, duly organised, having the power and the determination to see to their application and execution. What was far more

important, that instrument must have a driving power, which could only be supplied by the common conscience and joint opinion of the civilised world. It was a primary and paramount duty of the League to make continuance of the competition in armaments impossible. The actuality was disheartening enough. The speaker was evidently deeply moved as he continued :

“ The world, my Lord Mayor, to-day, at the time of this our meeting, is still bristling, and in many quarters still clashing, with the machinery of destruction. New production is going on, day by day and month by month, to fill and to feed the noxious reservoir. The military and naval estimates of the Powers—I speak without distinction or discrimination—continue to be on an appalling scale, immeasurably in excess of the maximum requirements of national safety. This will be the first and the crucial test of the reality and effectiveness of the League. It cannot be done in the twinkling of an eye, by the stroke of a pen, by the weaving of a spell ; but unless it is undertaken by them all promptly, wholeheartedly, impartially, and unflinchingly, the stipulations of this Covenant are not worth the ink with which they were written.”

He ended with a solemn appeal to all those present to become active pioneers in this new crusade. After all that the war had revealed to eyes and minds and hearts, were we to relapse into the old sterile and suicidal antagonism, or should we provide for, as now we could provide for, the free spirit of mankind ?

That was the choice that lay before the democracies of the world.

It was a great speech, nobly spoken, serious, impressive, worthy of its purpose ; and the deep feeling of the assembly, controlled while the spell of Mr Asquith's eloquence was still upon them, broke out in loud and long continuous applause when he resumed his seat.

Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., who followed, sought to impress upon an audience representing, as he said, the great practical genius of the British race, that the League of Nations was a real thing. It was not merely an idealistic dream. Whatever its idealistic phases might be (and he did not join in the facile scorn of idealism) the League was a genuine, practical instrument for peace. The world was still full of combustible materials, and some of them were already smouldering. In old days, at the Mansion House and in many other places, he had heard expenditure on arms described as insurance. So it was, but if people lived in a very combustible dwelling their premiums must be very high. We could no longer afford to pay such premiums. He put it simply as a business proposition ; either we had to go back to the old ruinous system of alliances and counter-alliances, of balance of power, of competitive armaments and all the rest of it, or we must make a real effort to establish the League of Nations as a potent and effective instrument of peace. It was worth some effort. It was the greatest political object that had ever been put before an assemblage of Englishmen.

Mr J. R. Clynes, one of the most thoughtful of the leaders of the trade-union movement, spoke the mind of the statesmanship of Labour. The need of a League of Nations campaign, he said, was clear; great masses of men still looked upon the League as of only secondary importance. Millions of working men considered that questions of wages and labour should come always first. They were wrong. The supreme interests of all workmen, as of mankind in general, depended upon the world being guaranteed against the appalling loss that wars must always involve. Labour must be more than a critic, it must co-operate. The international working class movement did not displace, but supplemented, the labours of the League of Nations.

The proceedings of this great demonstration for a great cause were brought to a close by a brief speech from M. Venizelos, Greece's foremost statesman, who on behalf of a small country gave warm adherence to the League.

CHAPTER XI

THE MASONIC YEAR

FOR many generations the place held by Freemasonry in the life of the City of London has been of peculiar importance. The character of the City's ancient institutions, and the spirit which animates their working to-day not less than in the past, have so much in common with the ideals and the practice of the Craft, that a natural and informal association between them came spontaneously into being, and continued steadily to grow. Brotherhood and charity, the fundamental principles of Freemasonry, are of the very essence of the active civic life maintained through the ages in the City of London. That enthusiasm for Masonry which is so marked and so widespread among leading men in the City is comparable to the fidelity with which they maintain the great works of benevolence and public spirit carried on by the civic bodies. In neither case is there any element of self-seeking about the keen interest shown by men of substance, who stand in no need of the benefits dispensed by both the civic and the Masonic communities. It is for this reason that the City of London has been in modern times a mainspring of the Masonic movement, and that so large a number of the leading figures in Masonry are men prominent in City life.

Like all British Freemasons, those of London rendered their best service to the nation during the years of war. Their contribution to the fighting forces, great as it was, was given like that of all patriotic men ; more characteristically in line with their activity as Masons was the task of mercy and aid to which the Craft devoted itself in the sphere of war-work, and most notably in the care of the wounded. Masons were munificent supporters of all hospital work, and took a pride in their own special contribution, the Freemasons' War Hospitals, of which Sir Horace Marshall had been treasurer from the time of their foundation.

A great and influential body of the citizens, then, found a peculiar satisfaction in the fact that, in the year which witnessed the return of Peace, the Lord Mayor was a brother who had won high rank in the Craft. Sir Horace Marshall's deep interest in Freemasonry was hereditary. Not only had he held office as Grand Treasurer of England, but—as he reminded the Brethren of the Farringdon Without Lodge, when he was installed as Worshipful Master of that Lodge in February 1919—he followed his father as Grand Treasurer, a succession without precedent in English Freemasonry. The Lord Mayor was among the Grand Lodge Officers appointed at the first Grand Lodge of England held after the Armistice, when he became Junior Grand Warden of England. In Royal Arch Masonry, Sir Horace Marshall was later in the year appointed by the Duke of Connaught to office in the Supreme Grand Chapter as Scribe N. At quarterly communication

of Grand Lodge of England on September 3rd, he was elected upon the special committee to consider the proposal of the Duke of Connaught, as Grand Master, to erect a Masonic Temple in London.

In Wesley's Chapel, the historic building in the City Road which lies hard by the City's boundary, the Lord Mayor was called upon, on Sunday, May 4th, to perform a grateful duty. Methodist Freemasons have their own Lodge—the now famous Epworth Lodge—and they had joined together to place in the Chapel a window in memory “of all Methodists throughout the Empire who at Sea, on Land, and in the Air, surrendered their Lives for King and Country in the Great War, 1914–1918.” It lights the south side of the Chapel to-day. A great company of Freemasons from many Lodges, including a number of members of Grand Lodge, assembled at the invitation of the Epworth Lodge to witness the unveiling of the window, all attending in full regalia. Non-Masonic visitors crowded the gallery.

The Lord Mayor, on drawing aside the curtain which veiled the Memorial Window, expressed his sense of the honour done him in the request that he should unveil so beautiful a memorial to the brave men to whom all owed so much. The window was designed by Mr Frank O. Salisbury.

A reception was given at the Mansion House on the 26th of June to past and present Grand Officers, and a large and distinguished company assembled. Before the reception the Lord Mayor entertained at

dinner some of the Grand Officers who were in London for the Masonic Peace Celebrations. Owing to illness H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (Grand Master) was unable to be present; but among the Lord Mayor's guests were Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Ampthill, Mr Wardrope (Grand Master of Canada), Lord Donoughmore (Grand Master of Ireland), Brigadier-General Gordon-Gilmour (Grand Master of Scotland), Viscount Cave (Senior Grand Warden), the Bishop of Chelmsford (Grand Chaplain), Mr J. F. Halsey (Deputy Grand Master), Lord Plunket (P.G.M. of New Zealand), Colonel Holden (P.G.M. of Victoria), and Grand Masters and Past Grand Masters from various cities in the United States and Canada. The band of the Royal Artillery played during the evening.

An outstanding event of the Masonic year was the festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls on the 16th of July. Sir Horace Marshall, who earlier in the year had been elected Treasurer of the Institution, succeeding Lord Barnard, had the satisfaction of announcing that the sum raised from the single year's subscriptions was £106,000—the greatest total ever recorded at an annual festival. It followed on nearly £90,000 given to the old people's institution in February of the same year, and nearly £80,000 to the boys' institution in June; the total secured for Masonic benevolence in 1919 thus amounting to £275,000. As a compliment to the Lord Mayor, the City Corporation permitted the festival to be held in Guildhall; but so large was the attendance that

the accommodation of the headquarters of the Craft and of the Holborn Restaurant had also to be requisitioned. Even so, the resources of the three establishments were taxed to the utmost. The Lord Mayor had the co-operation of the unprecedented number of 6383 stewards. The chair at the Guildhall dinner was taken by the Lord Mayor, supported by the Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, Sir W. Pick Raynor. The Duke of Connaught, Grand Master of the Order, sent the following telegram :

“ The Lord Mayor, Mansion House—So glad you are presiding at the dinner Royal Masonic School for Girls to-night, and hope that the splendidly managed institution will be as well supported by the Craft as in the past.”

The Lord Mayor, when proposing the loyal toasts, spoke of the gratification of all Masons in the fact that the Prince of Wales had become a Master Mason. This notable gathering set the seal on the Masonic Year, which had also witnessed a great assembly at the Albert Hall of representative Freemasons from all parts of the English-speaking world.

The Great War brought to Freemasons its special tasks ; incidentally it delayed the fulfilment of a scheme which was particularly near to the hearts of all members of the Craft. The foundation of a Hospital and Nursing Home for patients of small means connected with Freemasonry had been contemplated before ever there was a suggestion of the coming of war. A committee had been constituted.

It included a number of prominent City men, with Sir Horace Marshall as treasurer, and was supported by an influential medical advisory body. Premises admirably adapted for the purpose were found ready at hand in the buildings of what had been the Chelsea Hospital for Women in the Fulham Road.

Hardly had the first steps been taken when the war broke out. Setting aside until better times their own cherished plans, the Freemasons at once offered the Fulham Road premises as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and undertook to bear the charges for its equipment and the maintenance of its seventy-seven beds. This they continued to do till after the close of hostilities. The Craft, in its large-hearted patriotism, also conducted a second military hospital at Fulham Palace, which was handed over by the Bishop of London for the purpose, and which found room for over one hundred beds. Freemasons also provided a country retreat for invalided men at Caversham, near Reading, with twenty-five beds. By thus contributing to alleviate the sufferings of those who fought in the war, Masonry nobly maintained that tradition of benevolence and brotherhood which always has been its pride.

It was now possible for the Lord Mayor to see the scheme for a Masonic Hospital firmly established during his year of office. It was decided that a meeting should be held at the Mansion House, in order to submit the project to representatives of the Founding Lodges and other supporters; and a large company assembled there at the invitation of Sir Horace Marshall on October 10th. It opened a new

chapter in the history of Masonry. In few words, the Lord Mayor explained that what was intended was to provide a nursing home or subsidised hospital for the benefit of members of the Craft and their families —those who, though they did not desire to go to an ordinary public hospital for medical and surgical treatment, yet were not always in a position to afford the comfort, skill, and attention that were given in the ordinary nursing home. For people of modest income the outlook after the war was probably more serious and uncertain than ever. There were many such among Masons, who did their utmost to support the Masonic charities ; but too often the time of need came to themselves. He strongly emphasised his wish to avoid any annual appeal for a fourth Masonic charity. The Masonic Hospital should do its work without coming each year for subscriptions.

Lord Ampthill, M.W. Pro-Grand Master, and the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, R.W. Prov. G.M., Lancashire (West Division), cordially commended the scheme to all Freemasons, the latter remarking that there could be no better memorial to those Freemasons who had fallen in the war, and to the work of the Craft during the war, than that out of their war hospitals a permanent memorial should arise which would stand for ever in memory of what Freemasons had done, and of the help that Freemasons had given in the war.

CHAPTER XII

CHARITABLE, RELIGIOUS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

THE life of a Lord Mayor in fulfilling his obligations as Chief Magistrate and official head of the City of London is not for any man desirous of taking his ease, and the Peace Year increased the labours of the office almost to the extent of doubling them. These pages have already set out the record of the unprecedented number of distinguished men, who received the honours of the City ; of the pageants and ceremonies that marked the return of peace ; of assemblies and conferences relating to matters of national interest ; and still the half has not been told of what Peace Year demanded of the Corporation and its Lord Mayor.

An attempt must be made to deal comprehensively with the numerous other activities which may be regarded as outside the annual routine of the Mayoral office ; and a beginning may well be made with those connected with works of charity, of which the City has so venerable and splendid a tradition.

It was a great year for the City Charities. It saw the revival of a number of charitable festivals, suspended during the years of war, when their place was taken by efforts more closely related to the necessities of the state of conflict. It was memorable, too, for many collections—sorely needed at a time

when the charities found themselves weighted with a burden that almost brought dismay. The steady rise in the cost of necessities greatly increased the difficulties of administration, and called for much larger contributions. King Edward's Hospital Fund was able to distribute the sum of £200,000 among the hospitals and convalescent homes. That, in King George's words, made the year a landmark in its history. His Majesty, in a message to the governing body, expressed his gratification at the support given by the public, both by those who made large contributions and the many more who generously gave out of small incomes. The Council, committees, and visitors of the Fund were entertained at the Mansion House to meet the Prince of Wales, who had accepted office as the Fund's President.

The plight to which the hospitals were reduced had its most striking illustration in the case of St Bartholomew's. This, the oldest of the London hospitals for relief of the sick, was founded in the twelfth century, and has ever since been most intimately associated with the City. The Governors were obliged to appeal for a sum of no less than £100,000. It had been the pride of "Bart's" that for a hundred and fifty years past it had never had to bring its needs before the public; but the Great War changed many things. The annual cost of maintenance had risen since August 1914 by more than £30,000; the income had fallen. Thousands of wounded and invalided soldiers had received treatment in its wards. A People's Peace Year Commemoration Fund in aid of St Bartholomew's Hospital

was inaugurated at a luncheon given at the Mansion House to supporters of the foundation, representative City men and others. The King addressed to the Lord Mayor a message through Lord Cromer, who wrote, "In assuring you of the King's sympathy with the work of this great hospital, I am but expressing the hope that your efforts to promote its interests may meet with every success." The Prince of Wales, the President of the Hospital, who was then absent in Canada, sent a similar message.

Dr Addison, himself an old student of "Bart's," attended as a member of the Government, and on their behalf recommended his fellow-citizens to support the Fund. St Bartholomew's Hospital, he said truly, was no longer an affair of the City of London, but of the nation. It had rendered service to the sick and disabled continuously for hundreds of years —before St Paul's Cathedral was built, and before many of our Parliamentary institutions had their origin. The Lord Mayor said of the hospital that, as one of the world's greatest training institutions, it could claim credit for much of the professional skill by which surgeons and physicians, and nurses as well, had saved countless precious lives offered up on the battlefields. Before the company at the Mansion House separated, a nucleus for the Fund of £18,000 was announced; and further generous support from the public saved the City's ancient home of healing from the misfortune which had threatened it.

A number of hospitals called for the services of the Lord Mayor as president of their gatherings—the

Royal Chest Hospital, then celebrating its 105th anniversary, which since 1915 had set aside the whole of its bed accommodation for wounded and sick soldiers ; St Mark's Hospital in the City Road ; the Queen's Hospital for Children in Hackney Road ; and the Freemason's Hospital in Fulham Road, of which more has been said in another place. Sir Horace took the chair at a Mansion House meeting to inaugurate a Club for Nurses, in connection with the Royal British Nurses' Association, which was to be a war memorial in recognition of the wonderful work done by women ; Mrs Lloyd George and Admiral Sims, of the American Navy, were among the speakers.

For over twenty-two years Sir Horace Marshall had been honorary treasurer of the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage at Haverstock Hill, in which the City for a century and a half has been closely interested. It is the oldest institution of its kind in the Empire, having been founded so long ago as 1758, to provide education for fatherless boys and girls. Its close association with the City is due not only to the fact that it was inaugurated by a group of benevolent City merchants who were touched by the pathetic fate of the friendless orphans, but also to the assistance which, from the beginning, its funds have continued to receive from City sources, both municipal and individual. At the revived Festival Dinner held at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor told the company that he regarded the work, not as a mere hobby of his, but as one of his more important and responsible duties. A generous response was made to his appeal for support.

A kindred institution which the City Corporation and the great Livery Companies have supported from the beginning is the Reedham Orphanage. The Lord Mayor presided at the annual dinner. He also presided at the annual meetings of the Brixton Orphanage, a charity with which his father before him had been associated, and of the Freeman's Orphan School, which proudly remembers that sixteen of its boys gained commissions in the Great War. He took the chair at the Founder's Day Festival of Spurgeon's Orphan Homes.

Charity may begin at home, but for the City of London it never ends there. In any year appeals for its never-failing help come from the most distant quarters of the globe when war's calamities, famine, earthquake, flood, or pestilence visit them. The appeal for the relief of Serbia in her pitiful condition, which aroused the sympathy of the world, was endorsed by the City.

A fund was raised by the Royal Horticultural Society with the object of affording relief to the peasant owners of gardens, orchards, and farm-lands that had been laid waste in the devastated regions, not only in Serbia, but especially in France and Belgium. It met with a generous response, as the result of a meeting over which the Lord Mayor presided, held at the Mansion House to direct attention to the need. There were letters from M. Poincaré, the French President, Mr Balfour, the Serbian Minister for Agriculture, Viscount Burnham, and others; and the Speaker personally attended the meeting to give his support.

Smithfield, looking around for some war work in which it could assist, founded a Military Hospital for the limbless in Charterhouse Square, the market salesmen undertaking its maintenance. The patients were not invalids, though two hundred of them were given sleeping quarters. They were brought there to be trained in the use of their artificial limbs, so as to engage in useful trades, carpentry, wood-working, cutlery, and boot-making among them ; and after short tuition numbers of men found themselves equipped to take their part in the world's work. On the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen and Princess Mary, the Lord Mayor with the officials of the Hospital received their Majesties.

The movement of the Soldiers' Clubs Association had cordial civic support. It had begun soon after the outbreak of war, the object being to establish, in the military camps throughout the country, clubs which should be self-governing and self-supporting. The Duke of Connaught being then indisposed, the chair at the annual meeting held at the Mansion House was taken by the Lord Mayor. Lieut.-General Sir Edward Bethune explained that British soldiers were well capable of looking after their own interests if given a chance. Some of them, he said, thought there was a little too much of the commanding officer about the canteen, and a little too much of mother about the Y.M.C.A. It was the Soldiers' Clubs Association that set up and organised the highly successful officer cadet clubs in London, which were resorted to by over 32,000 cadets in a single year.

Acknowledgment of the nation's vast debt to the Mercantile Marine was made at the Mansion House when the British and Foreign Sailors' Society celebrated there its 101st anniversary. Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, the resourceful commander of the Destroyer and Auxiliary Fleets based on Harwich during the war, was the chief speaker. Over half a million sailors, he said, had in the year then past used its homes, rests, or institutes, which were to be found all over the world. In the London area over 40 per cent. of the men who obtained masters' certificates passed through its schools. During the war, the Lord Mayor reminded the company, this Society had given help to 40,000 victims of submarine piracy.

The Lord Mayor for the time being holds the traditional office of Admiral of the Port of London. What the duties are nobody exactly knows. It is, none the less, a place of honour, and it was appropriate that its holder should preside at the anniversary meeting of the Seamen's Mission at the Mansion House, where it was sought to raise £2000 for providing additional beds as a war memorial to our merchant sailors. The Lord Mayor paid, on behalf of the City, a sincere tribute of gratitude and admiration to the members of the mercantile service for their work in the preservation of the country.

The Newspaper Press Fund's annual dinner was one of the many functions that had been suspended during the period of the war. On its revival in 1919

the Lord Mayor invited the whole company to be his guests at the Mansion House, and at the Council's request he took the chair. Speaking to a technical audience, with intimate knowledge of his own, he paid a sincere tribute to the steadiness which the British press had displayed during the years of trial, facing great dangers and disasters without panic, rightly guiding the public mind and sustaining the confidence of the people. The claims of the Fund were urged by the Lord Mayor, by the American Ambassador, and by Viscount Burnham, and a subscription of £8300 was announced.

At a luncheon at the Mansion House the members of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, a body representing the leading London and Provincial Press, were also entertained. In company with the Lady Mayoress, the Lord Mayor laid the foundation stone of the war memorial wing of the Caxton Convalescent Home at Limpsfield, to commemorate in permanent form the fine response made by the printing trades to the country's call.

A body closely identified with Fleet Street's staple industry is the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, to which also the Lord Mayor offered the hospitality of the Mansion House. The festival fell a day or two after the settlement of the national railway strike, during which newsvendors had had the most harassing time of their lives, deliveries being late and uncertain, and working hours from sunrise until dark. Sir Horace Marshall, as senior trustee, had made a special appeal to raise the Society's permanent pension benefits by at least

50 per cent., to meet the greatly increased cost of the necessaries of life. Viscount Burnham, President of the Institution, supported the appeal. Mr Frank Lloyd sent £4000 as a nucleus of the new fund, and a subscription totalling £7500 was announced.

A strongly marked feature of the Peace Year at the Mansion House was the development of the always important religious activities having their centre there. There has not been, and could not have been, favour shown for any creed or denomination, for the Mayoral office has been held by Churchmen, Non-conformists, Roman Catholics, and Jews. The Churches have found in the Mansion House common ground where recognition of good work is always cordially given.

With a member of the Wesleyan Methodist body in the Mansion House, it was natural that there should be a number of Methodist gatherings there in the Peace Year; and there were as many of the Church of England. For thirty-eight years the Lord Mayor had held the office of a steward in the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, and the work of the Established Church has had no more genuine tribute paid to it than Sir Horace Marshall offered when he presided at the Corporation's 250th festival dinner. He appointed as Lord Mayor's chaplain the late Prebendary W. H. Stone, M.A., rector of Chipstead, himself a clergyman of broad Evangelical views.

London is a home of many faiths, and a Lord Mayor has better opportunities than most men to realise the fact. "The British Empire will eat

together and fight together, though it will not worship together," said a public writer, taking a miniature religious census of the Lord Mayor's guests at table on one occasion. The host, a Wesleyan, was entertaining the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; the Prime Minister (Mr Lloyd George), a Baptist; Sir Eric Geddes, a Presbyterian; the Earl of Reading, Lord Chief Justice, a Jew; and the Emir Feisul, a Mohammedan. Other Lord Mayors, no doubt, had brought together company quite as varied, for a warm welcome to all engaged in good works is the tradition of the City.

The Mansion House had, in this particular year, a distinctive place in the religious life of London. When Sir Horace Marshall entered upon office in November, the Y.M.C.A. were holding Thursday midday prayer meetings there. His first desire was that they should be continued. Presiding at the first of these, the Lord Mayor said that "Let London lead!" might well be their motto in spiritual as in temporal things. It had been charged against the City of London that it was the most materialistic place in the world; but in thirty years' day to day experience he had found City men and women ready to respond to higher ideals than those of everyday business. At one of these gatherings Sir Horace Marshall expressed his delight that its character should be that of thanksgiving to God for answered prayer. "I am," he said, "one of those who believe that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Many ministers and laymen of the Methodist Churches were in London for committees at the end of June, and the opportunity was taken by the Lord Mayor to invite a large company to luncheon on July 1st. This was the first entertainment given at the Mansion House after the signing of the Treaty of Peace, and spirits were high. The leaders of the Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, and United Methodist Churches were present among the two hundred guests, and the speeches delivered, as was to be expected, proved of more than ordinary interest.

Welcoming the visitors, the Lord Mayor dwelt upon the vital importance of the ideal of Methodist union for the future of Methodism. He foresaw the day when they would form one Church, the great power of evangelism. As head of the City of London, he took pride in the association with that City of the founder of Methodism. The City cherished among its memories the fact that the great crisis of John Wesley's life occurred within its bounds.

Mr Walter Runciman spoke upon "The Progress of Methodism," and City memories of Wesley were also recalled by Sir Robert Perks. The President of the Wesleyan Conference (the Rev. S. Chadwick) and Lord Moulton were other speakers.

The Lord Mayor, as one of the oldest friends of the West London Mission, presided at its thirty-second anniversary at Kingsway Hall in May, when there was a great gathering. "The success of the West London Mission," he said, "depends largely on the great figure of the past who established it, but it also depends on the men and women who are controlling

it to-day." He bore testimony to the fruitful labours of the Rev. J. E. Rattenbury, the present Superintendent of the Mission, and to Mrs Hugh Price Hughes's most valuable services as head of the Sisterhood.

In May a triple anniversary was celebrated in the City Temple, a great centre of Free Church activity in the "Square Mile." The first was that of the laying of the foundation stone in 1873, the second that of the dedication of the church in 1874, and the third that of the coming of Dr Fort Newton to the pastorate. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Sheriffs, were present.

Allusion has been made to Sir Horace Marshall's long association with the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, which exists to supplement the incomes of the poorer incumbents and curates, and strengthen them in their work. In his Mayoral capacity, in company with the Sheriffs, he attended the festival service at St Paul's Cathedral on May 20th, walking in procession with the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, and the Cathedral clergy. In the evening he presided at the 265th festival dinner of the Corporation, held in the beautiful hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company. It was its first revival after suspension during the four war-years. "Church and King," always included among the loyal toasts by the Merchant Taylors' Company on all banqueting occasions, was duly honoured, and the Lord Mayor, in giving the health of the President of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Archbishop of

Canterbury, spoke in sincere recognition of the work of the clergy, the nobility and beauty of which he recognised without thought of religious distinctions. That that work was so well done was evidence of their selfless devotion.

In his response, the Archbishop of Canterbury declared that if the Church was to retain its high standard it must be seen to that the incomes of the clergy did not fall below what was necessary to enable them to carry on their work. Their services at the front, in the hospitals, and in the parishes during the war ought to secure the weakest of them from going down in the stress of terrible times. The Bishop of London, pleading for Christian reunion, observed that he would never be satisfied till the Wesleyan Church was organically united with his own.

Valuable aid is given by the East London Church Fund in supporting the clergy working in that great area of population bordering upon the City. The Lord Mayor lent the Mansion House for its annual meeting, and himself took the chair. It was such a fund, he said, as should win help from all who believed in the Christian Church as an agency for the benefit of mankind. It was at this gathering that the Bishop of London, the principal speaker, spoke of his desire to see an East-end boy become Archbishop of Canterbury—a glance into futurity that attracted much public attention at the time.

Delegates from twenty countries attended the Congress of the International Brotherhood held in

London in September, one of the objects of the gathering being to give moral and spiritual emphasis to the ideas embodied in the League of Nations. A reception in their honour was given at the Mansion House, and in his welcome to them the Lord Mayor said that he had tried to maintain the fame of the Mansion House for brotherly hospitality and co-operation. Brotherhood was essential to the scheme of things—a golden thread running through the whole fabric and giving beauty and strength to it.

“A marvellous adventure in doing good” was the description given by the Lord Mayor to the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to which one Saturday afternoon Guildhall was lent for the occasion of the Children’s Birthday meeting of the Society. This function had been discontinued, with so many others, during the war years, and the Lord Mayor expressed his pleasure that it should be resumed during his term of office. He quoted some truly amazing figures of what had been produced by the Bible Society’s press during the war period—eight million copies of the Scriptures printed in seventy-five different languages for the troops, distributed to friend and foe alike ; the uninterrupted issue of the Society’s translations of the Bible, or portions of it, into five hundred languages, so frequently appearing that every few weeks a new version in some strange tongue was produced ; upwards of thirty millions of volumes altogether printed and published during the period in which the country had been at war.

There is a widespread organisation among the young people of Methodism known as the “Young

Leaguers' Union," which exists for the support of the National Children's Home and Orphanage. The Lady Mayoress had been its President for fifteen of the twenty years of its existence, and had taken keen personal interest in its work. A joyful afternoon was spent at the Mansion House, when Sir Horace and Lady Marshall gave a reception to the leading members of this movement. It happened that the national railway strike was then in progress; the Principal of the Home, the Rev. W. Hodson Smith, and the Secretary of the Leaguers, the Rev. H. J. Sugden, were cut off from communication with London, and could not attend, but there was a goodly company. After tea and some orchestral music, the Lord Mayor, welcoming the guests, spoke of his own and his family's long and intimate connection with the National Children's Home, which began with his father. He commented on the fact that the "Young Leaguers" had raised a record sum of over £28,000 during the year.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate broadly how greatly extended was the religious activity having its centre in the City during the Peace Year, an extension due to the special call of the times as well as to the fact that in this year many pre-war functions were revived. Still only a few of the many engagements of this nature have been mentioned.

Many tributes were paid during the year to the Lord Mayor's activity in the furtherance of good work, and not least grateful to him will have been that of the World's Evangelical Alliance (British Organisa-

tion), which includes within its membership Churches and Christians of all denominations. The Council of the body recorded a resolution in the following terms :

“ We are proud and thankful that amongst the crowded duties and engagements of one of the most notable years of our national history you have so definitely given a place to distinctive religious interests and engagements.”

The Lord Mayor, in acknowledgment, wrote : “ In my opinion, the Lord Mayor’s civic residence, during its existence of nearly two hundred years, has never been better employed than it was in the many prayer and other meetings which were held so frequently throughout the war, and were attended by many thousands of the community who, like myself, believe firmly and thoroughly in the value of prayer. Let us be profoundly thankful that those intercessions were so abundantly answered.”

It remains to take note of some of the multitude of other public functions and events which went to make up the record of a crowded civic year.

Gratitude Week—a grateful nation’s special tribute to men permanently injured in the war—came in December. Services and collections were held in all churches. Opportunity was given throughout the kingdom for every man, woman, and child to answer the King’s appeal for his Fund for Disabled Officers and Men, under which trustees and local committees might establish every injured soldier in some occupa-

tion most suited to his capabilities. Collections were made in the City and in all the metropolitan boroughs. From the Mansion House the Lord Mayor issued a letter saying :

“ I appeal to the citizens to support this Fund, relying upon the profound sympathy and gratitude felt towards those who have suffered in the war. The King’s Fund is intended primarily to increase the earning capacity of disabled men, and it does this by providing the necessary capital to establish them in small one-man businesses and trades of a productive and useful character.”

The City made observance of Empire Day in the accustomed manner ; and it did more, for special means were taken to impress the day’s significance upon the retentive minds of the children. Over a thousand scholars of the City elementary schools were invited to Guildhall, where they found the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Sword and Mace Bearers, and civic officials robed in full state. There was a speech from the Lord Mayor when all were assembled ; but not the Chief Magistrate—none other than Peace herself, a flaxen-haired little maiden gowned in white, took control of the proceedings from the centre of the dais. The children drafted a loyal telegram and moved and seconded that it be sent to the King, another to General Sir William Robertson expressing their admiration of the Army ; and the youngest orators whose voices have ever been raised in Guildhall proposed and supported a vote of thanks

to the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the hosts, which was given amidst great applause. A children's "Pageant of Empire" was the spectacular event of the day.

London observed St George's Day in this first year of peace as never it had been observed before. Thirty thousand roses had been sent out to the British troops keeping the Watch on the Rhine. The emblem of the day was worn by British soldiers and civilians in all parts of the world. The Mansion House was the chief centre of City activity. Parties of ladies went out thence to the various mercantile exchanges and into the streets to sell flags in support of the war memorial organised in association with the day ; and there, too, members of the Royal Society of St George assembled for their annual meeting. The following message from the King was read from the chair :

" I thank you, my Lord Mayor, and all the members of the Royal Society of St George assembled at the Mansion House for the message of loyalty you have addressed to me to-day, and with my whole heart I reciprocate your hopes that this eventful year may vouchsafe to the world the commencement of an era of peace, contentment, and prosperity."

The Mansion House has long been the forum for the discussion of every sort of public question, and the furtherance of all forms of public endeavour. One day it is the meeting-place of the London "Safety First" Council ; on another a gathering of the Babies

of the Empire Society, whose aim it is to save some of the hundred thousand infants who die in the United Kingdom each year; on a third takes place the annual meeting of the National Lifeboat Institution, City of London Branch. When the National Society of French Professors, with M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, came to the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presided at their meeting.

The Overseas Club and Patriotic League assembled there for their annual meeting. That body, it was recalled, had won distinction for itself by providing 172 aircraft for the Forces, had made splendid contributions to Red Cross Funds, and had shown many-sided activity in bringing solace and comfort to the Empire's fighting men; its propaganda had been invaluable in neutral countries, and especially on the American continent. The Professional Classes War Relief Council had its meeting at the Mansion House; the cause of the Field Lane Institute, of the Veterans' Club, and of various other bodies was pleaded there.

Guildhall, too, was the scene of many meetings for purposes which had enlisted the City's support. Its use was lent to the Incorporated Association of Head Masters; to executive officers of local food-committees for a conference addressed by Mr G. H. Roberts, the Food Controller; to the General Council of the National Registration of Plumbers; a luncheon was given there to members of the Corporation's Improvement and Finance Committee, and others concerned with the urgent problem of housing. Nor must those occasions be overlooked when Guildhall's capa-

cious roof covered happy parties of children. Two great gatherings of the kind were the "Banquet to Little Londoners," which each year has a popular and genial host in Alderman Sir William Treloar; and the dinner and entertainment organised by the Shaftesbury Society for 1300 of the poorest London children; the subscription being provided on this occasion by the children of Queensland.

A few other engagements may be recalled in illustration of the endless variety of the calls made upon a Lord Mayor. The Mayors of all the Metropolitan Boroughs accepted Sir Horace Marshall's invitation to the Mansion House, that the Minister of Pensions (Mr John Hodge, M.P.) might address them together on the King's Fund for Disabled Officers and Men. Sir Horace Marshall had been a member of the Royal Surgical Aid Society for thirty-one years; he now accepted the vice-presidency—a position occupied by his father for fifteen years—and took the chair at the annual meeting. He became President of the London Federation of Infant Welfare Centres. His services were required as chairman of the committee which raised a war memorial to the heroes of the City of London School, over 3000 old boys having fought, and 316 given their lives.

Among the purely civic entertainments given were luncheons to the Court of the Spectacle Makers' Company; to the Lord Lieutenant and the Advisory Committee of the Magistrates of the County of London, of which Sir Horace Marshall was a member; to the London Court of Arbitration; to the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom; and to leading

members of the Spectacle Makers', Stationers', and Gardeners' Companies, in recognition of the fact that the Lord Mayor was Master of the first-named in his year of office, and Past Master of the two other Companies. The Vintners Company conferred on him its honorary freedom—"In recognition," the resolution ran, "of his great service to the City of London during a memorable and historic year of office." This was an exceptional honour, for the Vintners have made only two honorary freemen in their centuries of existence, the first being Queen Victoria's son, the late Duke of Albany.

A Lord Mayor's activity as a writer of letters of public appeal is always great, and some examples have already been given of Sir Horace Marshall's. An object uniting Englishmen and Americans in a common cause was that of honouring the memory of George Washington by acquiring and preserving Sulgrave Manor, the home of his ancestors in Northamptonshire. A Fund for the purpose was organised by *The Daily Telegraph*, to which the King sent £100, and the Lord Mayor warmly commended the project to the citizens. "The completion," he wrote, "of the scheme to make Sulgrave Manor a meeting-place and a museum will, I am sure, commend itself to all who wish to bring Englishmen and Americans to understand each other as members of one family."

The social life of the Mansion House, overclouded during the years of the war, was revived. Many receptions were given by the Lady Mayoress. The

City Corporation celebrated the conclusion of Peace by giving a reception and ball at Guildhall to many war workers. The invitations sent out numbered 1800, and everything was done with the fullness of hospitality, for which the City is famous. Many members of the Government, with representatives of the Admiralty and the War Office, the Overseas Dominions, the civic bodies and Livery Companies, were present. A deeply interested party among the guests was a group of eight Chiefs from Central Arabia, in their picturesque native dress, who, as representing our Arab allies in Palestine, were then in England on a visit of ceremony to the King.

It is not within the scope of this book to present the personal aspect of office at the Mansion House during Peace Year, or to enlarge upon the labour involved and the anxiety incurred in planning the succession of remarkable functions which have been described in these pages, and in the multitude of minor engagements and responsibilities, with the routine of official duties, which in any year are a real strain upon the Lord Mayor of London.

It will be apparent, however, that Peace Year brought a burden of work such as has seldom fallen to the holder of the office, work of great variety requiring accuracy, tact, and quick decision. Throughout this period, when pressure was maintained at a high point, Sir Horace Marshall had the invaluable assistance of Sir William Soulsby, C.B., who might be described as a civic institution in himself, for since,

as a young man just called to the Bar, he was first appointed Private Secretary to the Lord Mayor, he had acted continuously in that capacity to forty-three Chief Magistrates before Sir Horace Marshall. It is impossible to exaggerate what it meant, in a year so crowded with events, to be able to rely on the counsel and assistance of such a living repository of Mayoral practice and tradition, to say nothing of the power of hard work, and the complete absorption in the duties of his post, which were so notable in Sir William Soulsby. An astonishingly retentive memory enabled him to solve in a moment any question of precedent or custom that arose. He knew exactly the right person to be approached upon any given matter, and could draft on the spot exactly the right letter to him. In the case of any banquet or entertainment, he could name without hesitation those who must be invited, and those who might be. By 9.30 a.m. he would be in his office at the Mansion House, and at 6.30 p.m. he might or might not consider it time to end the day's work. There were occasions during the Year of Peace when there was no question of 6.30; at the time, for instance, of President Wilson's visit, the notice given was so short that for several days running the Lord Mayor and his private secretary were kept busy until late at night—and on the very eve of the reception and banquet some scores of invitations were still unanswered. Never tired, never in a hurry, never flustered, and with the whole diplomacy and usage of the Mansion House at his fingers' ends, Sir William Soulsby was literally in-

valuable in the heaviest year of civic work that even he could remember.

With this chapter of gleanings from the multitudinous record of minor civic events, the chronicle of a memorable year must be brought to an end. It pretends to completeness only as to the occasions when what took place was of the higher order of public importance and significance. The recollection of this brief and crowded period of civic activity will always remain with those who took any part in it; but it is hoped that for them, as well as for others, a somewhat detailed history of the year's doings will possess some interest as a reminder of hours in which the heart of the citizen of London was stirred to its depths, and the fulness of his pride in an ancient and renowned community was a revelation even to himself.

If these pages are found to serve that purpose of remembrance in any degree, the writer has his best reward.

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